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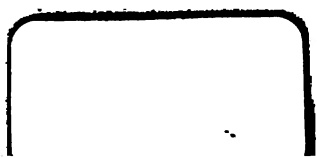
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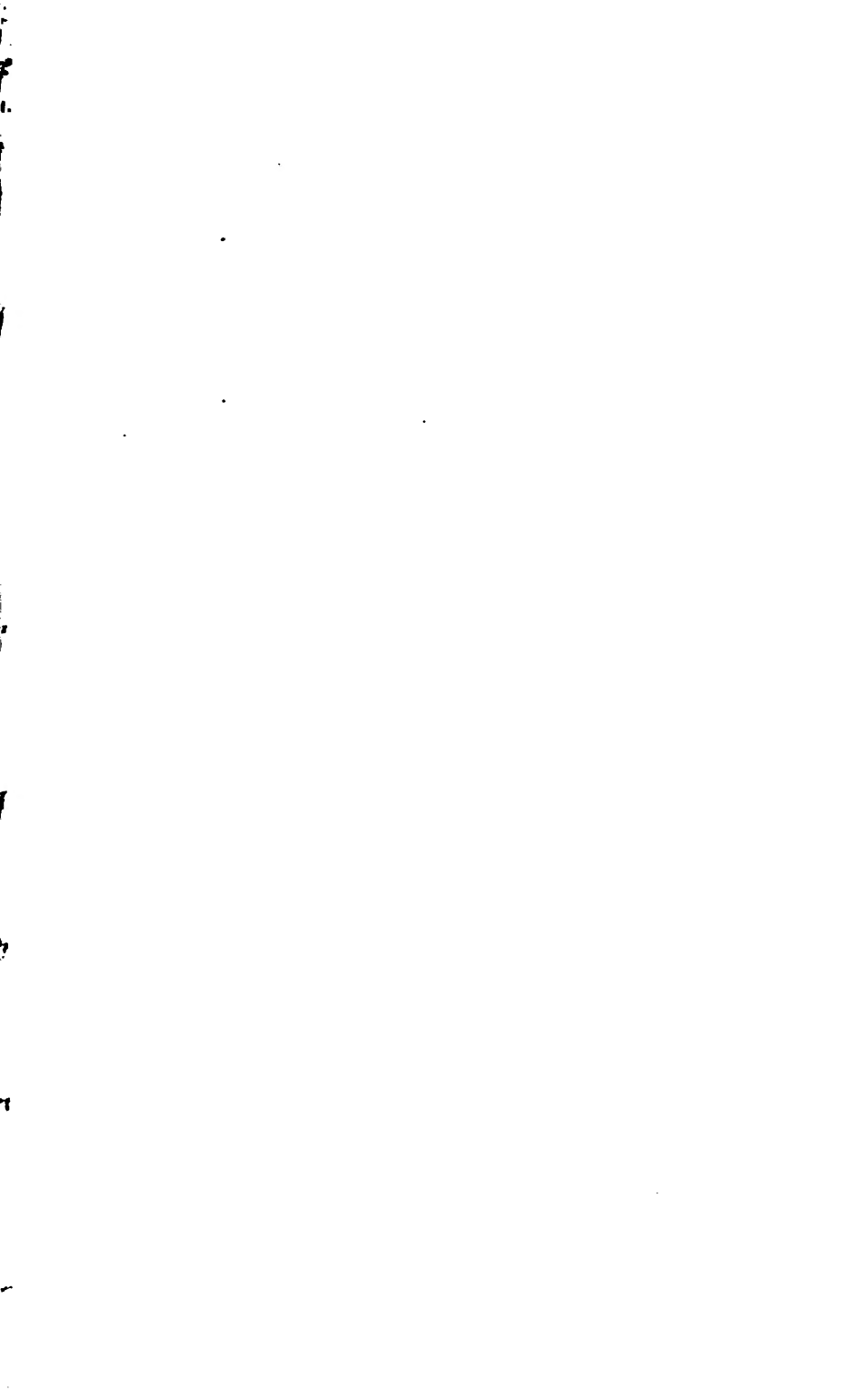
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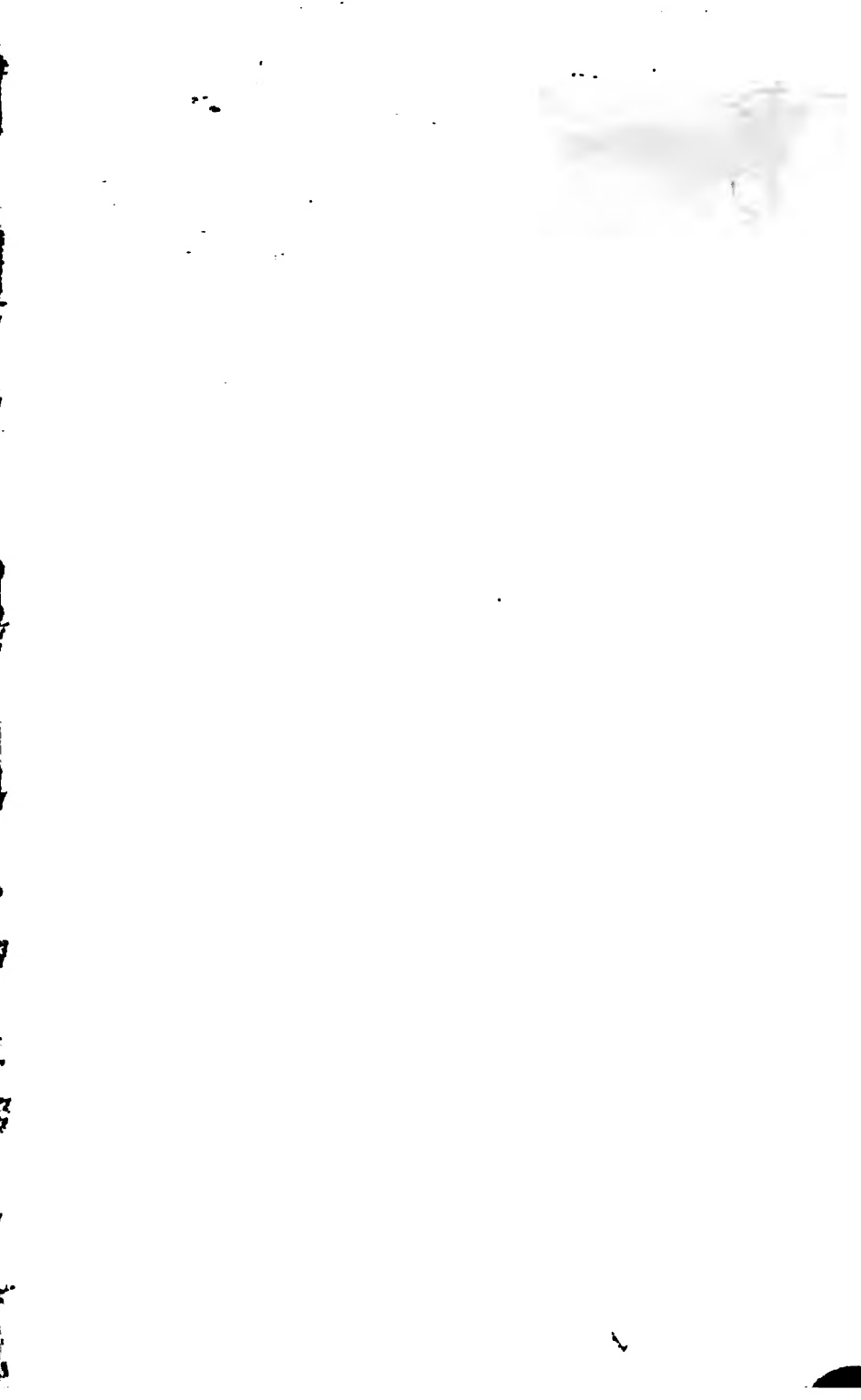
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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.



"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT's *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

LONDON:

HUNT AND CO., 6, NEW CHURCH STREET, WEST,

EDGWARE ROAD.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1858.



W. H. & CO.

W. H. & CO.,
NEW CHURCH STREET, N.W.,
BONMARK ROAD,
LONDON.

ADDRESS.

NEW YORK.

Our Seventh Voyage is completed after a pleasant passage of twelve months, and our thanks are due to the crew and consignees; to the former for the zealous discharge of the duties they voluntarily undertook, and to the latter for the means of delivering the cargo in good order. With the most sanguine expectations of another successful cruise, the Old Captain intends putting to sea on New Year's Day, with an addition to his former crew.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY 1858.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE LEVIATHAN.

As a commencement to the Seventh Volume of this periodical we could scarcely find a more interesting subject than the origin and progress of this "wonder of the world." The first announcement of building this monster ship caused such a sensation amongst the ship-builders and engineers as was never before experienced by those talented men, and was deemed by the public as a chimera which would never be realized. However, in due course the work commenced, and the gradual increase of the enormous bulk was anxiously watched by all persons travelling on Old Father Thames, and various were the opinions formed respecting its success, if ever completed, which hundreds, nay, we might say thousands, doubted. The Eastern Steam Navigation Company for whom this ship has been built have, by the aid the talent engaged on her, completed their undertaking in about two years and a half,—the work was commenced on the 1st of May, 1854.

Before we give a description of the vessel we shall briefly allude to her originators, who have gained a fame which will be handed down to posterity as men unequalled in science in ancient or modern times. Mr. I. K. Brunel, who is associated with Mr. Scott Russell,

was for some time considered the designer ; but the following statement sets the matter at rest, and does justice to all parties :—

Mr. Scott Russell says,—“ My share of the merit and responsibility is that of builder of the ship for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. I designed her lines and constructed the iron hull of the ship, and am responsible for her merits or defects as a piece of naval architecture. I am equally responsible for the paddle-wheel engines of 1,000 horse-power, by which she is to be propelled. But Messrs. James Watt and Co., the eminent engineers of Soho, have the entire merit of the design and construction of the engines of 1,500 horse-power which are to propel the screw. It is to the Company's engineer, Mr. I. K. Brunel, that the original conception is due of building a steam-ship large enough to carry coals sufficient for full steaming on the longest voyage.”

Mr. Scott Russell's yard at the Isle of Dogs, was selected as a proper site for the purpose of building the vessel, and every precaution to support the immense weight was adopted. During the building the vessel stood upon, 1,500 piles of timber, placed ten feet apart, and four feet high. The entire fabric was built from below upwards, by adding plate to plate, the various parts being attached together by rivets one inch in diameter, and the plates being three-quarters of an inch in thickness, except at the bottom, where they are a full inch. Up to the water-mark the hull is constructed with an inner and outer skin, two feet ten inches apart, each of three-quarter inch plate, and between these, at intervals of six feet, run horizontal webs of iron plates, which materially increase the power of resistance both of the inner and outer skin.

The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inwards, and riveted to the ship's inner skin. The bow and stern have additional strength imparted to them by strong iron bulkheads at those parts. Every distinct plate employed in the construction of the hull was moulded beforehand to the exact shape required by the situation it was to occupy. About 10,000 tons of iron plates were used in the construction of the hull, and as each plate weighed a third of a ton, and was secured by 100 rivets, there have been about 30,000 plates and 3,000,000 rivets employed in its construction.

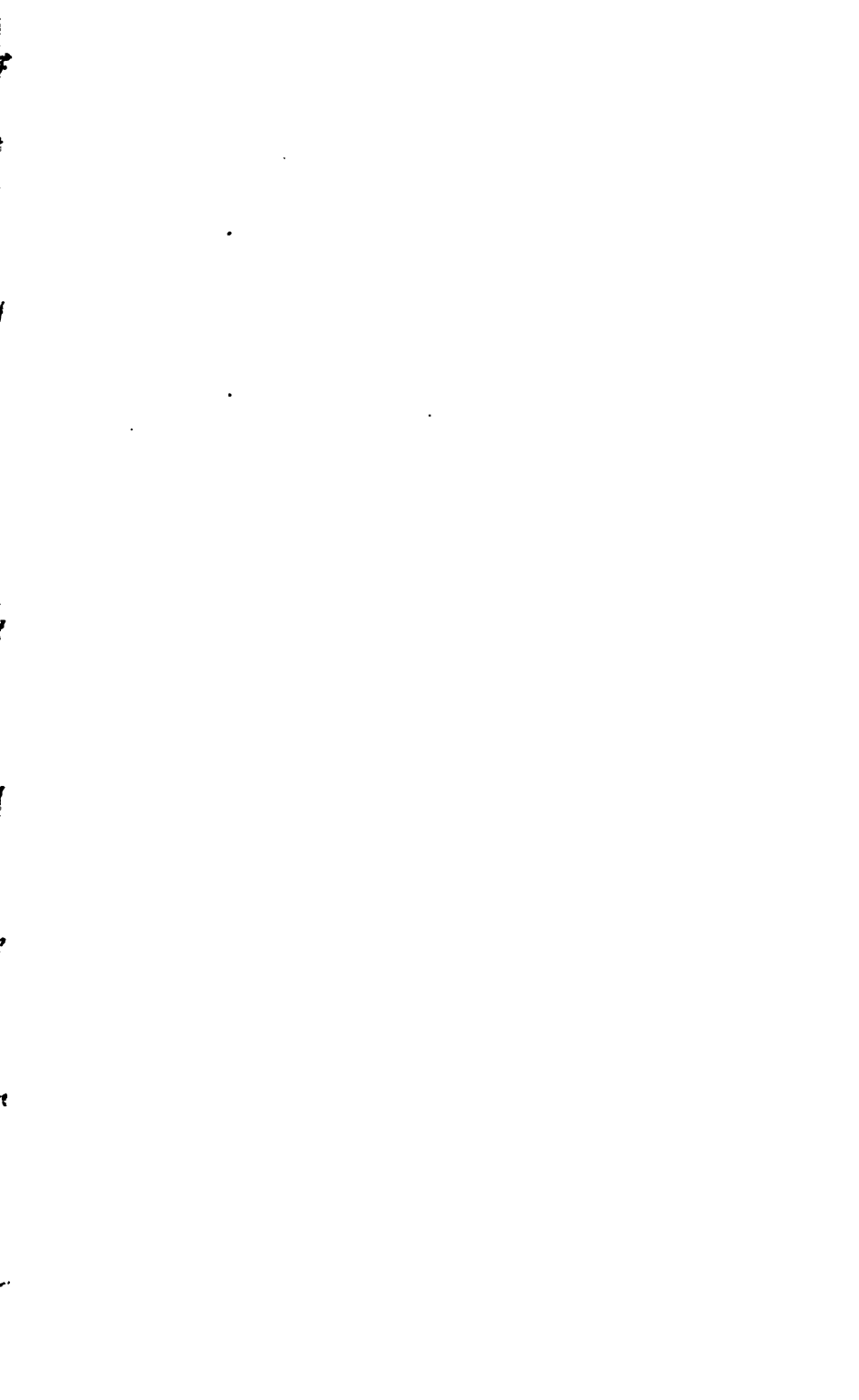
The hull of the vessel is composed entirely of iron, and is 680 feet in length, 83 feet in breadth, and 58 feet in height from keel to deck. It is divided transversely into 10 separate compartments of 60 feet each, rendered perfectly water-tight by bulkheads, having no aper-

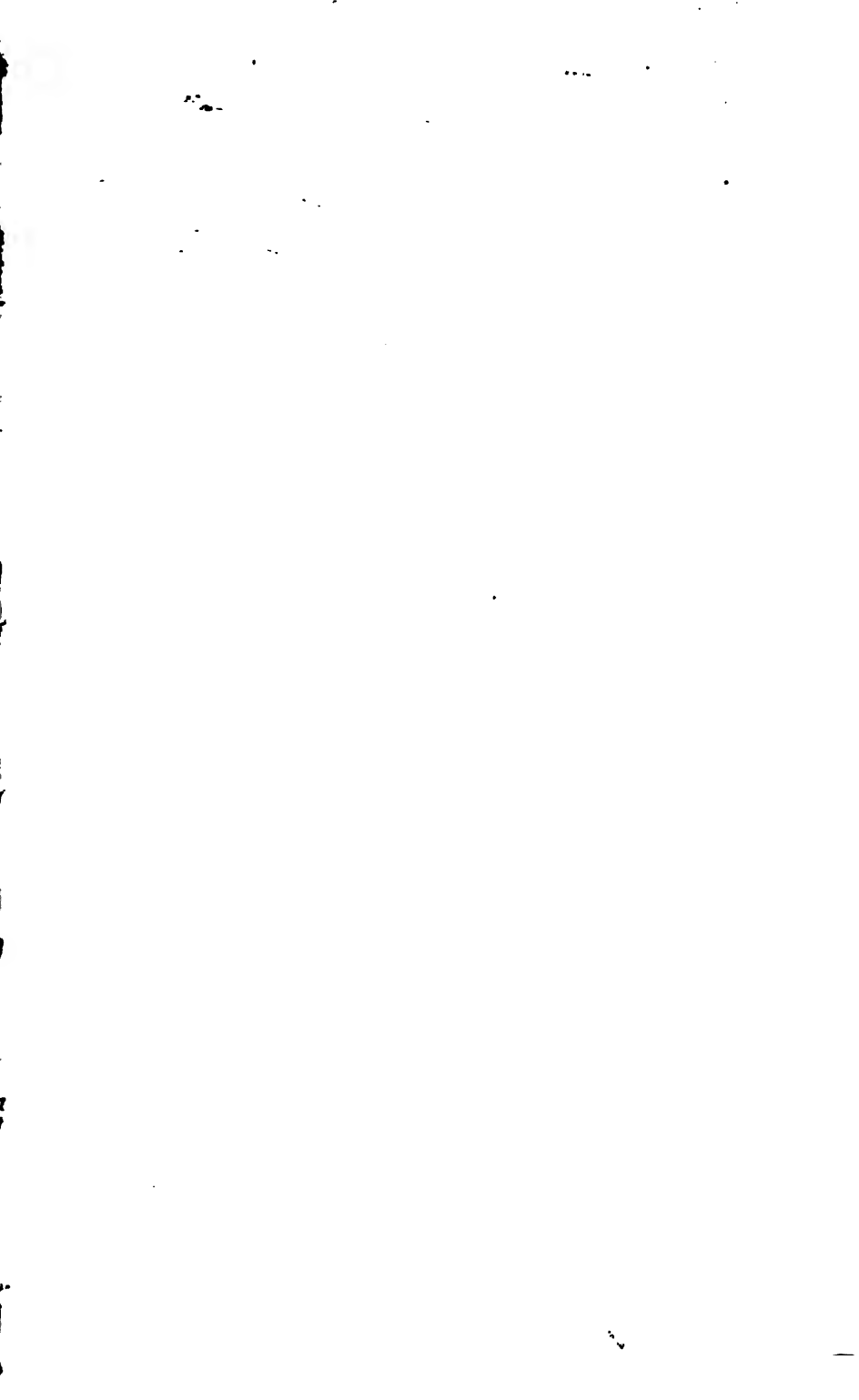
ture whatever lower than the second deck, whilst two longitudinal walls of iron, 36 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of her length.

The deck of this monster is on the cellular principle, and is formed of two half-inch plates at the bottom, and two half-inch plates at the top, between which are webs, that run the whole length of the ship. The deck is 692 feet in length, or more than as long again as the steam-ships *Great Britain* or *Himalaya*; it is nearly three times as long as that of the line-of-battle ship, the *Duke of Wellington*.

The steam power will consist of paddle and screw combined, and it is expected her speed will average about 18 miles per hour in any weather. The engines are the largest ever made for marine purposes. There will be ten boilers and five funnels, and each boiler can be used separately if required. Each paddle boiler has ten furnaces, and each screw boiler twelve, number altogether 112 furnaces. The funnels are about 100 feet in height, measuring from the floor of the boilers. In addition to the steam power she is to be fitted with six masts, of hollow wrought iron, except the aftermost one, on which 24 feet above the deck the compasses will be placed.

The paddle engines consist of four oscillating cylinders of 74 inches diameter, and of 14 feet stroke, working in a solid frame, attached to the frame of the ship. The combined paddle engines will work up to an indicator power of 3,000 horses of 33,000lb. when working 11 strokes per minute, with steam in the boiler at 15lb. upon the inch, and the expansion valves cutting off at one-third of the stroke. The engines stand nearly 40 feet high, and were constructed by Messrs. Scott Russell and Co. In casting each of the enormous cylinders 33 tons of metal were poured into the moulds, but when finished off each cylinder weighs about 28 tons, or 62,720lbs. The great bell of St. Paul's, it may be observed, which is nine feet in diameter, weighs between 11,000 and 12,000lbs. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 58 feet. The weight of the centre boss is about 16 tons, and the weight of each wheel complete is 90 tons. The paddle-boxes and sponson beams weigh 350 tons. The screw engines consist of four cylinders of 84 inches diameter and four feet stroke, working horizontally, and are the largest ever constructed for marine purposes. They work up to an indicator power of 4,500 horses of 33,000lbs. when working at 55 strokes a minute with steam in the boilers at 15lbs., and the expansion valve cutting off at one-third of the stroke. They are, however, made to work smoothly either at 40





to frightful extent with persons of every grade in society. The Deptford bank swarmed with visitors. Most of the houses in the vicinity of the yard were surmounted with scaffolding, but apparently the speculators did not reap that golden harvest which they anticipated, for their constructions were slightly tenanted, and by what took place on a subsequent occasion it was fortunate they were, for it is seldom the builders of these scaffolds for sightseeing study stability.

During the whole of the preceding night the workmen were retained in the yard removing the struts and shores which supported her on the side towards the river, and before morning the last beam had been entirely taken away. Then, for the first time, the whole length of the vessel, from stem to stern, was visible without the slightest break. The graceful sweep of her lines, the clear sharp run of the bows and sweep of the stern could be appreciated at a glance. The last supports were not removed until every precaution had been taken to ascertain that she was securely stayed by her check tackle, and that there was no fear of her suddenly gliding down the ways and launching herself.

The launch was fixed to commence at 11 o'clock, but things were not arranged for the moving of the vessel when that hour arrived. Gangs of men were employed in removing all useless lumber, greasing the ways, and receiving final instructions respecting the signals. Mr. Brunel, placed himself in a situation high up in a rostrum fixed on the inner side of the vessel, commanding a view of the operations. On this spot he was in a line with the conspicuous marks which had been erected on each side of the ship, and facing him on Mr. Penn's factory on the other side of the river. From this point he was to regulate the advance of stem and stern by signals, which were communicated to the gangs of workmen, both to pull her off and hold her back by means of flags—a white flag being the signal to haul together, and a red one to cease on all points.

It was nearly half-past twelve o'clock, when the directors and other officials ascended the platform erected at the bows of the vessel, and the christening bottle having been suspended, Miss Hope, a daughter of the chairman of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, dashed the wine against the bows of the vessel, and bade "The Leviathan" God speed, amid the cheers of thousands. The alteration of the name by which she had been familiar to the public created some surprise; but it must be admitted her present name is the

most appropriate. In a few moments afterwards word was passed to commence the launch. The lighters slowly but steadily began to haul taught the river tackle, which was thought would be sufficient to bring the vessel gently down. It appeared, however, to have no effect beyond once or twice producing in the vessel itself a sullen rumbling noise like distant thunder as the great strain told upon her hull. It remained thus for about 10 minutes. Expectation was wound up to the highest pitch, when the peculiar hissing noise of the hydraulic rams at work to push her off was heard.

It will be necessary to remark that the drums were constructed so as to be turned by ordinary windlasses, in order to wind up the slack chain between the drums and the cradles, otherwise if any slack was left when the hydraulic rams started the vessel it would run too rapidly out. When the rams began to work the order was distinctly given to "wind up." This order was obeyed at the forward drum, but unfortunately, at the after drum the men did precisely the reverse, and uncoiled more slack. Suddenly there rose a cry of "She moves! she moves!"—the fore part of the vessel slipped, and the stern rushed down three or four feet to the extent of the slack,—in an instant the strain came upon the drum, whirling it rapidly round, the windlass turning 10 or 15 times for every foot the drum moved. The men tried to hold it, but the heavy iron handle flew round like lightning, striking and hurling five or six of the poor men high into the air as if they had been blown up by a powerful explosion. A panic seized the men at the tackle and fall of the lever next the windlass and they rushed away. Fortunately, the men at the lever at the other side of the drum stood firm, and hauling on their tackle drew their lever up and applied the break on the drum with such terrific force that the ship instantly stopped, though she seemed to quiver under the sudden check:—the check tackle and massive pile of timber which restrained the drums strained audibly. The whole of this occupied about three seconds. The wounded men were removed to the hospital, and on examination they were found to be so seriously injured that two of them have died since.

An examination of the place where the accident occurred showed that the cogs of the wheels of the windlass were broken, and appeared so injured that they were useless. The damage was not of much importance, the rest of the apparatus of the drum and framework was as firm as ever. The vessel it was found had slipped down the

ways about 3 feet forward and 4 feet 3 inches aft. The stern had progressed, of course, about 6 feet towards the river.

About two o'clock the men were all again at their posts, and the signal was given to recommence. This time every precaution was taken to prevent a recurrence of the slack in the chain. The lighters began hauling, but without stirring the ponderous ship. The tide was within a few feet of its highest, and it became evident to all concerned that no time was to be lost. Again from out of the dense mass of timber of the cradles came the little hissing noise at regular intervals, which told that the enormous pressure of the hydraulic rams was found requisite to start her; still in spite of all she never moved or showed the slightest symptom of being at all affected by the terrific pressure which was applied to her. After the pressure with the rams had been continued some time a rather loud crash was heard among the timbers of the foremost cradle, and some men ran from it. What it really was did not transpire, but it was nothing of importance. The stationary engine which was put to haul upon the chains at the bows at last gave way and snapped in two; at the same time a pin in the piston rod of the foremost hydraulic ram also gave way, and these two accidents were irreparable. The signal was made to cease hauling, and in a minute or so afterwards the works were suspended for the day.

Nov. 19th.—This day a second attempt was made to move this vessel, although not with the least supposition of launching her; but merely to move her in a more favorable position than she was left in. Every secrecy was observed, and the men and officials only were present, except some twenty engineers and shipbuilders. The various auxiliaries having been carefully inspected, Mr. Brunel gave the signal about 1 p.m. to those working the hydraulic rams at the foremost cradle to commence pumping,—this was done for placing the vessel more level on the ways. The men worked well but slowly, and the pressure becoming great, after a few minutes loud reports of crashing timbers were heard, and it was supposed the noble ship was yielding. The pressure however was continued—increasing with every stroke of the levers, and the massive beams, cross-beams, and supports groaned, quivered, and bent, yet not one inch would the foremost cradle move. At last the supports of the ram gave way, and although assisted by the tackle from the river one of the centre piles broke, the others showing symptoms of following. One of the

mooring chains, securing the double sheaves which hauled upon the stem of the vessel also broke somewhere in the river, so that even had it been capable of immediate repair, the latter accident alone was sufficient to put a stop to all further proceedings.

Nov. 28th.—The operations commenced about a quarter past one, under the direction of Mr. Brunel, the engineer, and Captain Harrison, the commander of the vessel. The first efforts were directed to get the head of the ship in a line with the stern.

The first attempt to launch was marked with such a severe and fearful accident, and the second effort resulted in such a shattering of the massive timbers, that in spite of the precautions taken the greatest fears were entertained that her first move would be attended by some terrific scene. A few moments of fearful suspense ensued, when the hydraulic rams were first applied; but in less than a minute she began gradually to slide down, and in half an hour the stem had moved about two feet. The more difficult task then commenced, and the strengthened buttresses for the hydraulic rams proved fully equal to the pressure brought to bear upon them. The ship almost immediately obeyed the immense power and began to move gently about an inch a minute. At half-past four when the operations ceased she had moved bodily 13 feet. The only mishap this day was the snapping of two of the chain cable.

Nov. 29th.—Although this was Sunday the proceedings were commenced at eight o'clock, the broken cables having been mended as far as practicable during the night. The hydraulic rams and chain tackle were applied with all the force they possessed but without the least moving her. She had settled considerably during the night by the compression of the timber of the launching ways, and the chains attached to the midships of the ship were hove on until they parted,—the fore and aft tackle were also exerted to their uttermost, still she would not yield one inch; but the ponderous mooring stone, which weighed about 13 tons, was uprooted from its bed in the river.

Mr. Brunel, then sent to the neighbouring shipyards for all the screw-jacks and other apparatus that could be spared. Nine jacks, capable of exerting a strain of 10 tons each, were placed at this fore cradle, and hydraulic power of 80 tons at the stern. To this immense power she yielded, and in the first twenty minutes after she moved 1 foot 11 inches, and she continued gently to descend un-

till dark, when the men left off. Her progress this day was 8 feet 4 inches fore and aft; making a total in the two days of 23 feet 4 inches forward, and 21 feet 4 inches aft.

Nov. 30th.—The vessel this day yielded to the first pressure, and moved the first few hours, about one inch per minute. About 11 o'clock the screw-jacks were applied with greater force, and she continued to slip easily one inch per 50 seconds until one o'clock, when the men went to their dinner. Up to this time she had made 13 feet 11 inches aft, and 10 feet 11 inches forward. This difference was unfortunate, and great difficulty to move her, as on a former occasion, was naturally expected.

When the men again began work, all the force of the hydraulic rams, screw-jacks, &c. was applied to the bow cradle, to place her in a straight position. For some time she would not move, but suddenly slipped five inches forward and nine inches aft, with a terrific grating and vibration of the cradles. A momentary panic seized the workmen, but the rams and jacks having been lengthened they resumed their work. But on the rams being applied she seemed to be as immovable as a rock. The 10-inch ram was lengthened out so as to be effective on the ship by a massive beam of wood 17 inches square, capable of resisting a pressure of 300 tons; however, the strain was so violent that it arched like a bow, and sprang into the air in two pieces, throwing the splinters in all directions. No one was hurt, so the men soon placed another and the rams set to work once more: this was scarcely effected when the last of the river purchases, the chains of which were attached to the bows, broke; thus leaving the whole strain upon the rams and jacks, which were worked with redoubled vigour, when with a terrific explosion the solid iron cylinder of the ram split from top to bottom.

Dec. 3rd.—Since the last attempt the workmen have been busily engaged in fixing fresh hydraulic rams, and in attaching fresh chains to Trotman's anchors sunk in the bed of the river, placing beams under the ways, and repairing the damage done to the *materiel* on former attempts. At 2 p.m. the operations commenced and within half an hour she had moved 6 feet 7 inches. She steadily progressed until about half-past four when it was found she had moved 14 feet 9 inches forward and 12 feet 7 inches aft. Everything this day went well, and all persons engaged on her were in high glee.

During the day an accident occurred by the fall of a scaffold built

by some speculator, outside the yard, on which about 200 people had assembled. The screams were awful, several persons were removed to the hospital.

Dec. 4th.—The proceedings this day were very satisfactory, and by 1 p.m. she had moved 19 feet nearer to the water's edge. Soon after this hour a slight delay took place, owing to the breaking of one of the bow chains, but it was soon arranged, and the operations were continued till dark, at which time she had moved upwards of 28 feet; and indeed, the afternoon's tide placed about four feet of water under her keel, and so lightened the ways of 1,500 tons of her dead weight; but apparently this made not the least difference in her rate of progress.

Dec. 5th.—About eleven o'clock the Princess Royal visited the yard, for the purpose of viewing the vessel. Unfortunately the gangways were so blocked up by the materials used in launching, that the royal party could not get on board, so the visit was confined to the inspection of the exterior of the monster, and the apparatus used to launch her. One foot only was gained this day.

For the next four days very little progress was made, the time being principally occupied in moving the rams close to the ship, strengthening the hauling tackle, and preparing for a grand struggle.

Dec. 10th.—The work of launching commenced by the powerful rams being applied with the greatest pressure, but only gained 1 foot 1 inch forward, and 1 foot 2 inches aft, and all efforts to move her further were frustrated by the mooring tackle which hauls the stern towards the river giving away, and the anchor "coming home." It was therefore necessary to knock off launching for a few days.

The cause of anchor yielding was it appears in consequence of the bad holding nature of the ground, which is of such dense concrete that a pickaxe will scarcely enter. Therefore Trotman's powerful anchor had only sunk a foot or two into this hard bed.

Jan. 5th.—The operations commenced about 9 o'clock, Mr. R. Stephenson, M.P., assisting Mr. Brunel. Ten hydraulic machines were in use instead of six as heretofore; one of them being the original press used at the erecting of the Menai Bridge, and which alone gave 200 tons nominal pressure. The river hauling power was not used, as the operations were confined to placing the vessel in a straight position, preparatory to a grand attempt. At the time of

leaving off she had moved 7 feet 8 inches at the stern, and 3 feet 1 inch at the stem.

Jan. 6th.—Due precaution had been taken by emptying the pumps, &c., to prevent their being frozen, so that by nine o'clock all were ready for working. Owing to the previous tides having left a quantity of mud on the ways greater force was required to start her. Nearly 200 tons more pressure was used than on the previous day; and she gradually slipped down 10 feet aft and 9 feet 6 inches forward.

Jan. 7th.—The progress made this day was about 11 feet, which was accomplished by gentle slips of between 6 and 7 inches at a time. The amount of pressure varying from 2,000 to 2,500 tons: the river tackle was but slightly used.

The five following days she moved slowly, but satisfactorily, towards the end of the ways, leaving on the 13th, but 15 feet to be traversed.

Jan. 14th.—A short time before the tide had reached its highest, three of the hydraulic machines aft and three forward were set to work to move the vessel nearer down the ways. She moved in quick short slips with the utmost ease, the gauges of the few hydraulic machines in use seldom averaging more than 10 cwt. to the inch, and each slip taking place at short intervals. In a comparatively short time a distance of 13 feet aft, and 3 feet 6 inches forward was accomplished; the after part showing such a tendency to slide away on the least pressure that it was impossible to regulate the ship's movements with the same accuracy as heretofore. The following day the tide gave about 12 feet water under.

From this time the work gradually proceeded, but without any strenuous effort, as it was considered that the next spring tides she would float without further difficulty.

Jan. 29th.—The afternoon's tide gave a depth of nearly 17 feet under the vessel. Less than this would have been sufficient to float her, but it is said, that Friday being a "superstitious day" among seamen, it was considered judicious to prevent her entirely leaving the cradles: be this as it may, 2,500 tons of water had to be pumped into her compartments to keep her from launching. This had the desired effect.

Jan. 30th.—Some hundreds of persons went to witness the launch, of which the engineers were so confident on the previous day, but they were doomed to disappointment, the wind to day being the chief

obstruction. Mr. Brunel, resolved not to allow a chance to escape him, was at his post by daybreak ; but it blew a hurricane from the S.S.W., and he at once saw that if he launched the vessel, which he might have done without any difficulty, the wind would inevitably have sent her back upon her ways, and most probably have cracked her.

A careful estimate of his hauling powers, and which it is but fair to say were most effective, induced him to suspend operations while he had so powerful an antagonist as a heavy gale of wind to contend against.

Jan. 31st.—At two o'clock this morning the steam engine commenced pumping out the water from the vessel, previous to attempting to launch her, Mr. Brunel, Captain Harrison, and the whole staff of assistants and workmen were in attendance at an early hour, and all worked with an earnestness and goodwill, that contributed in no small degree to the complete success of the day's operations.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock, the tide having risen considerably higher than was expected, and the wind being almost as favorable as could be desired, gangs of men were placed at the hydraulics, and directions were given to apply the final pressure. She moved readily ; and shortly after one o'clock her stern floated out of the cradle. The steam tugs were then brought into active service, and at a quarter past two, a mighty cheer rose from the multitude on the river, which being re-echoed by the thousands on the shore, announced that the largest vessel in the world

The Leviathan was afloat !!

Mutual congratulations took place upon the deck of the vessel, where Mr. Brunel, Mr. Hope, and several noblemen and gentlemen, had assembled. The progress of the vessel continued most satisfactorily for several minutes, when, unfortunately the outward paddle came in contact with some lighters, which had been employed in the earlier stages of the launch ; and her further passage was impeded until they were removed, which was an operation of considerable difficulty, and one of the barges had to be scuttled before she could proceed across the river to her moorings. This being accomplished her bow was placed in its proper position, and two steam tugs then hauled her stern over.

This noble vessel now rides safely at the government moorings on

the Kentish side of the river, opposite Deptford, where she will remain until she has been fitted, a process which will occupy some four or five months.

During the progress of the vessel, an extraordinary scene took place. When the stern cradle had been relieved from the weight which had reposed upon it, the immense timbers parted and darted above water point upwards, with fearful rapidity. Notwithstanding the river was studded with numerous small boats, fortunately no accident occurred.

When the vessel first moved there were only 14 feet of water at the bow, and when moored she registered $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet aft, and 14 feet 11 inches forward, within 6 inches of the amount calculated by Mr. Jeacomb when the lines were first laid down.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of pressure, and the hauling and tugging she has undergone since the first attempt to start her, it is gratifying to find she has not sustained the least blemish, and that her "shear" is free from defect.

In conclusion we have to observe that the attention and devotedness of the *employees* throughout the proceedings met with the warmest approval of their chiefs. And it must be a source of great gratification to Mr. Brunel, to finish a work of such magnitude with so small amount of human casualty.

Captain Harrison, her commander, displayed throughout the proceedings perfect coolness and precision, which augurs well for the vessel's future guidance.

During the afternoon the various steamers came down the river crowded to excess; and when they found the ship riding safely at the moorings, the passengers joined in a hearty cheer, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and evinced unmistakable symptoms of intense satisfaction. Viewed from the deck of the vessel, the river during the afternoon presented a most animated appearance. For a considerable distance the surface of the river was completely covered with boats; the numerous occupants of which joined in the congratulations which everywhere awaited Mr. Brunel and his coadjutors. We cordially repeat Miss Hope's prayer—

"God speed her."

NORWAY AND THE WAY TO IT.

CHAP. I.

“Round the coasts where Runic Odin
Howls his war note to the gale
When the rocks of dark Lofoden
Whirl to death the roaming whale.”

ALEXANDER wept because he had no second world to conquer. Yachtsmen may now weep because they have no second world to explore. Mr. Shedden with the *Nancy Dawson* in the far west, Sir James Brooke with the *Royalist* in the distant east, Lord Dufferin with the *Foam* in the frozen north, and Mr. Parker Snow with the *Allan Gardiner* in the extreme south, have proclaimed the pluck of the British yachtsmen, to all the ends of the earth. The Mediterranean is used up, Norway has become the resort of “unprotected females,” Faro and Iceland of princes out of work, and even Behring’s Straits, Spitzbergen, and Terra del Fuego are but household words in the chronicles of yachting.

But our yachtsmen are not only able navigators, they are admirable authors, and skilful artists besides; the pen, the pencil, and the parallel ruler, are all equally familiar implements in the hands of Lord Dufferin and Mr. Parker Snow. Had his lordship in his recent work been more sparing of his ridicule, and treated with the respect they deserved, a captain and a crew, who at the risk of their lives navigated his vessel safely through dangers few men would have faced; and had Mr. Snow in his favored us with fewer details of the paltry squabbles between himself and his constituents, two more interesting and amusing books could scarce have been found, mid all the annals of our voyagers since the days of Frobisher and Drake. Thus it happens, that not only are these far away cruises taken, and their various deeds of daring done, but they are written also, and handed down to posterity in immortal prose. So that go where you will, with your yacht, on your return now-a-days, you may easily imagine that you would have nothing new to tell, but settle quietly down with the conviction that you must either treat your friends to a *re-chauffée* of what had been better done before, or hold your tongue, probably your wisest course.

Such a conclusion would however be an erroneous one. Much of the best and most accessible yachting ground has been but very imperfectly described. In this category must be placed the shores of Old Norway; near as they lie to this country, inviting as her numerous fiords

are, and splendid as is the scenery of their rocky shores, no yachtsman has yet given to the public a really useful and trustworthy journal of a cruise along her coasts. Such a book as that the lamented James Wilson wrote on the Lochs and Islands of Scotland, would be invaluable to the yachtsman about to visit Norway, but no such book exists and probably never will. Works there are on Norway in dozens, many of them excellent, but they are either mere books of travels in the interior, or they are political, sporting or scientific treatises, and afford the yachtsman no clue to where he ought to go, or what he ought to see. There are indeed one or two authors who profess to give narratives of yacht cruises to Norway, but to any one studying them with the view of gaining information and guidance for similiar cruises they are unsatisfactory, and next to useless.

I trust after this exordium my readers will not for a moment surmise that I propose to stop the gap there undoubtedly exists. No, what I have now said I rather intend as an apology for the unsatisfactory nature of what follows. I had but little time to devote to my autumnal cruise, and in so far as Norway was concerned even that little was unavoidably curtailed. A good book would have enabled me to make the most of that short period, but that was not to be had, and as the sequel will show, chance more than good management guided me in the course I took.

On Saturday, the 4th of June last, about 2h. p.m., I started in a cutter of between thirty and forty tons, with two companions, from Granton Harbour in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm. The heavy rain lulled the wind, and we were becalmed for several hours near the mouth of the harbour. A large brig got on the breakwater just as we were going out, and as the tide was rapidly leaving her, and she was heeling over to port in a frightful manner, the chances were she must have come to grief, but I never heard more of her. We drifted slowly down the Firth with the ebb tide, till a light breeze from the westward sprung up which carried us past the May Island Light about midnight.

On changing the watch, we set square-sail and passed to the westward of Bell Rock about 4h. a.m., of the 5th. A long reef of rocks stretches out to eastward of the lighthouse, which ought not be approached within a mile on that side. On coming on deck at 8h. a.m., found it thick all round with drizzling rain and wind right ahead, land not in sight, but supposed ourselves to be nearly abreast of the Old Castle of Dumoter. Full rigged ship in sight steering to the south, supposed to be a Hull spouter on her way home. Wind light and baffling all day: opposite Aberdeen at 8h. p.m., horizon clear, wind freshening, but still ahead with a chill feel about it which boded no good.

On Monday morning at 8h. a.m., hove to in Peterhead Bay to reef. Blessing fresh from N.W., right down Moray Forth, up which we wished to go. The morning looked dirty and we thought it better to let go in Peterhead Bay where we had good shelter till we saw what would turn up. By noon it was blowing a whole gale, and a sloop trying to make the bay was blown out to sea. Peterhead Bay is quite exposed to the south and east, and in case the wind should veer round, we thought it wiser to seek the shelter of the harbour as long as the tide would give us entrance. Made signal for a pilot, who speedily came on board, and who insisted on our hauling down another reef before getting the cutter underway.

In going into the harbour, the pilot managed to bump the cutter's heel upon a rock, which lies too much in the fair way; the harbour trustees ought certainly to have it removed, which could be easily done as it is nearly dry at low water. Had we been ten minutes later our cruise would have been prematurely brought to a close, as we must have struck, and the yacht gone to pieces in the gale which blew fiercely for several days after we got in. I cordially agree with what your able correspondent Blue Jacket says in your June number with reference to pilots. The only time we touched during the cruise I am now narrating, was on this occasion when in charge of a pilot. With a good chart you are generally safer without, than with a pilot. On this subject I would strongly recommend to my brother yachtsmen a perusal of the cruise of the Allan Gardiner before alluded to, as shewing what can be done with good charts by a man who understands how to use them. Pilots rarely understand "yachts;" accustomed to heavy, dull sailing merchantmen, they do not make allowance for the quick and lively movements of our little vessels. Accordingly our pilot ran us into Peterhead harbour, with ever so much way on, and instead of luffing her up when he got in which there was plenty of room to do, he ran her hard on the beach, which was luckily smooth sand: a check rope we managed to get ashore, also diminished her way, but the strain was so great as to cut a deep groove in the bits. He was well warned too, but pilots are the most wilful men in creation, and must have their own way. Beyond the scar in the bits and a little paint rubbed off the garboard on the starboard side, happily no harm was done, and when the tide left we found ourselves in a capital berth for scouring the copper which had not been done this season.

In the evening the commanding officer of the coast-guard called and most kindly offered his services.

Tuesday, 7th of July.—It blew great guns and rained in torrents all

day. None of us left the ship but amused ourselves reading and sketching. Coast-guard officer called again, and most considerably suggested that as there was no appearance of the gale abating I should move the cutter into North harbour, because as the tides were taking off we might probably be neaped if we remained longer in the South harbour, where there is less water.

Wednesday 8th.—Hauled through canal into North harbour, the tide in the canal runs like a sluice, and this with the gale in our teeth made the hauling a tedious and laborious operation. Found so much sea in North Harbour, that I feared when she took the ground her rudder would be knocked off. At my suggestion the harbour-master most obligingly put the booms across the mouth of the inner basin, a troublesome job, but which completely kept the sea out, as the booms go to the bottom of the dock, and in fact are more properly speaking a moveable gate in separate pieces than anything else. We hauled alongside of a Sealer, of which there were half a dozen or more in the harbour. We took the ground shortly after, but had never less than six feet water about us.

My two friends went to fish in the river Ugie to-day, while I had to look out for a lad to supply the place of a useless fellow I had brought with me, and whom I sent home from here. I got introduced to the captain of one of the sealers, who most politely gave me the choice of his apprentices. He marshalled them all on the deck of his ship, and I selected the biggest, at which Captain G. laughed, and hinted I might have done better to have taken the least, but that they were all fine boys. I must say for George Stephens, that I never had a more obliging, civil, or well principled hand on board. He was not much accustomed to cutter sailing certainly, and got sick now and then with the quick motion of the little cutter, but he soon got used to his work, liked it, and was liked by all on board.

As whale fishing on the coasts of Greenland became difficult and precarious, the shipowners of Peterhead wisely directed their attention to the pursuit of seals, which is found much more remunerative. Seal oil being of superior quality to common train, and the skins bringing a high price both as fur and for the purpose of making leather. The vessels are generally small brigs, or barks, of 150 to 250 tons. They leave home in March, take the Shetland Islands in their way north, ship additional hands there, and generally reach the margin of the ice in about a week from the time they leave Lerwick. In three or four months they are all at home again, and Captain G's ship, the largest sailing from Peterhead, returned last season shortly before we reached it, with about

15,000 seals, yielding to himself and his owners a very handsome profit. He showed me the different implements used in the seal hunts. Sometimes the poor creatures are shot, but more commonly they are killed by a blow from a short wooden club with a sharp curved hook of iron at one end. The seal is struck on the head with this, and generally dies at the first blow, if it be artistically administered. The seals are found in great herds or not at all, in this way a ship is either fully fished or clean on her return. They vary in kind, some being very savage, but the greater number timid and offering no resistance. When the ships return they are dismantled and laid up for the summer and winter, and all hands paid off but the captains and apprentices, the latter get no pay, beyond a weekly allowance for food and lodging, as they do not live on board the ship. In this way, a choice of lads may always be found in Peterhead ready to ship, if their captains will permit them, during the yachting season. The complement of Captain G's vessel all told, when at the ice was upwards of fifty hands.

Strong efforts are at present making to obtain the sanction of a Parliamentary Committee now sitting on the subject of the Harbours of Refuge, to the construction of one at Peterhead. It is understood that one for the east coast of England is to be made at Redcar, near the mouth of the Tees. And between Wick and Peterhead lies the contest on the Scotch coast. As a yachtsman of some experience in North Sea cruising I have no hesitation in giving my preference to Peterhead. The South bay there, is already more than half a harbour of refuge, and a breakwater for which might be easily constructed, as the water is of moderate depth and the foundations good, would render it a complete *Portus Salutis* where all the navy of England might ride in safety. The position besides is superior to Wick, which is too near the Cromarty Firth on the one side, and the splendid harbours of Holm Sound and Deer Sound in Orkney on the other. If a vessel is caught in an easterly gale off Wick she can if it be north-east easily run up the Moray Forth, if it be south-east seek the Orkneys. With a gale at all from the north, no vessel could face the Moray Forth from off Peterhead, and for want of a Harbour of Refuge must run back to the Firth of Forth upwards of 100 miles.

J. A. L.

To be continued.

OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

SINCE my return home I have seen in the papers some letters in reference to this matter ; and it has given me much pleasure to find the subject taken up. My opinion is, that no more time should be wasted ; and that those most concerned in it ought at once to begin the task. As regards myself, I am able to speak more freely than many. Though by birth and profession a mariner, yet I do not so constantly follow the sea, as to make me come into rivalry with any of my brethren who differ from my views on nautical matters ; and that I do differ from some, will be presently seen.

In 1830, I first went to sea as a boy, and, whatever my capabilities may have since been, it will be sufficient to say, that I have had ample experience to admit of my forming a correct judgment as to my profession. That profession I have not uniformly followed ;—and why?—Because it gave me disgust ! I loved it *as a profession* ; yet there was nothing in it that had inducement enough to make me persevere therein. For, after all, what is a merchant captain according to Act of Parliament ? A common carrier on the sea ; a being to be severely punished if he does wrong ; yet to be without protection if others do wrong to him. He is amenable to the laws ; yet the laws appear not to be so to him, in the same way they are to any one on shore. In other words, the law makes him a servant to all ; and yet if he does aught that any one else says is not his particular duty as a master, though he honestly considers it such, he is liable to be ousted from his post at a moment's notice, and that without being able to get any remedy ! And I fully believe that there are many of my brother shipmasters who, if they could, would sooner take up any other occupation than be in one they get so little rewarded for. Subject to the jibes and insolence of every seaman, who, knowing his only punishment will be a fine, often abuses his captain the same as if he were a pickpocket, it is not to be wondered at if, with the responsibility resting on his shoulders, he some times forgets himself. My surprise is that we hear of so little complaint against merchant captains. For my own part, and I believe it is the feeling of many others besides myself, I would sooner work as a labourer than, in the present state of the mercantile marine law, be a master of an ordinary merchant ship. For, in that position one is the butt of everybody—from a boy, who of course will have hundreds of defenders if he is ever corrected, to the veriest blackguard that steps foot on board ship. Not but it is the fault of some shipmasters if they have too much of this on board ; for I believe that very much depends upon the manner

in which discipline is carried on ; yet the knowledge that the sailor is cared for by law more than the captain (and any one who reads the Act may see this to be true), has a tendency to throw a stagnation about all the latter does, while it gives encouragement to the former. Look, for instance, at that extreme ; and, if it be the law, most extraordinary power vested in the hands of any one calling himself an owner, to summarily dismiss a captain from his ship at a moment's notice in any part of the world ! And yet what remedy does the law give him ? Why a remedy by civil action, to enter into which he must have large means, and then stand all uncertainties. The large means very few possess, and particularly when the captain has to find his way home as best he can from perhaps the very Antipodes ; and the delay and uncertainties of the law are so proverbial that even the landsman dreads them, let alone the sailor. My own case is in point. Look at it ! I worked hard for two years and more as captain of a small vessel engaged on a peculiar service in one of the most tempestuous portions of the globe. My nominal owners, a so-called religious Society, approve, applaud, and publicly eulogise me : everything I do, and have done, is praised by them in words : at last one of their number goes abroad, and wants me not only to follow his particular plans, wild and visionary as they were, but also do that which, as a shipmaster I dare not do. I refer to my agreement and instructions ; and what he wants done, I find is not in accordance with such. I therefore decline to go against my own orders, until I have positive news from home, for he brings me none. Yet what is the result ? He represents himself to the British authorities as an owner appearing on the ship's register, though a subscription vessel, and not at all his ; and the authorities without even investigating the matter, or giving me a hearing in Court, direct me to obey that owner's orders to leave the vessel at *three hour's notice*, though I hold a written agreement for three years. I have to do so ; myself, my wife, my effects have to go on shore in a distant land, and without any means being given us to subsist upon or to get home. At last, after much suffering and the disposal of all my instruments and effects, I do get home. I apply to the other owners for redress ; and—in my present remarks, charitably supposing that they are in a difficulty which they know not how to otherwise get out of—they refuse to liquidate my claims on the sole plea of my having “disobeyed orders” ; and leave me to seek an expensive remedy by going to law. If, however, such is the law, is it not time that captains in the merchant service should unite together, and strive to get an improvement in all relating to them. Why should the sailor be better protected than the captain ? The for-

mer is not only sent home if discharged abroad, and the captain obliged to send him home, but is also tenderly cared for in the most minute thing relating to him; and I am told it is because captains can take care of themselves. But this is not so. Few have the means to enable them to take such care of their interests as would put them on a fair equality with others. Their expenses are heavy; and the more intelligent they are, the more heavy those expenses. I remember some years back, a discussion in the press respecting masters in the navy, and I believe the subject was well taken up; and I am sure many a merchant captain will be most thankful if *their* case could now be similarly taken up. It is—as hundreds can say—a hard one, and many excellent ship-owners would fain improve it if they could; but the numerous different Acts of the last few years prevent anything being definitely done. I dearly love my profession; and when at sea, devote myself steadily to it; but what encouragement is there in it for that more intelligent class of men lately spoken of in the press as desirable? None: and therefore all I can say about it is, that I hope the good work now begun will go on until the improvement needed in our mercantile marine has been effected. The powerful aid the press can render will, I am sure, not be thrown away. It will benefit the commercial interests: it will be a boon to the mariner at large. The present laws are insufficient. They are too much: and yet too little. As they stand, a ship captain need be a lawyer to know them aright. He can never tell when he is correct;—at least I have found it so only in the matter of shipping and discharging my men in the ports I have lately visited during the past two years;—and as to the work on board, why it's a perfect farce! I may be pardoned for mentioning one instance only.

It will be seen in the narrative* that I have had to do much work in boats; and the men signed a fair agreement to do such work. Now, the weather about Cape Horn and the Falklands is, as I have often mentioned, always almost rough; consequently, there are times when boat work is not only heavy but dangerous. Yet the work must be done; and of course, when I thought it advisable, I would order it to be done. Nevertheless, frequently would I have sooner undertaken the entire labour myself, had it been possible, than get the work done as it was performed. "It was too hazardous; it was beyond the hours; it was rain or wind, or too much sea," &c.; and when this is said, how is the captain to decide? or, rather, who is to decide the question as to the propriety of such and such a thing?—the captain who has all the responsibility, or the sailor who has no responsibility? Yet, according to

* Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego.

the laws, it is a tender point. He may, in the exigence of the service, overleap the exact mark, though he may, as I and scores have done, personally work in the same peril or labour with the seaman; yet if he does go beyond the mark, though ignorantly or well meant, he is liable, according to the law, to be punished. And knowing this, sailors take advantage; and the work is necessarily stultified. As to remuneration, I have been surprised at the statement that captains in the Merchant Service get not less than £200 a year. I know many who think themselves lucky if they get £10 per month, and find their own books, charts and instruments. As to a uniform, and the suggestions made by some writers, I have no doubt it may be beneficial; but, after all, what is wanted? Why, a good practical, intelligent, and honest shipmaster, —a *commander* in the mercantile service who will have the interests of his owners and the commercial community at heart, and who should therefore be empowered to act in every way as he considered best (for no rule can be laid down for the exact guidance of a ship at sea); who should be thoroughly supported by every one at home and abroad in the arduous duties he has to perform; and with full power given to him, he should be liable to severe punishment, if by a fair and careful examination by his compeers (not by others), he is found to have improperly used those powers. He should not be subject to that official routine which has hampered even many a gallant officer in the navy; nor is it, I think, satisfactorily proved that our merchant captains are made practically better by the distasteful compulsory examinations they have to undergo like a schoolboy, and which many learn by rote, and so pass muster. Few men of practical skill can talk much; and fewer handle the pen. The man of ready and well stored mind can better think and act than he can put his thoughts on paper, or properly explain himself. But in times of danger or emergency how many hundreds of our roughest sea captains show themselves the most perfect masters of the moment; and, cool and self-possessed, carry the vessel, cargo, and the lives entrusted to their care, through the peril in perfect safety? How many hundreds, I say, do this, who could not express a single thought in words, or put two sentences correctly together on paper. The very nature of a merchant captain's life begets this,—not *ignorance*, but mainly *diffidence*, and apparent inability when on shore. Used to command, to promptitude, quickness of thought, and ready skill, he is perfectly out of his element when he is thrown amongst forms, and cramped by official routine. Unlike the naval officer, who is much on land, and naturally becomes more *toned*, and more accustomed to certain fixed rules, the merchant captain is otherwise. All is left to him at sea;

all must depend upon him ; and he has to think upon and to do a thousand things no officer in the navy would ever have to perform. True, there may not be that same amount of intelligence, though I think even in that the mercantile marine is now getting not very far behind the more aristocratic sister service ; but then it must be borne in mind that the law itself is mainly the cause of this, though not apparently so. For, as I have already said, the merchant captain being made by law a common carrier, and subject to all that I have named and much more besides, he has no inducement to elevate himself. He has no protection : no encouragement. If he makes observations, examines unknown harbours, devotes his little spare time to compiling notes on useful subjects connected with his profession, he is damped by finding all his labour thrown away from inability to get attention paid to what he has done ; or, if attended to, by some one else of higher note stepping in and taking advantage of what he has done. How frequently have I been told by some of my brother shipmasters,—“ Oh, I can *feel* the changes of the wind and weather well enough without all that trouble of regularly consulting and registering the barometer, &c., &c. What's the good of it ? Who is it for ? I know what to do ? and who encourages me to work for others who may not know, or who may have some scientific crotchet in their heads ? ” And though for myself I do not agree in this ; and though I know several who do devote themselves to the science of our profession, yet the majority will not trouble to do it, having neither encouragement nor elevation of position to induce them. In this respect the American Government is acting more wisely. Under Captain Maury's excellent arrangements, there is established a large body of merchant captains working together all over the world in the cause of science and the advancement of their profession ; and they do it willingly and cheerfully, because they know, that what they do will be publicly acknowledged and thankfully accepted.

But a remedy for the present far from enviable state and prospects of our mercantile marine captains will, I think, only be found by their taking up their own cause, aided by such shipowners as some of those I could name in London and elsewhere, who, possessing enlarged minds and liberal views, would join in trying to effect the change so necessary. Then might we have a mercantile marine whose officers, feeling they were supported and respected, would elevate themselves and strive to merit the good report of all ; not be as many are, indifferent to what is said about them. I would therefore suggest that friendly meetings be held all over the kingdom amongst British shipmasters to consider and adopt such measures in regard to their present condition as may tend to

their ultimate benefit, and necessarily, the increased welfare of the commercial community. If the Press would but lend its powerful aid, I am sure that the unfavourable remarks lately made by several against our sea commanders would soon be no longer applicable to our body at large, as indeed I do not consider them entirely so now.

There is one thing I must not omit dwelling upon : and that is the title given to shipmasters in the mercantile marine. By some they are called *Mr.*, being of course in law simply ordinary masters or common carriers ;—by others they have the term of “skipper” ; some few will style them captain ; and this latter is their true title, or else it is a misnomer to say in any case “captain of a ship.” Now there are many objections to the denomination of “captain” in social life on shore, because it so happens that Her Majesty’s service holds an exclusive claim to that title ; nevertheless, what is due to a man should be given him. If he is a captain, then a captain he should be called ; and, as a captain is one who takes the command, I see no valid reason why the rank is not to be applied to him. A distinction could easily be made ; and as a friend said to me a short time since “*Commander*” might be used in the merchant service and omitted in the navy ; and I would suggest that “*M.N.*” (Mercantile Navy) be added to the name as “*R.N.*” is in Her Majesty’s service. At all events I would urge my brethren not to forget their true position ; and as now-a-days much is expected from them, let them stand upon their own ground and always claim what is their due.

There is however much that requires correction and improvement on the part of our merchant captains themselves. I would suggest that they take up the subject in their own hands, and not leave it for others to do. I would point out to such of them as need it more care and attention on certain points that often their very experience and general knowledge leads them astray in. I allude in particular to log, lead, and look out,—the “three L’s” as Captain Maury says. With a watchfulness in this, and to the barometer, *rightly*, not indifferently attended to, frequent mishaps may be avoided. If I allude to myself to what I have more to say, it is only to illustrate my remarks, from personal experience. Others in command can, and no doubt have frequently verified them and practised the true science of maritime sailing better than I. But I would say that such personal experience of my own has enabled me to carry a little vessel safely about two years in some of the most dangerous parts of the world without a single loss or damage. I have safely run across the river Plate in thick weather by careful attention to the lead, and with only once obtaining a chance glimpse of the l-

and I have stood right on for the Falklands while very foggy, and got my position quite accurately enough through the soundings. So through the Straits of Le Maire, and elsewhere. Attention to such indications as are in some form or other occasionally to be met in all places, will undoubtedly save a great deal of mischief; and, my surprise has not been a little when coming home as passenger in a ship, and likewise on reading in the papers of disasters in the Channel that the lead is so seldom used. I would therefore suggest that those who have hitherto disregarded these matters should now turn them over in their mind. I know how irksome and annoying it is to a captain to be compelled to almost incessantly keep his officers and men to these more minute but not less important points in the sailing of his ship; and how, very often, he will be all but insulted and sneered at as "over cautious, fidgetty, nervous, giving unnecessary trouble," &c., &c.; but, if it be possible to get the laws altered, so as to protect the captain more, these and many similar things will be soon done away.

W. PARKER SNOW.

THE CRUISE OF THE TRAVELLER, 10 TONS.*

MR. EDITOR.—The following account will be amusing to you I know, for two or three reasons, one of which is that you have long known *the yacht*, and I believe out of the six yachtsmen who were her crew on the present occasion, all but one rank as old friends in your memory.

It was mid-day on Thursday, 3rd of September, 1857, after much *consultation, consideration, and provision in its fullest sense*, when six as jovial fellows as ever pulled a rope put off in a dinghy at the Folly House, Blackwall, and without the help of tackle stowed away a few of the "indispensables" for the due maintenance of the "animal economy," I must not forget, however, that just before this a small brig in tow of a steamer shewed evident signs of being upon close terms of intimacy with our craft, for she obstinately stood for our starboard quarter, while the steamer on the contrary steered port of us, the consequence of which was that a necklace of hemp which "there was no resisting" coiled round our stern quarters and dragged the Traveller many yards down the stream, the exploit causing an expenditure of "vox" truly surprising. Upon examination we found one of the backstays broken and the channel plates almost carried away. We were not superstitious, and would not take this as a bad omen, on the contrary, like Cæsar when he kissed the ground after falling down at his landing, we made "the best of it," so adope.

* T. H. Williams, Esq., owner.

set to work, repaired the damage and soon after "pulled up the hook", and sailed away for Holy Haven, where we intended to pass the first night on board. It was now nearly 3 o'clock p.m., it was therefore long after twilight when we first discerned the mouth of the Haven, going in we took the ground, excusable enough on a dark night, but the tide was just "making" so we soon floated,—got three or four hundred yards up the creek, and then anchored for the night. In such a lone, desolate, barren spot our only resources were beneath the cabin roof, but I assure you they were ample. A cheerful fire, a lighted lamp, a tea with *et ceteras*, that our Club-room at Audertons' could hardly surpass, then our grog, our roars of laughter and wreaths of smoke, all betokened a determined opposition to the "silent system," but *even this came at last*, we were forced after all to "surrender at discretion" to that mighty influence *sleep*. You may be sure that six "full-sizes" in a "10 tonner" had to *contrive* a little for "bedroom" accommodation; however, there we lay "head and tail" with the fire out, the lamp a-light, and on "Holy Ground."

By the way, can you tell us how this place acquired its name. Is there any legend or tradition in existence that will throw any light upon it? Have monks ever "fed fat" upon the lone bleak spot? If so, the heron, the bittern, and the sea-gull are the only sad successors of that ghostly generation, and after all not unlike the degenerated "crews" of those monastic buildings. The testaceous and crustaceous orders are here in abundance, and eels are plentiful. We were up in the morning at daylight, and some of our crew rowed a considerable distance inland, and brought back some fine eels, which they had bought of a "revenue man", whose monotonous life here is diversified a little by fishing "in all its branches." After a fine breakfast which only those who have been similarly situated can appreciate, we stood out for a sail over to Sheerness and Queeuborough; the weather squally, and wind a very stiff topsail breeze from the west. The recently erected Martello tower, at the mouth of the Medway, like a dot when seen from a distance, appears to me about a "tithe" of what it should be for such an important position. My *forte*, however, is not for *fortified places*, my opinion may be a wrong one, give me the open waters or fields in preference to stone bastions with their 68 pounders; yet cold indeed must that Briton be, who can sail among those mighty ships, sleeping on the rising and falling tide, apparently resting and rotting in idleness, without pleasurable emotion; a thousand recollections of the brave deeds of our forefathers will rush past and leave their impress on the mind. The brave Nelson's exclamation is on our lips "Thank God I am a Briton!"

We anchored off Queenborough, and were not long in paying our respects to the natives. The few men of the place were some of them with hands in their pockets, and pipes in their mouths, apparently watching the water as though the sea serpent was about to exhibit himself. Nothing to do for long periods, they hang about, dwelling upon the ancient glories of Queenborough, 'ere the Reform Bill deprived its handful of houses of the privilege of sending *two Members to Parliament!* and made each man's vote *something to sell*;—an *important article to buy*. Such disgraceful importance is now of the past.

We tried here to get some fish, and after some exertion obtained from a fishing smack some flat-fish and oysters, both of which we paid as much for as at Billingsgate,—nay at the "West End"! and then we *remained debtors* in their opinion to the headman of the "fisheries". I suppose the inhabitants fish for themselves, *—are not buyers*, and yachtsmen must pay.

The following day (Saturday) we started for Ramsgate through the Swale, (I am sorry to see that a railway bridge over it is likely to stop this pleasant course in future, unless you can lower your mast like a barge,) past Whitstable, (a fine breeze and clear day,) passing successively Herne Bay, Margate, the North Foreland, the ill fated Northern Belle, (the stump of her bowsprit just shewing above water,) and reaching Ramsgate Harbour about 4h. p.m. Here the usual questions, What's your name? What tonnage? Where from? After these had been answered, and the questioner had "made a note of it," we were helped to our moorings, and "the particulars" were "in print" in a few hours afterwards, mixed with sundry other *choice* pieces of yachting intelligence! Very satisfactory no doubt to those owners of small craft, (if any such there be) who feel proud of being ranged side by side in *print* as well as *port* with their larger brethren, but to a working crew like ours, bent on enjoyment only, caring for nothing and envying none, to have been left unnoticed would have been quite as much to our satisfaction. Here we had to admire some yachts that would have stirred our envy, had it existed in our composition. The Bacchante with a *living Gannet* on her bow, the Cyclone, Phantom, Thought, Zillah, Little Mosquito, and several others. It was now Saturday night, and after replenishing our lockers with all that we needed, we took a turn over the town, promenaded the pier, and finished of course at the Refectory. Sunday was a quiet day with us, intending to be up and off very early in the morning for Dover, to witness the regatta there. Accordingly at 5h. 10m., our canvas was set and (we were the second) out of the harbour, a fine glorious morning, a favorable wind, plenty of it, and we

were in Dover Harbour before eight o'clock: several others soon followed, and by ten or soon after, we were in company with all our Ramsgate friends once again. The regatta amusements and its results need not be repeated, it was a long day, enough for two, and all were tired of it before the "duck hunt" closed it. Dover Harbour will not do after Ramsgate, and the following day was such a "soaker" with half a gale of wind, that it was some difficulty to keep the water out, or the fire from smoking; as for getting out there was not the slightest temptation; the clouds were so low that the castle was obscured half the day, and all seemed shut up and deserted; like poor Tom Bowline, we were "under hatches," therefore our only resource was "the pipe," with a few books and newspapers, jolly enough but longing for liberty, with the same hopeless prospect that Sterne's starling had with it's ceaseless cry of "I can't get out," "I can't get out."

The next morning however (Wednesday,) we were "up and doing:" we had intended to go on to Hythe, Hastings, and Brighton, had the weather looked promising even to Ryde and Southampton; but occasional thunder and lightning, squalls and a heavy sea, made us consider it most prudent to put back to Ramsgate. So soon after 8 o'clock, a.m., we put our nose outside the harbour; lots of sailors at the pier head watching, who would not venture out, or at all events willing to wait for better weather: our little craft behaved herself well, though rolled about pretty handsomely, we lengthened the tow line that the dinghy might not take a fit in her head to come aboard of us or smash her own nose against our counter: it was well we took this precaution; as it was, she snapped the rope like a pack thread, and we had the mortification to see her drifting towards the shore nearly opposite the South Foreland; there was no time to be lost, so in spite of the weather and heavy sea, we quickly "scandalized" the mainsail, put about, and most fortunately succeeded the very first time in running close along side and snatching hold of her. This was a bit of good luck quite unexpected by all of us under the circumstances; indeed the dinghy was looked upon as lost. We gave her this time a greater length of line, which eased the jerk materially as she rose from the heavy troughs, we were soon afterwards in the smooth water of Ramsgate Harbour for the second time, from whence we had been watched for the last hour; no other craft being out of any moderate size. For three days we patiently waited here, still hoping that the weather would allow us to go further, it was however, (said one of our crew) "a case of blasted hopes," and we therefore turned our thoughts upon our return, not without some feelings of disappointment. On the Saturday morning with a stiff breeze abeam, we

left Ramsgate harbour about 8h. a.m., and had a delightful sail throughout the day, at least till 4h. or 5h. p.m., when the wind had died away and the tide was nearly done, so we found contrary to our expectation that Barking Reach must be our resting place for the night. On the following morning we were up early, found ourselves enveloped in a fog, and ingloriously paddled our way with the greatest caution through the masses of craft, lying there fearful of moving, to Blackwall, and so ended one of the happiest trips, it has ever been my lot to enjoy.

- In concluding this account of our doings during ten days, (which are perhaps too personal to be of any use to your periodical,) I must observe to you how much more *real enjoyment* is obtainable on board a small yacht, say 15 or 20 tons. yourself and friends being the working crew, than on board the aristocratic yacht of 100 or 200 tons. Here were six of us, *all friends*, all upon an equal footing, *one heart, one mind*, directing everything *though all six with a voice*; each one individually *ready* and *willing* upon the instant to fall in with the views of the other five; no restraint, in a word *all brothers*: you will say it is not very easy to pick out such a crew at all times? This may or may not be the case, yet with care and observation it may often be done by most yacht owners. How much more *unalloyed* enjoyment is here developed than the large yacht can boast of! The yachtsman and his friends on one side of the picture, the skipper and the crew on the other. *These relative positions must* be observed and borne constantly in mind, even though it may cost a continual effort. The owner's dignity must be acknowledged. His voice is listened to everywhere! His sentences are all noted down in each man's memory. *They must therefore be measured! He must not unbend!* How different all this! what a drawback upon the rollicking enjoyment of yachting! Where's the *heartly* laugh? The *heartier* pull at the ropes? The sparkling wit? The well defined, well *limited* joke? Alas! all this would be *infra dig.* to the *master* of a retinue of servants!

I looked down from the pier at Ramsgate on the beautiful Bacchante, I could not from my position criticise her lines, but she appeared to me as I stood above her the *perfection* of a *yachtsman's home*, what *more* CAN her owner want? If he be already possessed of wealth enough and more than enough to keep her afloat, can he know any even of the petty annoyances of life. Ah! yes, the chain that binds his particular grade together is around him also most likely. It is a *golden one* it is true, still *it is a chain, a curb upon physical enjoyment*. He must move as the rest do in his sphere! he has probably never run up the shrouds to unlace a topsail, he has perhaps never even soiled his hands

at hauling on a cable, or "sheeting home." To such one I would say, you are safe in your position. It will be no stain upon you as a nobleman or gentleman, (one or both as you may be) to take a small yacht of 10 or 15 tons, to take half-a-dozen or less good jolly fellows from your own circle, "up to their work," and then go out for a week's cruise. Just try whether feelings and enjoyments to which you have hitherto been a stranger will not be yours, enhanced by the additional charm of *roughing it*, in itself a *novelty* ! Again I say in conclusion—TRY IT.

Yours, &c.,
A MEMBER OF THE L.M.Y.C.

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.*

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—

CHAPTER IV.

YACHT-DECK FLIRTATIONS—BULWER'S LADY OF LYONS AFLOAT—A SPECK ON THE OCEAN—KINGSTOWN—ENGLISH AND IRISH YACHT CLUBS—YACHTS' CREWS, OR TAKE THE ROUGH WITH THE SMOOTH—LANLASH, ISLE OF ARRAN—MEDITATIONS.

"FIRST griefs," like "first loves," are happily not always of a very lasting nature, more especially when they, I mean the "griefs," happen at sea; as to the "loves" I take it they are pretty much the same whether afloat or ashore, barring the *extra charm* of a yacht-deck flirtation in a predilection for which I am sure all yachtsmen will bear me out, whatever landmen may say to the contrary; not that I can speak with authority from any personal experience in such matters, but taking the opinions of those who can, together with sundry slight hints and admissions let fall from "the fairest of the fair" themselves, I incline to think there really must be something in it, some subtle soothing influence "afloat" that tends to thaw the frozen heart, and make the warm one warmer still; of course I am now speaking of hearts appertaining to the gentler sex, although the same remark holds good with regard even to those of the opposite gender; and all the better too it should be so, for while the true yachtsman's heart beats always the same whether afloat or ashore, there are not a few who sail under a club burgee now—

* Continued from p. 238, vol. vi.

a-days whose hearts are all the better for having the land starch washed out of them, in the wholesome salt spray of a summer's cruise.

But whether belonging to the "fair" or to the "unfair" sex, who is there could be proof against the charming influences of a bright mid-summer eve on board, with a pale blue moonlit sky overhead, the silver spangled sea at our feet, and sweet rippling music from the swiftly cloven water at the pretty barkie's side, while at your own side of course sits the "fair object of your affections:" such an occasion might well call forth a description to rival that of the false but love sick prince in the "Lady of Lyons," when Claude Melnotte paints to his "ladye love"

"A palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls
From out a glossy bower of coolest foliage."

which description applied to the floating palace of a clipper yacht, under the above mentioned delightful circumstances, *bin entendue*;—might run somewhat thus:—

A schooner lifting to eternal summer her tapering spars
From out a long low hull of perfect symmetry,
Swiftly gliding o'er the sea, and at her sides
Soft rippling waves, whose songs should syllable thy name;
At noon we'd sit beneath the snow white sails and wonder
How earth could be unhappy, while heaven still left us yachts
And love!—We'd have no friends that were not lovers, no ambition,
Save to excel them all in love! We'd read no books
That were not tales of love, that we might smile to think,
How poorly eloquence of words translates the poetry of hearts
Like ours!—And when night came amidst the breathless heavens,
We'd guess what star should be our home when *love* becomes
Immortal! and *life's yacht* launched in eternity!!

Ye gods and little fishes! what would the author of "Pelham" say to this "travestie" of his beautiful lines!

But at this rate we are likely soon enough to forget our "first grief" on that dark will-o'-the-wisp night in Mevagizy Bay, and it would seem as though we had too, to any one who could have seen the "Wild-flower's" cheerful deck on a lovely night not many days after our close shave for life, mentioned in the last chapter, slipping along merrily up the Irish Channel, on our way to Scotland, but intending to take Kingstown *en route*. It was a lovely night, and we looked all the better for having our full complement of friends on board, and better still that some of them were ladies, bless them! what a wonderfully humanizing effect they have on board ship, not that I mean to say they haven't the same ashore, far from it, but from the owner, (or perhaps to speak more correctly of the brass-bound skipper'd yachts,) from the captain down to

the cabin boy, (who is always asleep by-the-bye,) the influence of the fair sex has a wonderful effect. I won't give as an instance the state of the decks during a voyage under the systematic confusion of shawls, bonnets and cloaks, crochets, novels, and nothings;—in addition to their own dear selves, being found recumbent everywhere but where they should be :—I would rather speak of the “tween decks” department under female influence, for what between flowers and anti-macassars ; rose coloured blinds, and je-ne-sai-quois, take a man blindfold into a yacht's cabin and he will tell you at once whether it be the abode of the fair sex or no. But to return to our Reminiscences,—notwithstanding the lovely night, and “goodlie companie” on board, the Wildflower's Fair-strewed decks were destined to wear a very different aspect with the storm of the next morning.

About midnight as already described, we were skimming along gaily over a smooth unruffled silvery sea, scarce an air of wind to fill our sails, and yet we slipped along a good five knots; how or by what means no man could tell, for it is quite wonderful at times to find your barkie in the *night time* take it into her head, although there does not seem an air stirring, to rush frantically along under some unseen influence:—another curious thing at sea is, that rarely does this phenomenon occur in the day time. The same serenely happy state of things existed at 4 o'clock or 8 bells next morning, when it became the owner's watch on deck ;—and then we were close under Bardsey Island light, about a couple of miles to the southward, with the wind at N.W., standing in for the light :—all at once came a shift of wind, and more of it from the eastward, so 'bout ship, with a fine breeze right aft for Kingstown. Rarely have I seen so sudden a change in the sea; as if by magic it seemed to start up and snarl defiance at us; our only notice of its incivility being to set our big square-sail (without calling up the watch just gone below, which I ever took pride in avoiding,) and “crack on we went.” Now alas! how changed the scene below:—the ladies nowhere! and the ladies maids anywhere! some might be hard-hearted enough to think that the “fair humanizing influence” might now be advantageously dispensed with: we were really cutting capers, although running before the wind; but *run* we did, for in four hours just as the devil's tatoo was being beat on the fore scuttle to call the watch, or at 8 o'clock in the morning, a Dublin pilot boat hove suddenly in sight close on our port bow, seen and lost, and seen again on the mountainous sea that was rising at the time; it “palled” us (as my young skipper used to say,) to find ourselves in a thick fog too, so close to the Irish coast as we now must be in a four hours' run from Bardsey Island on the Welsh side of the Channel; and

for the spree of the thing I ordered a signal to be made for the pilot to come on board; no sooner said than done; and he came flying over our bulwarks, jerked into us through our mainsail on the top of a big wave, just as tho' he had studied the trick of flying through a paper hoop at Astley's. Our first demand was "How far from the Kish light-ship?" for it was as thick as a hedge. "About tew miles," was the reply. "Sure its right ahead o' yees, sur!"

An inspection of the chart soon showed me we had run over 50 knots in four hours! Not bad work for the barkie! *bonâ fide time*, and *bonâ fide miles!* across the tide too, so that it was "through the water" and no mistake. This pleased me at the moment, as who would not be pleased to find his craft a fast one? Alas! alas! and so too it might have pleased that little *speck* upon the waters which the Wildflower grazed and flung from her saucy sides a few short hours ago! a speck! that once had life! the life of an immortal soul! a speck that once doubtless trod a deck as lightly and as cheerily as ere a one of us,—and now! tis but a hammock floating on the wayward billows with a cold human hand stretched out as if to bid the passers by a last adieu, and tell them what they are—"specks on the ocean of life! all drifting onward to eternity!" It was in the skipper's watch that they had passed this poor fellow's body, and then, as often since, I have wondered what I should have done had I known of it in time, whether to round-to, and tow the sad *speck* to land, or leave it alone in its ocean bed! and still I sometimes think *where* is it now! to which the echo of the "sad wild waves" answers "where!"

Two miles to the Kish Light-ship and six more to Kingstown, made only eight miles to go, and for which we took four mortal hours, just the same time we had taken to run fifty miles! but so it was, all of a sudden the wind died away, not so however the swell, and if our spars were saved from being rolled out of us, no thanks to Father Neptune, who seemed in a strange humour this morning and evidently bent on mischief; but at last about mid-day we entered Kingstown harbour, our fair freight having experienced a striking example of "caprice" in the ocean's mood, a caprice scarce unsurpassed by that of their own fair sex.

Kingstown harbour!—that charming favourite rendezvous of yachtsmen, has been so often described already, that I am saved this trouble, and my reader the penance of a repetition:—to those who know it, nothing need be said, and to those who know it not I would only say, the sooner you drop your mud hook there the better. If you went "all the world over" you could'nt meet with a heartier reception—their yacht clubs are open to you, their yachtsmen with their big Irish hearts are ever ready to welcome you,—and their lovely bright eyed fair ones are

ready to enslave your heart, as they ever have been since Erin's fair daughters were created.

Would that other yacht stations might take a leaf out of our hospitable neighbours' books on this side the Channel. I don't mean the books of "Erin's fair daughters," however fascinating they are to read; but those of Erin's yachtsmen and their yacht clubs.

Scarce is your anchor let go in Kingstown harbour, and your number made out from the clubs, (or ascertained by sending alongside in case you should be so uncivil as not to show your *Hunt's List* number,) than notes from the Royal St. George's and Royal Irish Yacht Clubs are left on board, politely informing you that your name is placed on their books as a visitor, to make use of their respective club-houses for a fortnight! Then there is—or at least there *was*—the jolly Royal Westerns' club-vessel—the old "Owen Glendower," whose decks were ever hospitably opened to, and crowded by yachtsmen "from far and near." Then to crown all, there is the true Irish hospitality venting itself in every conceivable form that can tend to make the yachtsman's visit agreeable; flowers in exquisite profusion for the "fair;"—fruit in abundance with

" Sweet strawberries smothered in cream"

for the cabin table!—while even Jack's fore-castle is not forgotten, but liberally supplied with vegetables.

Now it would be an interesting statistical fact to know how many of these Irish gentlemen have been similarly invited in return by the English Yacht Clubs on the Solent, when they happen to drop their anchor abreast of them? or still more curious to know how long a yacht might ride abreast of the Squadron Club House at Cowes, without her owner being asked any questions, or invited to avail himself of the Club while there? I once heard a yachtsman assure his friends, when this subject of comparative hospitality between the Irish and English Yacht Clubs was discussed, that Cowes was not the inhospitable place which some would make it out to be, as he had once obtained permission there to fill his water breakers at the Yacht Club-house!

" Look on *this* picture and on *that*."

As we meant this, our first visit, to be by no means our last to Kingstown, we made but a short stay, only a few days to wait for a couple of hands engaged for me in the Clyde, and who I expected to be here waiting us;—no such luck, however, for as I learned afterwards, although both set out to join our ship one was "non est inventus," and the other having got on the spree on his passage had fallen foul of the steamer's windlass for want of a worthier antagonist, and got his arm

nearly knocked off. Alas! for poor Jack! his heart is strong, but his head is weak!

Notwithstanding that we were thus two short of our number we set sail without any additional hands, that is to say, with four of a crew (skipper included) and the steward, little enough for a 90 ton schooner; but it is not always the craft with the biggest crews that are sailed the smartest; and if it were possible to do with two on a watch I would, as only for a gig's crew I should not really care for more.

Ap[ro]pos of crews,—much has been said and written on the subject, but not that I can see with any chance of mending matters. Jack is a queer fish at times, and yachtsmen must be prepared to encounter difficulties and annoyances, with a determination not to be put out about them, but to take things as they come, and like Jack himself when the stage blew up at the play, and sent him astride on the chandelier, thinking it part of the performance, and wondering “what was to come next;” even so, must yachtsmen take Jack's vagaries as part of the play, otherwise they may chance to find what they hoped to prove an amusing comedy turn out a disagreeable tragedy.

It would be vain to offer hints on this subject, no advice, no system however good in itself, can ever be followed out with perfect success, as every man has his own way of managing human nature; all I would venture to urge on intending yachtsmen is to “take the rough with the smooth,” and not expect perfection in his crew.

Many a promising yachtsman has lowered his burgee in utter hopelessness and disgust from this very cause alone. One friend I could name who did so at the end of his first season;—his account was heartrending, from the skipper downwards,—nothing he could try seemed to make things go smoothly, verbal engagements, articles signed under the Commercial Marine Act, strictness or indulgence, grog or no grog,—all proved fruitless, and after having been threatened on his own quarter-deck by one of the crew, who added by way of consolation that “it wouldn't be the first man's life he had taken.” My friend gave up yachting in disgust, nor is he ever likely to be induced to try it again.

Another young friend, with a big heart and a long purse, possessing every requisite for the making of as good a yachtsman as ever hoisted a flag, after two seasons' trial sold his ship, and cut the “Pleasure Navy,” not altogether on account of, but mainly owing to his disgust at the endless trouble with his crew. It was during his first season when we were lying together in a French harbour (a dry one of course, like most of them,) alongside the wharf, with a couple of land tackles from the mast-heads, we were parting for the night, when I ventured the advice that

my friend should look well after his anchor watch on deck, and inculcate strict attention to hauling in the slack of the shore tackles.

"My dear fellow," said my friend, "do you mean to say that I am to pay high wages to an experienced captain and a picked crew, yet have to look after their business myself?"

Next morning the schooner was laying on her beam ends, so that you might step from her mastheads on to the mud! And all for the want of the trifling attention required in hauling taut the tackles as the tide receded: and that too on the part of his "mate," reckoned to be the best man on board.

As the same thing had once happened to myself, and as "burnt bairns dread the fire," my caution of the previous night was not without dear bought experience; but there was one useful piece of information learnt in this case of my friend, that may be worth noticing for the benefit of others who may happen to be similarly situated, and that was, that the sharpest built craft may thus lay over on her beam ends, and rise on the return of the tide without any difficulty or injury to the vessel, a pull on a powerful tackle or two as the water begins to lift her, and she is soon all right again. Had I known this when a similar occurrence happened to my own vessel in the same harbour a year or two before, (an account of which will appear in another chapter,) I might have been saved much trouble and anxiety, but in yachting more perhaps than in any thing else, "*experientia docet*,"—and to our cost too! as we all more or less experience in a life time—the only difficulty being to nerve oneself against the too frequent indulgence in the "luxury of ease" by yachtsmen, which if they were wise, and wished thoroughly to enjoy their sport, they would leave ashore to the indulgence of those

"Landmen of England who live at home at ease."

I remember once carrying this principle out to an extent that left me for a time the *sole occupant* of my deck without one single hand on board; and the very day too on which we were to have sailed for a long cruise. It was after our return from a "stores trip" to Guernsey, during which we had not had time to stow away under lock and key, and consequently a considerable portion of the wine was temporarily packed in open lockers, with instructions not to have it stowed away until my return to the ship from an absence of some days ashore. On returning I found that three of the crew were poorly from English cholera and in their hammocks, all of them it appeared having had a turn of the same attack: not doubting the truth of this, I was soon in the fore-castle myself administering doses of hot brandy punch and cinnamon bark, carefully explaining to each that they must sip the former slowly with a stick of the latter,

promising them a speedy cure and really expressing anxiety on their account;—and now for the loose wine being stowed away,—but alas ! there was but little to stow ! it had all been done already ! and done so effectually that it could not be found anywhere ! Here was a key to the choleric attack, which had so greatly excited my commiseration, and called forth my Esculapean prescriptions. Now this, as Brother Jonathan would say, fairly “riled” me; still I put heavy weights on the valves of my high pressure wrath,—thought twice ’ere I should send away as good a crew as ever trod a yacht’s deck, (for such was my first impression,) and communicating my discovery to the skipper, told him I should expect within ten minutes a full acknowledgement on the part of the crew as to who was the ringleader, if any, in the theft,—reserving to myself for future consideration how to deal with the matter. Instead, however, of the expected acknowledgement, I received an indignant denial of the whole crew. This had well nigh put an end to any further negociation, but determined not to act *hastily*, if I acted *firmly*, I called all hands aft, and still finding the same resolution amongst them not to give up the culprit I said, taking out my watch, “I give you five minutes to consider, and if at the end of that time you do not bring me the name of whoever it was that commenced your wholesale *theft* of my wine, I shall look upon all of you alike as *thieves*, and send you every man over the ship’s side.”

And I kept my word, for in less than half an hour, I sent the whole crew out of the vessel in a shore boat that lay close alongside, and left myself the only human being on board. Before the evening however, I had shipped another crew, and sailed a few hours later than I originally intended.

It was a lovely morning, that on which we slipped away from Kingstown with scarce a breath of wind to waft us on our way, so that it was just as the evening began to close in that we found ourselves off the south end of the Isle of Man, intending to have stopped the night in Douglas harbour. However, the night looked so fine, and a fair breeze springing up, our course was quickly shifted; and we were steering for the Clyde, with every prospect of breakfasting in Scottish waters, if not on Scottish land on the following morning. A curious phenomenon appeared this night in the shape of a huge black cloud that nearly filled the hemisphere, and seemed to travel towards us with a rapid and threatening aspect that made us call all hands, and “stand by sheets and halliards,” every moment expecting the angry squall to break upon us;—it came close to us with a rushing noise too, that made us sure of “having it:”—in a trice the Wildflower was stripped and snug, come what

might; but to our great and agreeable surprise, nothing came except a fine strong single reef breeze, that sent us flying at our old twelve knot pace so soon as we got our curtailed wings spread, and the cloud went over our heads to threaten some less saucy craft, and perhaps astonish some less wide-awake crew.

Although we did not quite breakfast on old Scotia's land, at any rate we did so in sight of it, being close alongside the old "Craig of Ailsa," and by mid-day we were rounding the north end of Holy Island, after receiving a salute in the shape of a gust of wind off the land that sent us spinning on our beam ends as though some invisible gigantic air gun had been discharged at us from the top of the island, for there was not a ripple on the water, and not much more than wind enough going, to bring us into Lamlash Harbour, where we soon dropped our anchor to take its first bite in Scotch ground, close abreast of the silently romantic village of Lamlash, with the mountain peaks of Arran for its back ground, and the lofty Goatfell towering above all. It is a sweet calm spot, primitive looking in the extreme, while the harbour is a good one, being completely sheltered by the Holy Isle. All on board were highly delighted with this their first peep at

"The land of cakes;"

or as they call it further north

"Tir na bheann, nan glean, s'na bonnich."*

For myself it was nothing new to look on the "dear land of my birth;" these self same peaks of Arran were with me as "household gods," having looked upon them, tho' from afar, for every day of my life during its first twenty years! Ah! what "reminiscences a sight of them now after years of absence brings crowding "on the memory of the past,"—reminiscences" so dear, so bright, and so happy that they can well bear the light of the heart!—as to the sad ones—for there must alas be such—they too come sadly and with heavy wing "o'er the spirit of one's dream,"—entwined as they are with the heartstrings of youth's early affections, our only wonder is that the rude snapping of them asunder by the loss of those to whom our young hearts fondly clung as tho' for ever, should not altogether break the heart which they have wrung so bitterly!

Such I remember well were my thoughts of the past,—the happy ones of my earlier years,—and the sad ones too, which

"Grief with heavy wing hath shaded;"

as I paced for awhile alone the silent solitary deck of the Wildflower, in

* "Land of the mountains, of glens, and of cakes."

the still solemn silence of the night, and in sight of mountain peaks whose profiled outline was engraven on my heart from childhood's earliest years.

Next day, being Sunday, we kept our anchor down, and after attending service in the quaint little church of Lamlash, we drove across a part of the island to Brodick bay, and walked through the prettily wooded romantic grounds of Brodick castle. In this bay there is good anchorage with westerly winds, but it is nothing to compare to Lamlash as a harbour of refuge.

On Monday morning we started, with the gig ahead however, to tow us out of the harbour, as there was no wind; still we contrived to creep onwards along the beautiful coast of the island; before leaving which, to make amends for the melancholy strain of last night's meditations, I may, perhaps, as well recount an adventure of a friend of mine "in these parts" years ago, before he had become what he is now—a well-known thorough yachtsman of the "right sort," as many of the old "Royal Northerns" are to this day;—but his yarn being somewhat lengthy, he must spin it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

A BROTHER YACHTSMAN'S YARN—LOCHEFYNE—THE CRINAN CANAL—ONE YACHT CLUB ENOUGH—INVERARY.

AND now for my friend's yarn; not that I can pretend to spin it in the same graphic style that he himself does, but as near as I can come to his own words—here goes:—

My friend M—— "*loquitur*."

"I was sweet eighteen, a year younger than my friend A—— when, in order the better to prepare us for our intended professions and future career in life, it was desirable that we should both be sent to work, as practical mechanics for a few months, and it was while thus employed, greatly to our delight and amusement, that we were busy at some government works on which a number of men were occupied sometimes in one place and sometimes in another:—we had but shortly before shifted our quarters, and jolly quarters they were too;—our new ones promised but little amusement, as they were near to nothing more lively than a small wild country village, where we were likely, as we thought, to be "*triste à faire peur*," and in order to get through this unpleasant state of things as agreeably as possible, my friend and myself occasionally took our fishing rods in hand, after a hard day's work (from six

to six mind, less two hours for breakfast and dinner,) and between our rambles and our pipes we contrived to keep *ennui* at a respectful distance.

"It was during one of these fishing rambles of an evening that we saw before us a couple of damsels carrying a basket of clothes. 'I'll bet a crown I jump over that basket.' 'Done,' said my friend; and in a trice I was over the basket, maidens and all! much to their horror and consternation, as duly attested by their united screech. To make amends for this, we both volunteered our services, not however, I am ashamed to say, before we had discovered that our friends were unmistakeably handsome: and soon we were installed in the capacity of male washerwomen, carrying the basket, and chatting away with the damsels, who as soon as we had reached the river side relieved us of our burden, and joined a third maiden, who was there busily engaged in washing under a sort of shed or extempore washhouse, where a cauldron was boiling over a jolly fire, with various adjuncts or belongings, to a sort of family washing place.

"Our presence didn't seem at all to embarrass the three nymphs in their several occupations, so finding that to be the case, we lighted our pipes and abandoning all thoughts of fishing, having for this evening, 'other fish to fry', sat down to enjoy our *tête-à-tête*, with an occasional helping hand in the important work going on.

"We had now time to look around us, and to say that these three girls were pretty, would be doing them injustice, they were beautiful; particularly our two friends of basket acquaintance, who were dark, brilliant eyed, and rose complexioned beauties; the other fair haired and blue eyed, altho' all three were sisters, the latter being the eldest, and as we learned always at work indoors, while the two youngest Hebes were dairymaids, reminding me at the time of a dear old Gaelic song addressed to this latter class of highland beauties, and which you may be sure I have thought all the dearer since.

"Chaillean dhuin, na ghualan rhe
Nidheann don, na ghualan rhe,
Chaillean dhuin, ha ris na sgre
G'un dhug mi spes da'n bhannerich."*

Here was a charming lot to choose from, for it seemed quite "nat'ral like," as Jonathan would say that a choice by my friend and myself was indispensable. For my part I must confess I was at no loss from the

* "Dark-eyed girls, with smooth haired brows
Daughters fair, with smooth haired brows,
Dark-eyed girls, who tend the cows
My blessings on the dairymaids."

first, the youngest was to my mind, out-and-out the prettiest, the darlingest, and most lovable-est of the three, and had there for a moment been any doubts on the subject, that doubt would have been quickly dispelled when my bright Hebe mounted her 'tub' and petticoat in hand commenced 'tramping the clothes!' I made a sketch on the spot, which I still treasure, although those pretty features, and sweetly rounded limbs, needed no limner's art to make them indellible with me; besides too this choice of 'face and form,' there was another 'settler' in the shape of a bright glance from the eye that seemed to come warm from the heart, as if to say 'that's settled,' and so it was.

"My friend's choice seemed to be quite as agreeably settled between himself and the 't'other sweet charmer,' evidently shewing that 'dairy-maids' were in the ascendant; and after finding out (by mere accident of course) the time of the evening at which our friends were usually engaged in their bucolic occupations, we reluctantly parted, under a tolerable certainty however of seeing them (our two signoritas at least) ere another four-and-twenty hours passed away.

" 'No fear now' we thought, as we returned to our lodgings—'no fear now of death from ennui;' and neither there was, for next evening found us like true knights, keeping our engagements with the two lovely dairymaids, and never were cows so much made of in all their born days,—they were foddered, and bedded, and patted, and made of to an extent that these docile and useful animals never were before in the history of their kind. It was quite a picture I assure you, was that long building with at least a score of cows in it; painfully clean and whitewashed round its walls, while the well cared for animals were tended by a couple of fairy-like forms, with very large, very dark, and very affectionate looking eyes; and these again in turn were waited on by two sturdy mechanics, whose assiduities and attentions to the dumb animals no doubt it was, which found them favour in the eyes of those dear warm-hearted maidens.

In this charmingly agreeable manner a week had passed away since we first jumped over the basket; and we, i.e. the happy quartette, were one evening, as usual, busily engaged in foddering, milking, and flirting. Kate, the younger, but taller of the two, and my peculiar guardian angel into the bargain, was in the act of milking 'Crummie,' sitting on a three-legged stool,—I sat at her feet, I mean Kate's feet, with one arm round her slender waist, and the other I can't say exactly where,—when we were suddenly startled by a slamming of the door at one end of the house, as if some one had entered. Kate leant round to look, but no sooner did so than she screamed and tumbled right over me, milk, three-

legged stool and all,—but quickly recovering herself she gave me a vigorous turn or two over on my side, which soon rolled me up under Crummie's nose,—and whispering in my ear 'Father.' I was covered in a trice with newly cut clover, that I had omitted, by-the-way, to put up into poor Crummie's rack, being as I have already admitted otherwise engaged.

" 'What ever 's the matter with thee, lassie,' said a voice that was new, and by no means agreeable to me.

" 'Only the jaud has kicked me and knocked the bicker ower.'

" 'Nae wonder puir thing,' was the reply, 'for there's ne'er a straw o' clover in her rack; ye should aye fodder afore ye milk, lassie.' Saying which the paternal steps were close at my side, and how to act in the predicament was more than mortal man so situated could decide.

" Kate, with the ready tact of her dear sex, assured her father 'it was not Crummie, but that nasty black jaud in the next stall that came in yestreen. Look at her father, and try what you can do with her.'

" But this *ruse* didn't seem effectual, for the papa having stepped out of the stall for a second returned with a pitchfork to throw the clover into Crummie's rack;—another second and it would have been in my ribs! But drawing myself up a little into one corner, I found a small aperture in the wooden division between the stalls, and quick as thought wriggled myself through it, just in time to save being spitted and made food for cows—if not for worms. Finding myself in another box where however there was no clover to get under, I took bravely to my heels, and was outside the door before the papa was done with what he had taken in hand. Outside I found my friend A—— who was in great distress about me, but without the means of rendering any assistance,—he himself having had a somewhat similar escape, although how it was effected he seemed totally unable to explain.

" We were soon off the premises, and it was that same evening as we sauntered home, we saw an open carriage with a pair of spanking greys come dashing along the road behind us, which soon passed and pulled up, for its fair occupant Mrs. —— recognised us; she was on her way she said to —— Hall with her charming daughter to spend a few days, and made us promise we should come next evening to be introduced, we must be sure to come early too as they were going to a Farmer's harvest home, from which they expected great amusement; and after scolding us for not having made her aware of our being in this part of the country, that she might have made us acquainted with her friends at —— Hall, the carriage drove on and we were soon at home, congratulating ourselves on our lucky escape.

"Next evening we were most kindly received at the hall, and of course metamorphosed in dress for the first time since our avocations called us to this part of the country. We soon set out for the harvest home gaieties, and I must say that when we found our steps were being directed to the identical farm-house, with whose outbuildings we were so well acquainted, my friend A—— and myself felt as though we should prefer assisting the fair milkmaids in their evening's work to joining the revelries in the big house itself. *N'importe*, it was but one evening lost, and our party were soon ushered into a large baronial looking hall full of gaily dressed folks, a band of "two blind fiddlers," and the young ones tripping it gaily on the "light fantastic."

"Our host, a portly, well dressed farmer, was there to welcome us, and to thank the —— party for honouring his harvest home with their august presence.

"'But, Mr. —— where are your pretty daughters? my young friends here must dance with them.'

"'They'll be here directly ma'm, and ——' 'Here lassies, here's the leddies frae the Hall speering for you.'

"At that moment two young girls approached, and with as much grace as the Hall ladies themselves, altho' but the farmer's daughters: how charming they looked as they came up to our party flushed from the dance! but deeper still flushed their lovely cheeks, and wildly sparkled their brilliant eyes, as they met those of my friend A—— and myself; they were bewildered and so were we! such a resemblance! and yet impossible! that our fair milkmaids could so magically be transformed into forms like these! What can this mystery be? thought I. 'O cracky,' whispered my friend; but there was no time to solve the mystery at that moment, for they had to attend to their guests, and we were left in a state of obfuscation as to how this would turn out.

"We hadn't long to wait however, as the fair ones soon returned, and at one mutual glance we recognized each other! they were indeed our milkmaid friends from whom we were so unceremoniously parted the evening before! their glances were at first full of reproach, and their words were no kinder, but like true women as they were, they soon forgave us; altho' heaven knows whether *we* hadn't the most to forgive. We soon made it all up however, and danced 'right merrilie' together that evening. Alas! that it should be our last! but from that day till this we never met again, as my friend A—— and myself left the next day. You will think perhaps that our hearts must have turned to stone, we steeled them thenceforth it is true; we did so in purpose, and whether right or wrong, we did it for the best."

So now once more to our cruise ; we were slowly wending our way up Loch Fyne, and having been becalmed all night off the Cumbræ we made small progress till the next morning, when we enjoyed the luxury of breakfasting on Loch Fyne fresh herrings; a small supply of which we were "graciously pleased" to *accept* from some fishermen, who in turn were equally "pleased" to accept our grog, and towards evening we brought to off the mouth of the Crinan Canal.

This inland navigation or ship canal originally I believe constructed by a company, chiefly composed of Highland proprietors, is now, and has for many years been in the possession of Government, and methinks therefore it would be but a small matter if yachts were exempted from dues in passing through it;—for, as I have casually mentioned in a previous part of our "Summer's Cruise," if we are supposed to be relieved from port charges, &c., in all Government harbours, surely the same should be the case here—not that the dues are heavy, far from it, being only one penny per ton per mile, or nine-pence per ton for passing from sea to sea;—but, such a privilege amongst the *very few* we possess, might well be conferred by government, to whom it appears to me an application should be made on the subject.

Our intention was to have taken the canal route, and cruised further to the north, but on finding by measurement of the locks (of which there are as many as fifteen to pass through,) that we should scarce have an inch to spare in length even with topping or unshipping our main-boom, I made up my mind not to incur the chance of accidents, and perhaps the loss of some of our copper in the sudden rocky turns at the west end of the canal, so after a day or two spent in land cruises, and in the pleasure of having some friends on board, we set sail for a run up Loch Fyne to Inverary, and gave up the western part of our cruise, the more so as we had still the Clyde to visit, and get back in time for the Kingstown Regatta.

Apropos of Regattas;—It was nearly on the very spot where we were now anchored that a good half score years before was moored the Commodore's yacht, and a goodly assemblage of clippers around her, at a regatta given here under the auspices of the Royal Northern Yacht Club;—that was "in the good old times" when yachtsmen fraternised, and the very yachts themselves seemed to know each other ; for in those days they sailed in fleet from one place to another, and the Commodore's broad pennant which led the van, was then of somewhat further use than merely to figure in *Hunt's List*. I can well remember on the evening before the Regatta making one of a gig's merry crew who made the round of the assembled craft, with every one of whom there was some-

thing or other to say—when close to one clipper entered for the morrow's contest, she was hailed with—

"—— ahoy!"

But all seemed to have turned in for the night, for it was not until repeated that the hail was answered by a sleepy

"Hilo!"

"Is Mr. —— on board?"

"He's gone to bed, sir."

"Then you must waken him;—say that the secretary wants to see him about the race tomorrow; for if he doesn't, you won't be able to run."

The owner soon made an appearance on deck in his night gear, and anxiously enquired what was the matter.

"Only," said one of the gig's merry crew; "that the secretary took the sun's altitude to-day, and found your topmast too taunt by three inches! So you must have it cut to regulation length before you run tomorrow!"

And off the gig dashed to another racer, where being wide-awake, they were only hailed with a mild request "to be so kind as take a reef in their bowsprit and give us room to pass!"

"Oh! the merry days, the merry days when we were young."

And are the days we live in now too "fast,"—our clippers too swift,—or our yachtsmen too much pressed for time, that we should never "haul our foresheet to windward" now and then, and fraternise a little more, as they were wont to do in "days gone by"! I do not say *it is so*,—but only like the *Cannie Soot* "if it be so," I would attribute any falling off in the "fraternity" of yachtsmen to the interminable diversity of Yacht Clubs into which the clubs of the United Kingdom have been *diluted*. Some twenty Royal Yacht Clubs for Great Britain! The thing is preposterous:—why not amalgamate, and let there be but *One Yacht Club*, with one burgee, one ensign, and one Commodore? instead of some twenty clubs, as many burgees and no end of Commodores, Vices, and Rears;—then indeed we should have a Yacht Club of the right stamp, united as its members would be under one head and animated with one object, viz: the perfection and welfare of our "Pleasure Navy." Have as many *branches* or local clubs as you please, but only *one head*, and *one heart*, one standard to rally under; and then hurrah for the "United Pleasure Navy" of England. It must come to this some time or other, and the Royal Thames bids fair to keep the lead, and be in time *The Club*.

The sail from Loch Gilp, or the mouth of the Crinan canal up Loch Fyne to Inverary is exceedingly picturesque; gradually contracting in

width as you get more to the head of the loch, and the hills rising more and more abrupt and lofty from the water's edge, until arrived off the town of Inverary, you are completely surrounded by lofty and romantic looking hills, with the beautiful Glen-ara opening to view, and at the foot of the quaint-looking Dunnaquaich, the modern castle of Inverary, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Argyll, and tho' last, not least interesting the picturesque little town itself with its white houses and church spire, embosomed in fine woods and lofty back grounds.

The same evening we arrived saw us on the summit of Dunnaquaich, and so quickly was the ascent accomplished, that on our return the lodge-keeper at the castle gate, close to the town, would scarcely credit that we had been to the top! Cautiously saying that if we had, "he didna think *hersel* could ha gaen up to the vera tap and cam doon again in the same time." This, however, was most distinctly combated by one of the "fair Wildflower's" who had accompanied us in our rapid ramble, thinking as she did that the highlander's "*hersel*" had reference to her own pedestrian performances, and indicated a doubt on our veracity.

But the day's exertions were not at an end with our return from Dunnaquaich; for in the evening we had the Duke's piper on board in full highland costume, playing pibrochs and reels, to the latter of which the crew "tripped it" blithely on the deck till a late hour.

Next day, Sunday, we attended the parish church, and the day following we set sail again, instead of driving across the hills by Lochawe to Oban, &c., as we should have done, had we sent the yacht through the Crinan Canal as originally intended, and once more we were slipping swiftly along, bound for the Clyde.

A NEW DINGHY FOR SMALL YACHTS.

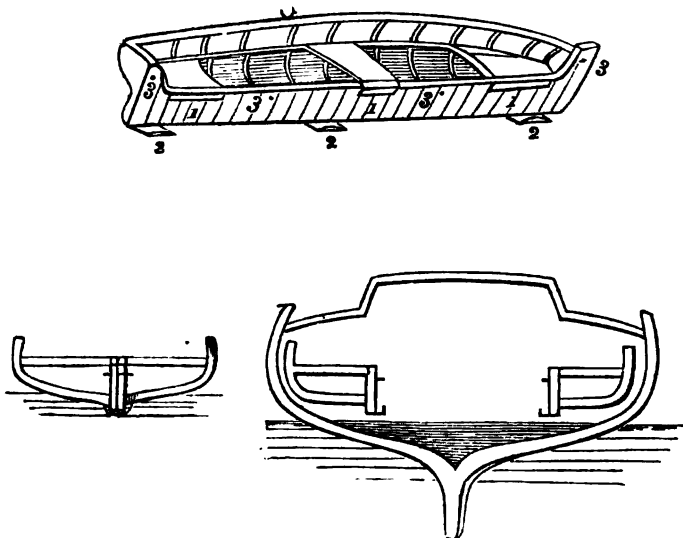
ALL sailers of small yachts (by which I mean decked boats of from 5 to 10 tons) know the inconvenience of lugging about with them that indispensable appendage called a "dinghy" during a cruise. If it be towed astern, it retards considerably the yacht's progress, and at sea is apt to get swamped, while if it be hauled on deck it takes up so much room as to interfere with the working of the vessel, besides which it adds to her top weight, and presents a most unsightly appearance.

Many plans have been proposed for remedying these evils. We have seen boats constructed very ingeniously of iron plates joined together with strips of leather, and contrived to fold up and stow away in very small compass; others of waterproof cloth made to inflate; others of

wood frames covered with waterproof cloth, also made to fold up and occupy small space, but all these contrivances are proved to be practically useless for *dinghies*.

The plan I am about to submit to you (though possibly it may be classed by some among the *failures* I have above alluded to,) appears to me to offer fewer objections to practical use than any which have fallen under my notice. It cannot be distinguished externally from any other boat, it has no cloth or leather joints to get out of order when laid up, and it certainly cannot collapse, or sink if full of water.

It is constructed as follows:—Two boards (1) forming each one half of the keel, stem, and stern-post) are cut to the length of the boat, and sufficiently wide to reach from the keel to the thwarts (thus forming a double *bulkhead* from one end of the boat to the other.) They are fastened together by 3 metal clamps (2) on the under side (which forms the keel), and 4 handscrews (3) along the upper side which is level with the thwarts. The boat is then built on to these boards just as any boat is built to its keel, stem, and stern-post, but the thwarts are all cut in two, each half being secured to the sides of the boat, and by screws to the upper edge of the bulkhead nearest it.



The advantage a boat of this description offers over a common one is, that it may be stowed on board, one half under each side the deck, thus merely filling up a vacant place which is not wanted except at night

when the yacht is brought up at anchor, and the dinghy's place astern. Thus stowed it does not interfere with the yacht's trim, but leaves the *body* of the yacht free for circulation.

The only objections to this plan are that a boat so constructed is somewhat heavier than one of ordinary build, and also that the bulk-head running the length of the boat obliges the rower to sit with one leg on each side of it, though the *rowee* may have his legs both on one side if he likes,—a *sine qua non* if it be a lady.

It may also be objected to its adoption that, it requires a yacht to be fitted on purpose for it, but this in most cases is not so, as most little yachts have an unoccupied space 8 or 9 feet long, by 2 feet wide, and 2 or 3 feet high, on each side under the deck, which is all that is required for it, and there are very few yachts of the size this contrivance is intended for, which have any cabin fittings likely to be injured by having a light boat stowed on them.

I forgot to state before that when wanted for use, my boat can be hauled on deck, fixed together and launched in less than a minute.

Mr. Biffin of Hammersmith to whom I gave an order to build me a boat on this plan, has so far improved on it that he gets rid of the bulk-head in the spaces between the thwarts, thus decreasing the weight and giving more room in the boat, but on the other hand Mr. B's. boat requires the employment of twelve screws, instead of four, as the fastenings are below the water line, (which I cannot but consider an objection,) as it renders much greater care necessary in joining the boat, and takes up more than double the time required by my plan. However, he dispenses with the keel clamps.

Should any of your readers feel interested in this contrivance, I beg through you to inform them that the boat will be at Mr. Biffin's yard all the winter, and I am sure he will be happy to answer any enquiries respecting it.

J. R.

Kensington, November, 1857.

YACHT CLUB MEMORANDA.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The last meeting of this club, Jan. 6. was well attended, and the Treasurer announced that the balance in hand was £600, exclusive of funded investments to the amount of £2,000.

The Annual Ball will be held on the 11th February, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The following gentlemen are appointed stewards—Messrs. Barber, Britten, Cooke, Chilton, Ford, Hooper, Wharton, Hood, Stone, Thomson, and Westall.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The Annual Ball was held at the club-house, Freemasons' Tavern, Jan. 20th, and was well attended. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until morning.

Royal London Yacht Club.—A. Arcedeckne, Esq., has been elected Commodore of this club. This appointment will keep the members together, as this gentleman is universally respected.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR FEBRUARY.

High Water				The time of high water at the following places may be ascer-			
n Lon. Bridge				tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London			
morn. after.				Bridge.			
h. m. h. m.				h. m.			
				add 5 23			
1	4	5	4 25	Aberystwith.....	add 5	23	Aberdeen..... sub 0 56
2	4	45	5 0	Alderney.....	4	38	Aldborough..... 3 23
3	5	20	5 35	Bantry Bay.....	1	39	Belfast..... 4 2
4	5	55	6 10	Bridlington.....	2	23	Brighton..... 2 29
5	6	30	6 45	Carmarthan.....	4	3	Carnarvon..... 4 47
6	7	5	7 25	Cork Harbour.....	2	23	Cowes..... 3 22
7	7	50	8 20	Dartmouth.....	3	58	Dublin Bar..... 2 55
8	9	0	9 40	Dudgeon Light....	5	23	Dungeness..... 3 17
9	10	20	11 5	Eddystone.....	3	8	Folkestone..... 3 37
10	11	50		Exmouth Bar.....	4	18	Foreland, North.. 2 22
11	0	30	0 55	Falmouth.....	3	8	Foreland, South.. 2 47
12	1	20	1 40	Flamboro' Head...	2	23	Gravesend..... 0 37
13	2	5	2 20	Guernsey Pier....	4	23	Greenwich..... 0 20
14	2	40	2 55	Hartlepool.....	1	38	Harwich..... 2 37
15	3	15	3 30	Humber Mouth...	3	23	Howth Harbour... 2 59
16	3	45	4 0	Kinsale Harbour..	2	23	Ipswich..... 2 7
17	4	20	4 35	Lands End.....	2	23	Kentish Knock... 2 37
18	4	55	5 10	Leith Pier.....	0	15	Lowestoft..... 3 37
19	5	25	5 45	Lynn Regis.....	4	38	Margate..... 2 2
20	6	5	6 25	Plymouth.....	3	26	Nore Light..... 0 58
21	6	50	7 15	Swansea.....	3	48	Portsmouth..... 2 27
22	7	40	8 15	Torbay.....	3	58	Sheerness..... 1 28
23	9	0	9 30	Waterford.....	3	43	Southampton..... 2 27
24	10	40	11 35	Weymouth.....	4	23	Spithead..... 4 37
25			0 20	Whitby.....	1	38	Yarmouth Roads.. 5 27
26	0	50	1 20	Amsterdam.....	0	53	Calais..... 2 19
27	1	45	2 5	Antwerp.....	2	18	Dieppe..... 3 2
28	2	30	2 50	Bordeaux.....	4	45	Havre de Grace... 4 15
				Cherbourg.....	5	23	Ostende..... 1 12
				Hamburgh.....	3	53	Honfleur..... 4 37
				Brest.....	1	39	New York..... 5 7

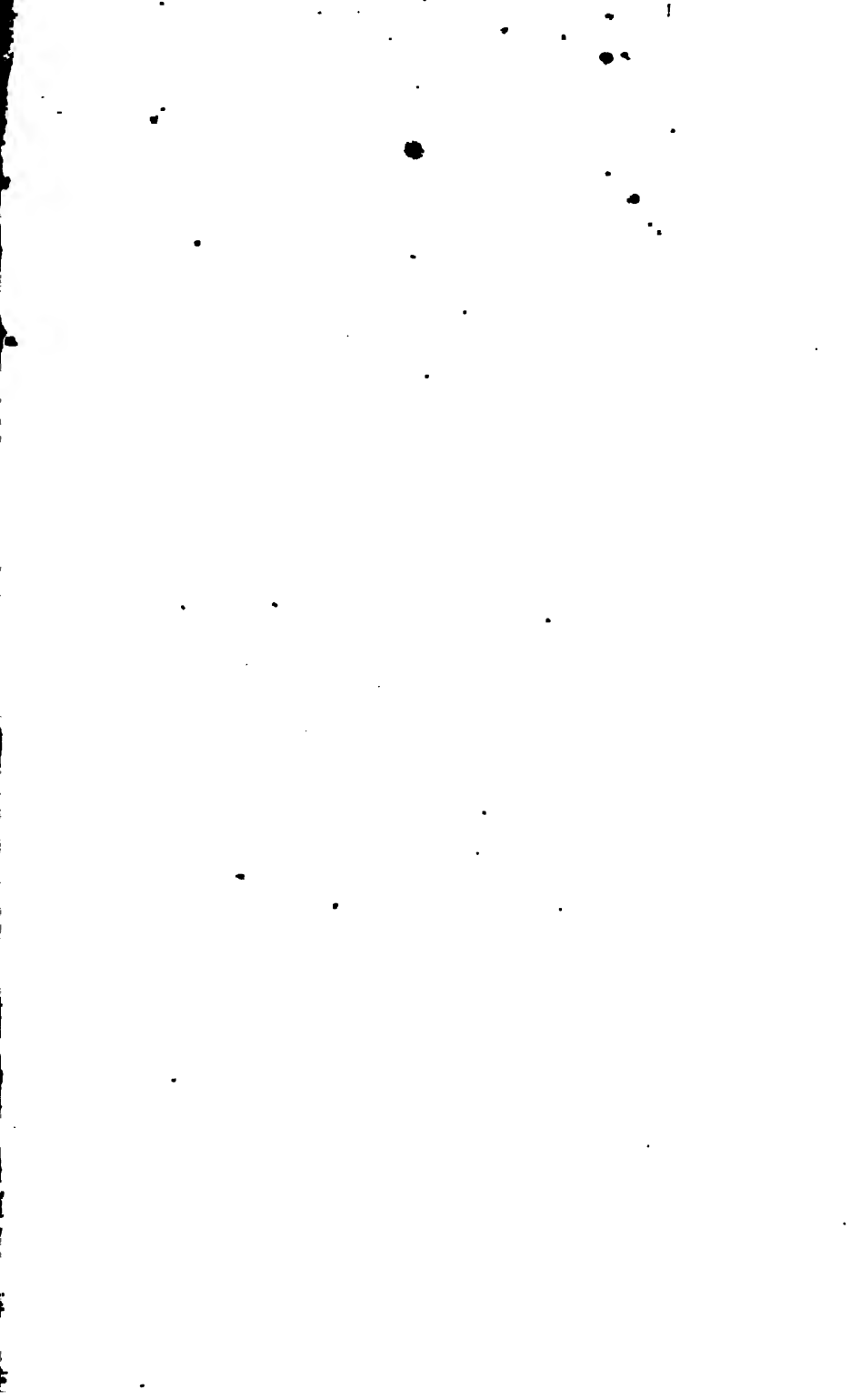
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

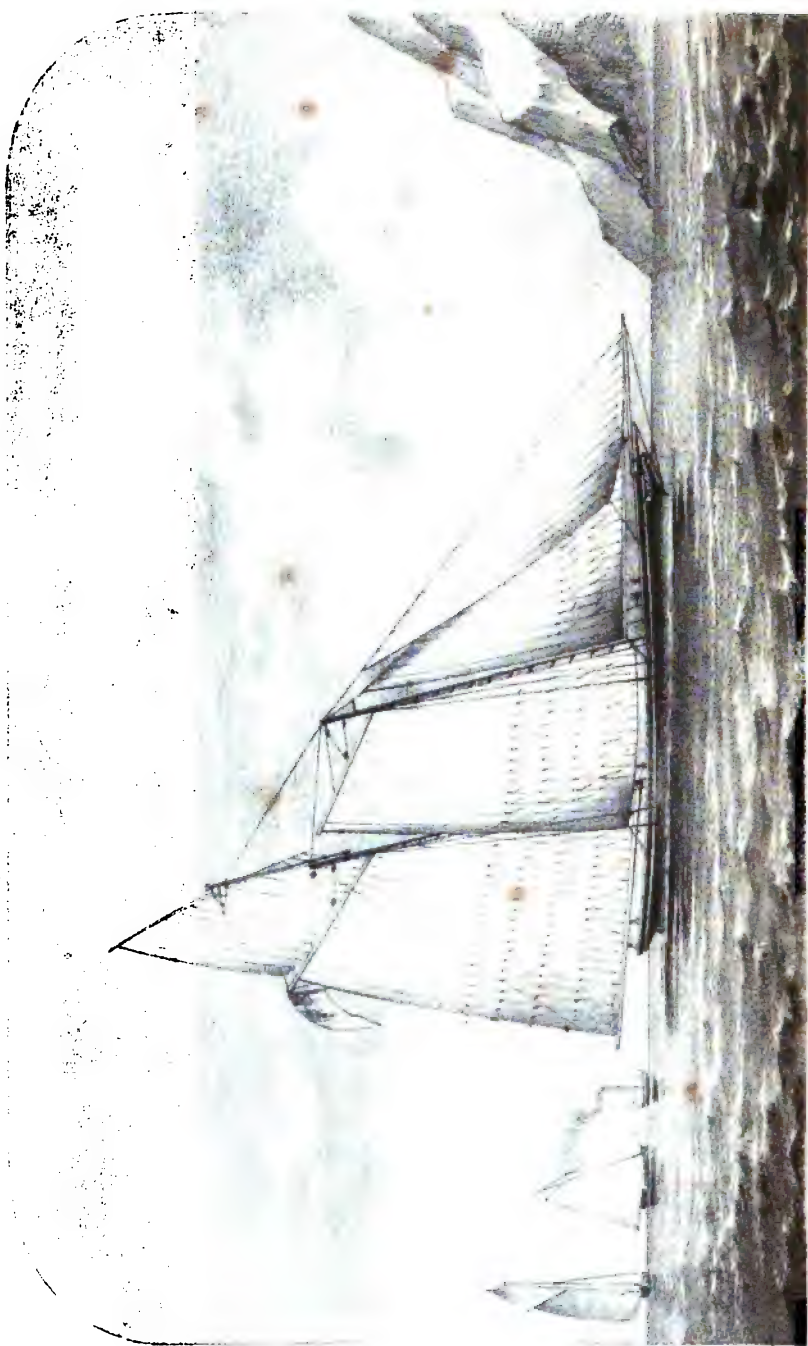
SAILOR.—We think the authorities of the Victoria Docks should pay a little more attention to yachts wintering there, and remember they are not coal barges.

YACHTSMAN.—We have not heard where the champion yacht of England is building, that is to compete next summer at New York. Enquire at the Royal London.

Secretaries are requested to forward accounts of Clubs Meetings, &c.

All Communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.





Published in Hunt's Yachting Magazine — March, 1898
R. T. Y. C. SCHOONER YACHT. LE RÊVE. JAMES THOMSON. ESQ

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1858.

LE RÊVE SCHOONER, 49 TONS.

IN our April number of 1856 we gave some particulars of the build and dimensions of this yacht, then on the eve of being laid down, and we are now, through the kind permission of her owner, enabled to give a sketch of her as completed.

Le Rêve was launched late in 1856, but not completed till last summer (1857), too late however to make her number at the Royal Thames schooner match. While on the stocks various were the opinions delivered on her probable capabilities, amongst others, that whatever her speed might turn out to be, her spars were certainly too much for her: one friend of the owner's, an experienced naval officer, giving it as his opinion that "her masts were *far too heavy*," and seriously advised reducing them; another, an old experienced yachtsman positively predicting that if the spars then prepared for her were used, "she would be *unable to sit upright in the water*, let alone carrying her canvas!" The result, however, being, that not only did she make light of her spars and canvas in the heaviest seas, but her owner gave her two *new sticks with three feet additional hoist*,

and a good *hundred yards more* of Lapthorne's best canvas ; at the same time taking three tons of ballast out of her !

She is fifty-four feet on the water line, about sixty feet over all, and 12 feet 4 inches beam, with the same draft of water, 8 feet 4 inches aft, and in midships, from whence her keel curves gradually up to the stem with a rounded fore foot.

			ft.	in.
Mainmast is housed	-	-	8	1
From deck to hounds	-	-	39	6
Masthead	-	-	5	0
Total length	-		52	7

Her first appearance in a sailing match was at the Milford Regatta, with the Wildfire and Cyclone, but where she had no trial owing to her getting becalmed early in the race, when she hauled down her flag.

At Plymouth regatta she was again entered, and at her racing buoy ready to start, when her owner, as well as the owner of the Wildfire, finding the Committee had *weighted the schooners*, which were to give *double time to cutters* in the match, they agreed to haul down their flags and leave the cutters to enjoy their one-sided race by themselves.

At Torbay regatta the same rule being adopted, they were again prevented entering, so that Le Reve has had no chance as yet of proving her speed in a fair schooner match.

On the day after Torbay regatta however, these two schooners started together under single reefed mainsail and foresail close hauled, with a strong breeze and heavy sea on, when the "little one" held her own both in speed and weatherly qualities with the redoubtable Wildfire, for a two hours' stretch ; during which a line from mast-head to masthead of the two vessels would scarce have indicated a yard of difference in the speed of either ; no doubt it might have been otherwise with the hitherto unmatched Wildfire if she had had a cup to win instead of a friendly turn to windward ; but it proves Le Reve to be no sluggard, while she has already proved herself to be as excellent a sea-boat as any vessel of her tonnage afloat can be. Indeed in this latter respect there must be something in her build well worthy the attention of yachtsmen that renders her more than usually good in a sea way, a quality too often lost sight of now-a-

days in the naval architecture of racing yachts; not that she was designed for a racing yacht. as her unusually large accommodation can testify, having over six feet head room in all her cabins, and being exquisitely fitted up as a cruising yacht, her owner's object being to combine speed and accommodation with sea-going qualities and facility of handling. All of which he seems to have accomplished in an eminent degree.

We hope to see her in the Royal Thames schooner match of this year, when she will doubtless find no lack of worthy competitors.

MY LOG FOR 1856.*

TUESDAY morning, the 2nd of September, was a busy one with us, for our stores had to be got, and stowed away; a work of no little time; but with the assistance of Mr. Cadic, and his active porters, all was ready by the time we and the tide were: so at 2. p.m. after taking a last lingering look through the town, we got underway for Jersey with the wind light from the north. The water was anything but smooth, owing to the strong breeze last night, and we were knocked about most unmercifully. What made it more unpleasant was, that the "set" of the sea was on our lee beam, directly opposite to the way of the wind; and in consequence we rolled gunwale under on each side; but as we drew away from the land, the breeze freshened very considerably, so we progressed much more steadily and comfortably.

The coasts of Jersey and Guernsey appear to me very much alike, but they are not nearly so bold and mountainous as I had expected, and in thick weather (which is not uncommon here,) it must be sufficiently puzzling to make a correct landfall. Having the tide in our favour, we made a quick run, and by half-past five were passing Fort Elizabeth and Fort Regent; entered the new harbour of St. Helier's at six, and were soon moored alongside the quay, with the help of the agent of the Yacht Clubs, a gentleman to whose kindness and assistance we were much indebted during our short stay in Jersey. After dinner we strolled up the town, a much more pretentious looking place than St. Peter's at Guernsey, though it did not take

* Continued from p. 541, vol. vi.

my fancy nearly so well, nevertheless it is an interesting town, and I could have spent a week or two longer, most pleasantly in it.

The old church and market-place, where the gallant Major Pierson fell in defence of the town, after it had been given up by the governor of the Island; the forts, &c., were the first places we went to see, after which we finished at the Theatre, returning on board about twelve o'clock.

Next morning immediately after breakfast, we engaged a carriage to take us to the most interesting parts of the island, and were fortunate in having an intelligent driver, who pointed out every thing worthy of notice, and told us innumerable stories, true or otherwise as the case might be, but which nevertheless beguiled the time very pleasantly. On the beach outside the town, the Militia Artillery of the island were having a grand field day, so we remained an hour or so in order to see them.

Everybody almost, in Jersey, appears to be a militiaman or soldier of some sort, either a sharpshooter, artilleryman, or horse soldier, and there are as many colonels, majors, and captains in the place as there are in America; but doubtless this military ardour is owing to their close proximity to France. There are eleven parishes in Jersey, and each parish contributes one troop of artillery, and four guns, (light field pieces,) towards the defence of the island, and it was these who were now being inspected by the General. Not being a military man, of course I cannot give an opinion, but it struck me that considering they were not professed artillerymen, their steadiness, and precision of fire, was remarkable.

But its time for us to be off if we are to see anything of the country to day, so after partaking of some ginger beer (which was so bad I had to take some brandy to correct it, and I don't know which was the cheapest and nastiest,) we resumed our journey: our first stoppage being at St. Aubin's. As I do not profess to write a guide book, but am merely jotting down our own doings and impressions, as an assistance to other wandering strangers like myself, I shall not attempt to describe the various details of the route we took, suffice it to say that after a lovely drive through constantly changing scenery, now skirting the margin of some sweet little bay, now toiling up to the rugged iron bound cliffs, looking over the restless ocean, and in vain trying to trace the trackless course we had to return by; and then winding through shady lanes, past pretty little snug farmsteads

and country villages, "far from the busy haunts of men," we arrived about two o'clock at Greve de Lecq; the most charming spot in the whole of Jersey. After a delightful bathe in the clear waters of the bay, we returned to the inn where a most capital repast was prepared for us; and after staying an hour or so, we returned to St. Helier's through St. Peter's valley, very much pleased with our well spent day.

The tide being out on our return, we had some difficulty in getting on board the yacht, which was lying with a list outwards from the quay in rather an awkward position, the mud being soft the "legs" were of no use, all the strain coming upon the shore tackle. If I visit Jersey again, I shall remain outside in the roads, for the rise and fall of the tide is so great that it is not advisable to remain in harbour. At the same time one glimpse of the bay at low water, where you see rocks "cropping up" on all sides without apparently any way out, is enough to determine any strange yachtsman, seeing them for the first time, to take his chance of the harbour rather than be compelled to go to sea in case of an inshore wind, for there cannot be much shelter in the bay. We had a call this evening from the Commander of the revenue cruiser, who came very kindly to offer his services in anything we might require, in fact from what he told us it appears that it was part of his office to do so; be that as it may, we had a very pleasant companion for the evening.

On Thursday, the 4th of September, at 11 a.m. we engaged a pilot and interpreter (the master of a Jersey smack,) to take us into St. Malo, and at half-past eleven we were slipping through the smooth water with a fine fair breeze. To-day's was a delightful sail, for in addition to the splendid weather we were having, there was a certain degree of excitement due to the fact that this was our first visit to "foreign parts;" and that we hadn't the slightest idea what to do, when we got there. Le Minquieres we passed, well outside of, about two o'clock, our pilot pointing out to us the scene of the singular fatality that befel two steamers a few years since. One of these, I forget her name, was taking an inner passage in order to save time, struck a sunken rock, and was totally lost. She was replaced by another vessel as soon as possible, and the very first day she was on the station, the Captain was induced by some of the passengers (the day being beautifully fine, and the mate well acquainted with the passage) to take the vessel sufficiently near for them to see

the place where the catastrophe happened. In so doing, this second steamer struck! but all would have been well if the boats had not been overcrowded, instead of which, being loaded to the gunwale, they were soon capsized by the tide which runs like a mill sluice here, and many lives were sacrificed.

Having passed the Minquieres we hauled our wind, the French coast being directly ahead of us, Cape Frehel on our starboard bow. The approach to St. Malo roads is very intricate, indeed I think more so than to St. Helier's, the tides are very strong, and it certainly is not a place I should like to run for at night, in bad weather. On passing Les Jardins Rocks we noticed a smart looking pleasure boat, something like a Ryde wherry, hove to, to windward of us, and evidently waiting for the purpose, as we thought, of trying "rate of sailing" with us, so we lost no time in setting up the jib purchase and carefully adjusting the sheets, &c., in order to be prepared for them. In a short time we had them well under our lee, and increasing our distance every tack, our friends crowding all sail to come up with us, but it was of no use.

About 5 p.m. we were off the mouth of the harbour, and as there was not sufficient water for us we hove to, and dinner being now ready we went below, instructing the pilot to take the vessel in, as soon as he was able. To tell the truth, I was rather glad of any excuse to leave the deck in his charge, and to let him have all the trouble of receiving the French officials, especially as we had doubts of his capabilities as an interpreter, in fact he had confessed that the French spoken here, was very different to the Jersey French, that he never could understand them properly, &c. Now, *our* knowledge of the language was very limited, as I said before, and we began to feel a good deal bothered, now that we were really in a French port. It was only yesterday that we contemplated the possibility of actually coming this far, and now that we were here, we could hardly realize the fact, that we were thrown on our own resources with no other preparation than a sixpenny phrase book, and a very scanty knowledge of some five or six sentences amongst us.

Presently the skipper enters and says, "Please sir, we're moored to a buoy in the outer harbour, and there's a boat coming alongside, will you please to come on deck." We seize the phrase book, and turn to the part headed "*After a voyage*," but can make out nothing to the purpose but this, "*We have had a pleasant passage, Captain;*"

the answer to which is, "*Have you any luggage?*" (as if one travelled with only a clean collar and tooth brush in one's pocket). At last a bright idea occurs to us, and it is arranged that I go and see what I can do on deck, whilst my brother is to rummage the phrase book until he finds a suitable sentence, and then to rush up the companion to prompt me. On reaching the deck, to my horror I behold alongside, the very identical yawl we had been racing with, about a dozen hairy fellows in uniform therein. Their 24 eyes are instantly fixed on me, with an expression as much as to say, "a nice dance you've led us, but we're here at last," and I am straightway paralyzed.

The pilot with a grave countenance and a mysterious whisper, says: "Them's the Potashes,* sir;" and will vouchsafe no further information except, "that's what I've always heerd 'em called and never no other."—I try my first sentence; "Bon jour, Monsieur," and am then stranded and hard aground. Fortunately at this juncture my brother comes stealthily up stairs, and whispers another to me, which I triumphantly let off at the head Potash "Voulez vous—venez d'abord," I say to him, taking off my cap, so he does "venez" immediately; and we all smile benignantly upon him, in order to propitiate the Potashes, generally. Evidently softened by our amiable and conciliating demeanour, the chief of the Potashes "discourses us" at some length, but for all we understand of it, he may be taking possession of the vessel in the name of the Emperor, or ordering us to instant execution;—he pauses for a reply: aye there's the rub,—this system of cramming your *questions* out of the book is ingenious and effective enough as far as it goes, but then—the Potashes don't *answer* out of the book, so there we are in a fix, worse than before in fact, for, having delivered the invitation to come on board, so glibly, the Frenchman evidently looks upon us as being thoroughly conversant with the language, (would that I was, and oh that I had never asked him.) Alas! I have got him on board, and don't know how to get him off again. The only hint I can think of, at all to the purpose is: "*Allez au diable*", and it would be scarcely polite to use it, so as a last resource I call to the steward to "Stand by with the brandy," and with an enquiring gesture I murmur faintly "Cognac?" but suspicious of being bribed, I suppose, the stern Potash refuses, and I am in despair.

At length we managed amongst us, thanks to the natural quickness

* Query,—“Portege?”

of a Frenchman in catching our meaning, to make them understand we were a yacht, and were never searched, and shewing all our papers, they left us, merely instructing us to fly our English ensign at the *mast* head, for an hour or two. Great was our relief at their departure, it was like waking out of a nightmare, so we returned to the cabin and had an extra glass of grog to commemorate the event. After which with a bold voice but a sinking heart, I ordered the gig alongside, and donning our smartest jackets with the most brazen of buttons, and brass-bound caps, (by way of making an impression on the officials, (we landed at the nearest slip and walked on. Soon however, a *gend'arme* (or as our mate would always insist on calling them—a John d—n,) advanced towards us, but another called him back, and we were permitted to pass without question.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

OUR attention has again been drawn to this subject by a Lecture delivered at the Prince of Wales Yacht Club by a gentleman named Ash; and, notwithstanding the question of Measurement has become a bore, yet we are glad to see another attempt made to bring it personally to the notice of the members of the Clubs, and we should be pleased to hear that some member belonging to each would thus publicly give his opinion, and follow the example of Mr. Ash. In this present number "Blue Jacket" has also taken up the question; and from the position that writer holds among yacht owners we hope he will not hesitate to add his personal experience to that of Mr. Ash.

The necessity of some person well known in the Pleasure Navy coming forward has been repeatedly urged in this Journal, but without success, and it has hitherto proved a mere waste of ink and paper to induce any one to take the initiative. Now, however, a brighter prospect is in perspective, Mr. Ash has not hesitated to accept that office, and shew the fallacy of the present system, by giving a list of certain vessels, whose owners have had much trouble, and we may add expense, at various Regattas. At page 493 vol 5 of this Journal will be found a more extended list of vessels and places where the greatest inconsistencies in the Measurement in Racing Yachts is set forth, and it is a matter of great gratification that other persons are subscribing to our opinion.

Mr. Ash also notices the "lukewarmness" of yachtsmen, and he will find in our prior pages that we have not hesitated to charge them with the same fault. It evidently appears we were right, and altho' truths are not at all times palatable, yet such is the fact, that if things are "cut and dried" for them, without any personal trouble, they have no objection to adopt them. This must not be supposed to refer to all, but we fearlessly state that the onus of the delay in an uniformity of measurement in all clubs and committees of regattas rests solely with the owners of racing craft: where they one and all to refuse entering unless, we will say for instance, the metropolitan clubs' rule is adopted, a change would soon take place, and the evils now complained of be avoided. One season only would suffice to bring the "Medes and Persians" to acknowledge they are in error in acting upon the old principle.

We would draw attention to one other evil, viz. the Distinguishing Flags of racing yachts. This was first suggested in the *Era* in 1856, since which our American brethren have adopted the plan, and our clubs would do well to follow their example:—it is simply to tack a piece of coloured cloth, to denote the racing yacht, on each side of the mainsail. The greatest difficulty is experienced at most sea-going matches to make out the yachts.

UNDINE'S INVOCATION.

Haste, young ocean rover,
Come under the sea;
Long, lingering lover!
Undine hath waited for thee.

Down, ocean reposes,
Up, warring winds rave;
Shells, tinted like roses,
Spangle the floor of my cave.

Ships, laden with treasure,
Rest deep in the brine—
Gold, far beyond measure,
Sailor boy! soon may be thine.

There ever are ringing,
Harps perfect in tone;
And mermaids are bringing
Sea-flowers to garland my throne.

Bright sea-mosses cover,
The walls of my home,
And Undine, her lover,
Hath waited long under the foam.

R. MARKHAM.

NORWAY, AND THE WAY TO IT.

CHAP. II.

"Robin Rover said to his crew,
Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue!
Fire in the main-top,
Fire in the bow;
Fire in the gun-deck—
Fire down below!"

On the morning of Friday, the 10th of July, the weather had much improved, and having nothing to keep me at Peterhead, I resolved to be off. The yacht floated about noon, and by that time according to appointment the pilot came on board, and all was ready for a start; but an unforeseen obstruction was destined to detain us for a couple of hours, at which I fretted not a little. As mentioned in the previous chapter, the harbour-master had at my suggestion cut off the connexion between the inner basin and the sea, by putting a series of booms, or rather square logs in the passage between it and the outer basin. This was exceedingly convenient while the gale lasted, but now that we wanted to get away, like the frogs in the fable, we would have been very well pleased to be rid of our wooden protectors. The harbour-master was summoned, and as usual he was all willingness to oblige, but he was helpless without a gang of assistants, and they were scattered heaven knows where. The lowering down the booms was comparatively an easy matter "*facilis descensus avernæ*," but the hauling them up again the "*revocare gradum*," a work of no small toil and time. Men were at last got, and I saw some prospect of liberation from "*durance vile*," when a pair of grappling irons depending from a huge crane had at length seized the first log, and it appeared rising slowly to the level of the quay. As each boom was removed the water forced the next one to the surface with a jerk which would have thrown any one off, had they been standing on it. Some delay took place in catching the booms with the irons, as there was no one below to direct their movements; but at length I was rejoiced by seeing the last of them safely landed on the quay, and a clear passage open for our departure. The wind was now very light and rather against us, but with the assistance of the pilot boat towing we managed to get out at the north entrance without much difficulty. A fine whale ship belonging to Peterhead, a short time before,

had been less fortunate. She touched the bar which stretches across the entrance, a little way beyond the pier heads, and was thrown on some rocks on the port side, where she suffered very serious injury.—To be lost at one's own door is rather aggravating.

The charges for pilots at Peterhead are certainly not exorbitant, for taking us in, and taking us out again, the sum asked was 3s. 4d., a singular contract indeed with the rapacious demands of the Norwegian pilots; a matter our Consuls, were they worth their salt, would look to, and endeavour to rectify; but of this more hereafter. Before leaving Peterhead we heard the result of the trial of Madeline Hamilton Smith for poisoning her lover L'Angelier. As a proof of the interest this trial excited, I may mention an incident which had occurred to me the previous day. After settling my business in Peterhead I had walked out to the banks of the Ugie in hopes of falling in with my friends who, as I have said, were fishing that stream. Not meeting with them, I had seated myself on the river side near the old castle of Inverugie, and was busy reading a newspaper I had got in the town, containing a report of several days of the trial; while doing so, I was accosted by a pretty damsel of some 17 or 18 summers, who came from an ivy-clad cottage hard by. With perfect politeness, but a certain bitterness of tone, she asked if Miss Smith was not condemned yet? I answered that so far as I knew she was not, and I did not think it likely she would. At this she went away obviously much disappointed. Had Madeline been tried by a jury of her own sex her condemnation would have been certain;—I have heard many men maintain her innocence, but a woman never.

After we got clear of the harbour a fine smart breeze from the south-east set in; to which we soon set our square sail. A large fleet of vessels of all rigs and tonnage followed us from Peterhead south bay, where they had taken refuge during the gale. Most of them kept close in shore to catch the last of the flood going to the north, but we had the fear of the reef of Rattery Brigs before our eyes, and kept a good offing. Notwithstanding we were, by a long way the first round Kinnairds Head and in the Moray Firth. By 10 p.m. we were abreast of Banff, and there we got becalmed, in which pleasing and interesting position we lay all night.

On the morning of Saturday, the 11th of July, we were off the mouth of the Spey, the wind still light and ahead. About eleven it freshened and we hoisted the topmast. When opposite Coveea lighthouse we hove to and reefed mainsail. The tide was now running down the Firth with considerable velocity, and it took us several hours to beat up to Burghead. This town, which is built on a bold promontory standing well

into the sea, was one of the most northern stations occupied by the Romans, and some very interesting remains of baths and other buildings, are still pointed out in its vicinity. A great rivalry exists between it and its neighbour Lossiemouth, as to which shall be the seaport of the *City of Elgin*, as its now dubs itself. Lossiemouth has a railway which is much in its favor, but I believe if there is any choice between them it is the worst harbour of the two. The proprietor of Burghead has at present a bill before Parliament asking powers to improve the harbour, and it is to be hoped he will succeed in making something of it, as a good harbour is much wanted on that side of the Firth.

From Burghead to Cromarty is little more than twenty miles, yet it took us till midnight to beat across; while the ebb lasted we could hardly hold our own, and after dark the wind came down in heavy and uncertain squalls. While thrashing her up to the narrow entrance of the Cromarty Firth, blasts that laid the cutter ever and anon on her beam ends, came off the most western of the two Sutors, as the mountains which flank the entrance are called. I was unwilling to reef, as I knew I would be snug enough when I got inside, so carried on, but not without fear that something would give way, as she careened to each furious puff. Dawn was showing itself as we passed the pretty town of Cromarty, opposite which a smart cutter yacht of some 25 tons was lying, having apparently just come to anchor, as her punt was still on deck, and her sails but hastily made up. She belonged, so far as we could guess, from the imperfect glimpse of her burgee which was got, to the Royal Yorkshire Club; but we never learned her name. A little way further up on the starboard hand we passed Her Majesty's steam block ship *Pembroke*, then engaged in training the Naval Coast Volunteers of the Cromarty District: she lay so moored that on exercising her guns she fired them into the sands of Nigg, on the Ross-shire side of the Firth, and a favorite amusement of the idlers of the neighbourhood, (in the Highlands certain to comprise a large portion of the population,) was to collect in great numbers whenever they heard the firing, to pick up the shot and return them to the ship, for which they receive certain stipulated coppers: to them a boon of inestimable value.

At 4 a.m. of Sunday we anchored a little above Invergordon harbour in about 7 fathoms. The yacht was immediately hailed from the pier head, but we were too tired to launch the boat, at that hour, to learn the purport of the summons. In the morning my friend whom I expected to meet here came off laden with letters and papers. He and his servant had been waiting at the inn here for several days, during our detention at Peterhead, and his patience being well nigh exhausted he was much rejoiced to find the cutter at anchor.

Attended the Church of Rossheen, in which parish Invergordon is situated. It is a large handsome edifice, but miserably empty, only twenty-four people, including the clergyman, appearing thinly scattered among the pews, which would have easily held one thousand. Most of the pew doors had ducal coronets upon them; a use of heraldic emblazonment I never had seen before, and a custom more honored in the breach than the observance. 'Tis very well for vanity to disport itself on the panels of gaudy carriages, but church seats are no place for such embellishments.

Having got my friend and all his belongings, (including his servant, who was to act as steward; and who had previously been for several years in that capacity in a large ship,) on board, we started on Monday morning, the 13th, with a splendid breeze from south-west, the very thing we required. We ran quickly down the Cromarty Firth, which is only some five or six miles long from Invergordon to the mouth. After passing the Eastern Sutor there is some very foul ground, and it is necessary to keep a good offing to clear the reef called "The Three Kings:" the buoy, a red one, at the extremity, is about a mile from the shore. From the chart I thought it was nearer the land, and being unable to make it out, thought it had been carried away, and ran in between it and the innermost part of the reef, rather a hazardous experiment, but as it was low water we saw the rocks on both sides of us and avoided them; but I would not recommend any one to follow my example in so doing. After we were past the danger, we saw the buoy along way outside of us. By noon we were abreast of Tarbet Ness lighthouse, and at 8 p.m. took our departure from Noss Head, as we expected to see no more land till we made the Fair Isle. Our course was N.E. and by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; wind light but fair.

Tuesday morning at 8 a.m. was very hazy: patent log showed we had nearly run the distance for Fair Isle, but no land was visible, and in consequence altered our course a point and a quarter to the westward. About 1 p.m. saw land, which we took for Sumburgh Head, the most southern point of Shetland. At 3 p.m. sighted another high headland which we took for Noss Head: at 4 p.m. the haze cleared away and we found that instead of steering up Brassay Sound, as we had imagined we were doing, we were crossing Sumburgh Roost from Fair Isle to Fitful Head, and were rapidly opening Cliff Sound and the Channel leading to Scalloway on the west side of the Shetland Islands, while we wished to go to Lerwick on the east side. This accounted also for the extraordinary heavy swell: though the weather was very fine, the cutter was pitching her bowsprit under, and her lively movements had upset the

stomachs of the oldest sailors on board, and completely flabbergasted our new steward, who was the most perfect picture of wretchedness I ever beheld, and who then and there got enough of yacht sailing to satisfy him for the rest of his natural life.

We no sooner discovered our mistake than we altered our course, and the tide being in our favor we were soon swept round Old Sumburgh, and up along the land towards the mouth of Brassy Sound. The land we had first seen had been the Fair Isle, and the second Sumburgh Head: there is a very considerable resemblance in some points of view, and such a mistake is not unlikely to happen to any one not very familiar with the contour of both. There appears to be a strong current setting to the eastward in the sea between Orkney and Shetland, and in shaping a course from the main land of Scotland to Shetland some allowance ought to be made for this. Indeed, probably the best method of making the passage would be to keep the Orkadian land aboard till you reach the Start Point at the extremity of that Archipelago, and from thence steer a course for Sumburgh Head, keeping to the westward of the Fair Isle. The only thing to be avoided in taking this plan, is getting involved in the furious tide race, known as Sumburgh Roost: this, as we found, extends some miles to the south of the Shetland Islands, and in rough weather the sea is frightful, even in calm weather the danger is considerable, and there are instances narrated of vessels which have been dismasted in the swell, and kept vibrating backwards and forwards in these seething tides for weeks at a time. In passing the Roost you should either keep a good offing or steer close to the shore; the latter being I believe the surest method of avoiding the heavy overfalls.

Owing to our deviation from the ordinary course, we had the scenery of the Pirate, very distinctly in view for sometime;—Fitful Head was, as everybody knows, the residence of the real heroine of the tale,—Norna. There was situated, the old ruined Pictish Burgh or Duu, where she and her familiar dwarf, Nick Strumpfer, received Magnus Troil and his fair daughters, and pitched the good supper he had provided for himself so unceremoniously into the sea; and in a sandy bay between Fitful Head and Sumburgh Head lies the old house of Jarlahof, where the father of the hero dwelt, and in the neighbourhood of which the story opens. It is odd enough that the Shetlanders do not feel at all flattered by Sir Walter having laid the scene of this romance among their wild islands. It is difficult to account for this, as the only objection I have heard them make to the book was, that the names of places were not correct, and belonged more to Orkney than Shetland. Now it must be

observed that of the Orcadians the Shetlanders are more than sufficiently jealous; and ought likely to increase the repute of the Southern group in gall and wormwood to the dwellers of the Northern. Indeed the inhabitants of the two, do not differ less than the islands themselves. The Orkneys are generally low, and where cultivated wonderfully rich and productive for their geographical position, but where uncultivated brown and sombre in colour, being generally covered with heather. Shetland again has no heather, and the hills are all clothed with a rough green verdure not very pleasant to look at on close inspection, but giving them a lively appearance at a distance, which the Orkneys decidedly want. The outline of the Shetlands too is much finer, and some of their headlands are magnificent. The inhabitants of the latter take after their country, and beat the Orcadians, indeed I may say all Scotland in regard to good looks. In no town of its size will you see more handsome faces than in Lerwick. I wont vouch for all of them being on every occasion as clear as they ought to be.

After passing Sumburgh we soon got into smooth water. We met great numbers of boats fishing; the fish they caught seemed chiefly cod, some of them of large size. The crews seemed anxious to sell, but large cod fish are not a tempting morsel, and we were not induced to buy. Just as we finished dinner we reached the opening of the Sound of Moussa, and in order to shew my friends the well preserved Pietish fort on the Island of Moussa, I steered up the Sound, thereby increasing our distance from Lerwick, but not much. We did not land, being content with the view from the deck. The building is close to the shore, and is, I believe, all it ever was, but that is not much: it looks more like an exaggerated dice box than a place of defence; and the only wonder is what it could have been used for: it has no windows, and the door is only three feet high. It is built of dry stones, and seems to have been constructed in the very earliest dawn of architectural knowledge, before either arch or stair had been invented. Wretched as this burgh seems, Torfaeus describes it as resisting a long siege from a Norwegian Earl, in the 13th century, and actually beating off its assailants,—their siege train could not have been very complete. Many of these forts are scattered over Shetland, but this is considered the most perfect. It is a perfection of a most imperfect kind.

About 7 p.m., we anchored in Lerwick harbour, and a most excellent one it is, good holding ground and deep water up to the wharves and landing places of which there are a great abundance. We lost no time in applying to my excellent friend Mr. Hay, whose kindness and attention on this as on former occasions was above all praise, and of whose

good offices I strongly recommend all yachtsmen who go to Lerwick to avail themselves. In the course of the evening we had a supply of water, coals, and provisions of every sort, ready for an early start for Bergen in the morning. About nine a cutter yacht was seen entering the harbour from the nor'ard, and I soon recognised the low side and graceful form of my old friend, the *Avenger*. On going on board I found her worthy owner and a party of friends on their return from a fishing cruise to Unst, the most northern of the Shetland group, in which they had been very successful. It was a singular coincidence that while at anchor in Lerwick harbour the previous summer (that of 1856,) the *Avenger*, then the property of another friend, came in from a Norwegian cruise, and lay beside us for several days. Well do I remember her advent: I had gone to Lerwick partly with the view of meeting her, but after laying there for sometime and hearing nothing of her I had lost patience, and had started for the west side of Shetland, intending to visit the island of Papa Stour, where the Scandinavian sword dance is still practiced. The morning had promised well, and I had got down towards Sumburgh, as far as the Sound of Moussa, when it came away all of a heap, as it does in those islands, hot and heavy from the south-east. Too thankful to have a good harbour under my lee I ran back to Lerwick, and well it was I did so, for a worse night than that which followed I hardly remember. All next day it continued to blow with thick heavy driving mist and rain. In the evening it cleared up, and about 7 p.m., a cutter yacht was seen coming up Brassay Sound with close reefed mainsail and storm jib. This was none other than the long-lost *Avenger*. She had made the land just as the gale came on, her owner who sailed her himself had never been in any harbour in Shetland and feared to run in, as night was approaching and the weather so bad. He gave chase to a fishing boat he saw scudding before the gale, and asked them to put a pilot on board, they said they could not do so in such a sea, but that if he would follow them, they would lead him into a safe harbour. This Mr. T. wisely declined doing, and instead, close-reefed his vessel and hove to, with her head off the land. So heavy was the sea that the drawers in the cabin lockers were all forced out, still she made wonderfully good weather of it, though the night was a fearful one. Until 4 p.m. next day he could not make sail. When it did moderate Mr. T. brought her into Lerwick by the chart. The boat he had hailed had not been heard of when we left Shetland, and the general belief was that she had been lost; a fate which would doubtless have attended the *Avenger* had she followed her.

But to return to my present cruise,—on returning on board, my own

yacht, I was not a little disgusted to find that Master Bill, our steward, had intimated that he would go no further, and that he intended returning home by the next steamer. His master added, that he warned him that if he did so, he must quit his service for ever, and that he thought we would hear no more of it. All therefore seemed ready for an early start. Next morning however, my friend came to my cabin, and told me that William had come to intimate that he had a boat alongside, and that he was going ashore, and begged I would get up and reason with him. I did so, and asked him what he meant by such rascally conduct, the only answer I could elicit was that "he could not be easy in his mind," which being interpreted meant, he was terribly frightened. I tried to show him the absurdity, as well as ingratitude of deserting a kind master with whom he had been for years in all parts of the world, and who had uniformly treated him, as he admitted, with extreme kindness; but there was no arguing with him, Sumburgh Roost had been too much for him, and stay he would not. At first I was much annoyed at having our plans thwarted in this way, but I was soon glad to be rid of such a white-livered, chicken-hearted, ungrateful wretch. Had he never been at sea before I could have excused him; but a fellow who had been steward since he was a mere boy, to be frightened at a little rough water was, as his master emphatically expressed it, "quite too much of the monkey."

Luckily one of the hands on board had acted as steward for some months in a previous ship, and he offered to undertake the duties if we could get another seaman to take his place, this I found no difficulty in doing; and in the course of the day shipped a capital hand who had acted as mate of a schooner trading from Lerwick to the Baltic: he had just been paid off, and stated his readiness to come on board next morning at eight o'clock.

These important arrangements having been completed, I and one friend visited another Pictish fort very much ruined, situated on an island on a loch near Lerwick, delighting in the euphonious designation of Clieckum inn, from which Sir Walter Scott, doubtless borrowed the designation of the hostelry where Mrs. Meg Dods practised the art of cookery, and dispensed hospitality to the lieges, for a consideration, while two of our party went to fish the lochs of Tingwall and sketch the old castle of Sealloway on the west side of the island. It came on to rain heavily, but they accomplished both, though the fishing was not very successful, as the only boat on the lake, that belonging to the clergyman, was pre-engaged; the sketching however made up for every deficiency, it was most artistic.

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.*

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—

CHAPTER VI.

THE ZINGARI'S GRAVE—A HORSE RACE IN THE DARK—A LOCH-FYNE BOAT WED-
DING—LA BENEDICTION DES EAUX—A HIGHLAND WEDDING—THE CUMBERS.

OUR sail down Loch-fyne, was somewhat more tedious than our previous run up, having now the wind ahead, but it gave us all the more time to enjoy the beauties of the wild mountain scenery on either side of this fine highland loch, with every spot of which, I was "in days gone by," as familiar as with my own deck;—not a track across its heath-clad hills that I have not trod with lightsome heart, alike in summer's sunshine, when the purple bloom was on the sweet scented heather! and in hoary winter's biting storms, when the heath slept silently beneath, and the mountain streams dashed darkly through the white, white, trackless snow! Not a mile of that meandering road along its shores, now mounting inland in steep ascent, now skirting its clear waters fringed with rocks and foliage to their very edge. Not a mile but I have galloped over, with heart as light, and head as free from care, as the goodly highland steed that bore me! Not a hall or hamlet that I did not know, or that knew me not! And now every spot would seem as tho' it had something to say to the whilom stranger from his Father-land—some happy hour to speak of and to glad the heart with—

"Bright memories of the past,"

or, it may be of some sad remembrance, wherewithal to cloud the brow and which,

"—— With heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last!"

And fast do both kinds of such memories crowd upon us as we glide along the deep still waters of this "memory stirring" loch, stretched on the Wildflower's pleasant decks, and wrapt in,

"The light of other days!"

Abreast of us now; about half way down the loch, with glass in hand I can just make out a *tiny mound* in a small green spot close to the

* Continued from p. 49.

rippling waters, and within a yard or two of the road along its shores;—that “tiny mound” I saw myself, when a boy, thrown up, sorrowfully and silently, for beneath it lies a “*speck* on the ocean of life,”—a poor Zingari, whose wandering tribe once pitched their frail tent on that same spot, and who doubtless sent up shouts of mirth and jollity, as blithely as the best of them!

It was “a long time ago” when first the terror-striking cry of “*cholera*” was heard on these secluded shores, that in passing this spot I saw a gipsy’s tent pitched close to the road side, and wondered to see it deserted;—one step of my horse brought the interior of the tent full in view,—it was occupied by a *corpse!* which on enquiry I found had lain there some days deserted by the gipsies themselves, and no one daring to go near it for fear of infection! But the poor wanderer must have a resting place; and the mode of accomplishing it, was to dig a pit close to the tent, along its whole length. This done, by means of a large “caber” of wood the tent with its unconscious occupant was swept into that rude resting-place o’er which we raised a “tiny mound” of earth to mark alone the spot where lies the poor “Zingari.”

But oh! how reckless is youth!—for past this very spot, a few year’s later, might be seen the selfsame owner of the Wildflower and a friend, riding on at full gallop, contesting in a private match the speed of their respective horses, in a night so dark, and along a road in some parts so narrow that if the raising of *their* “tiny mounds” had been the consequence of that breakneck ride, it need not have been wondered at!—and near enough too it was to one of them.

Our foolish match was made, I need scarcely tell, not only *after dinner*, but after the “*doch-in-dorras*,” or parting Highland stirrup cup. It was to be along the high road! the first arrived at — inn (a distance of ten miles,) to be the winner; and as already stated the night was dark, pitch dark! So off we went, my friend taking the lead for a mile or so—keeping it too. My young blood was up, striking the spurs into my horse’s sides I soon was foremost. On we dashed!—side by side for mile after mile, till half the distance was passed, when all at once the rocks at a sudden turn in the road resounded as I thought with the loud clatter of my opponent’s steps giving me the go-by! This was not to be borne by young flesh and blood, and gazing earnestly before me, trying to pierce the murky darkness of the night, and make out that I was gaining on my friend, I galloped on more fiercely than ever, determined yet to win; nor heeded the loss of my hat, struck off in the dark by a protruding branch while going at a good 15 miles an hour!—a *close shave* for life too was that same hat

losing business ; for a couple of inches lower, and—I should never have trod the Wildflower's decks ! But now we approach the goal—the road-side inn is close at hand where was to end our breakneck ride, yet to the last I gave not up hope ; but urged my poor horse till he could scarce hold out many strides more at the same pace !

At length the goal is passed ! the race is therefore lost ! and I pull up to join my triumphant friend at the door of the inn—but he is not there ! I enter the house and neither is he there ! no one has seen him ! no one has ever heard him pass ! Ah ! now I see it—he has beat me so hollow that instead of waiting he must have quietly gone on before ! but this view of the case not being corroborated by the people of the inn, who confidently asserted that Mr. — could not have passed without their knowing,—I at once became alarmed for the safety of my friend : and with lanterns we sallied back again along the road in search of him ;—we had not gone far when we met his smoking steed ; but riderless ! and nothing of the rider was discovered till we had retraced nearly half the distance, when close to the sudden turn where I thought my friend had passed me,—and *but a little way from the gipsy's grave*, we found him lying insensible and severely hurt ! I need not say how bitterly I reflected upon myself as the indirect cause of the accident, nor how I vowed never again to ride races in the dark !

From such “old memories” as these, as we were getting down to Otter Ferry, I was roused by the sound of bagpipes, which we soon discovered came from a herring fishing-boat putting off from the shore, full of men and women, boisterous with “mirth and jollity”;—this was what the fishermen call a “Boat Wedding”, it being the invariable custom amongst herring fishers in Loch-fyne to hold a merry meeting of their friends on board, including “sweethearts and wives,” at their first “fitting out” for the season :—this meeting of “friends” almost invariably ends in a parting of “foes” under the influence of “usquebagh,” which is liberally circulated on these, as well as on most other convivial occasions, in this northern part of Her Majesty's dominions ; and of which we soon had ocular demonstration, for the fishing boat was left to her own devices, the men shouted and fought like demons, hitting at each other with oars, boat-hooks, tiller, or anything else that came handy, while the women kept screeching to the pitch of their voices ; bagpipes playing, and a most uproarious din kept up, enough to “frighten the French.”

Apropos of the French!—it would do our countrymen and countrywomen too for the matter of that no harm, to see the somewhat different and christian-like way in which they inaugurate their fishing season ; or as they call it “*La benediction des eaux.*” No whiskey drinking or

fighting there; but a solemn procession of fishermen and their families, headed by the priests, descending decorously and piously to meet the watery element on which so much depends, and offering up united prayers to heaven for a blessing on their coming season. Oh!

“ Could we see ourselves as others see us
It wad frae mony a blunder free us!”

“ A striking contrast I must confess,” said a friend and visitor on board, who belonged to “ these parts,” and to whom I had just been describing the French ceremony.

“ And not much to the advantage of your saintly country folks either,” said a piquante Fair Wildflower; “ what a pity they don’t take a lesson from our neighbours across the Channel, whom however, I suppose they are ready enough to condemn.”

“ Rather severe,” said our visitor, “ but so long as the world lasts I suppose will last the customs of a country, good and bad together, whether ‘ Boat weddings,’ or ‘ Benedictions des eaux;’ whether ‘ Merry Highland weddings,’ or ‘ French Marriages des convenance.’ ”

“ Oh! a ‘ Highland wedding!’—I should like to see one. Do tell us all about them; and whether it be true, as I have heard, that one lasts for three days?”

“ Not always, tho’ sometimes they do; but if you will all promise not to stop me in the middle of my story I will give you an authentic account of one at which I was myself present.”

This offer was highly applauded, and while the Wildflower drifts along with the tide, waiting for a breeze to waft us to the Clyde, our friend shall spin his own yarn.

“ You must understand that ‘ *les invites* ’ at a Highland wedding form two parties, the one being composed of guests invited by the family of the *bride*, the other by that of the *bridegroom*,—on this occasion I belonged to the former.

“ It was early on an autumnal morning, long before breakfast time, that I mounted my pony and galloped off with a companion who had to perform the onerous and important duties of *best-man*, *anglicè* ‘groom’s-man’ to the bride, the daughter of a small farmer, and as fine a lassie as you would wish to see in a long summer’s cruise, the bridegroom being nothing to boast of so far as personal appearance went.

“ Arrived at the bride’s house, after a *short* canter of good ten miles! we were ushered into the barn, metamorphosed for the nonce into a smart reception room, where extensive tables were extemporised out of casks for the ‘pillar and claw’ portion, with some stray threshing floors, and sundry barn doors made to do duty for table tops, which were

groaning under the weighty load of a *dejeune à la fourchette*, that did one's heart good to look upon, particularly after a ten miles' ride, and the satisfactory consciousness of not being bridegroom on the occasion oneself! I have said the load of the superincumbent *dejeune* was heavy, and so you would have thought too, had you seen the huge *tubs of tea* placed in different parts of the table, into which the tea cups were plunged to save the trouble and the time of pouring it out; then the cauldrons of smoking pink and white potatoes, "laughing in their skins" and placed at convenient intervals on the festive board;—huge boiled hams reeking hot from the boiler; piles of salt Loch-fyne herrings glittering in their silvery scales; with hundred weights of cheese; mountains of oatmeal cake, and bannocks a good half inch thick: while the available interstices of the table were filled up with pyramids of fresh eggs and tubs of salt butter! Well might the extempore tables groan under such a load!

"Around this festive board had already assembled nearly all the guests, in number about 40 or 50, and despatch being the order of the day (for a hard day's work lay before us) the breakfast was not long dwelt over—and now came the important part of arranging the guests in marching array, and marshalling the bride's procession which had some miles to go, before joining that of the bridegroom.

"It was one condition in the arrangement of our procession that we should march in 'double file,' each file being composed of 'lad and lass,' both taking hold of a handkerchief, one in the right, the other in the left hand;—now 'Love laughs at locksmiths,' they say, and if so, it isn't surely to be supposed that he couldn't do the same with handkerchiefs: so that it is clear their object could never be to act as a safeguard to either sex, but on the contrary as an outward emblem of union on the happy occasion, while my own candid opinion is, that there were other and stronger 'bonds of union' at both ends of the handkerchief, could the hearts of some young blithe and raysome couples have been seen into.

"Be that as it may, however, seeing that the arrangement was destined to hold good for the whole line of march, both going and returning, it behoved one to be somewhat particular in his choice, as to the damsel on whom his handkerchief should fall;—at least so I thought;—but just as I was ruminating on the subject and casting about for a partner who was likely to "keep step" with me on the march—up came some one with 'a cut and dry' choice for me in the shape of the bride's sister, a blooming young maiden scarce out of her teens, who was kindly allotted to my guidance, or rather me to hers; and I must honestly say, that if

I had had the whole day to make a choice, I don't think it could have fallen on a prettier, rosier, merrier or warmer-hearted shipmate, for my 'right hand file,' than the blushing, laughing, fair one so kindly bestowed upon me.

"And now we are off hand-in-hand, (barring the handkerchief), bag-pipes thundering out a quick step at our head; and on either hand a group of outsiders with old muskets, rusty pistols, and even big barn door keys with an impromptu touch-hole filed in them, were blazing away no end of powder, to the consternation of our several right hand files,' who at times from the propinquity of the discharge were under the necessity of taking a reef in the handkerchief, and 'dressing' a little closer 'to the left,' which for my part I thought all the more agreeable.

"Soon we joined the bridegroom's procession, and after a little time spent in re-marshalling our host,—away we went again, with an *eight mile* march before us to the parish minister, not the church, only that they happened to be both alongside one another.

"Arrived at the clergyman's house or manse; a deputation headed (as all the business of the day was) by the best-man, proceeded to the house, and soon made matters straight with the worthy pastor, bringing him to the 'public-house' of the village in which were assembled as many of the company as cared to enter, or could find room to witness *the ceremony*. Here too 'all hands' were 'piped to grog,' and the health of the newly married couple was drank in flowing bumpers of 'pure usquebagh' to help us on our march back to the bridegroom's house.

"But now the 'gloaming' is at hand,—the chill of a late autumnal evening begins to fall; and sundry changes become evident in the order of our march; the outward 'bond of union' is in many instances discarded, altho' it may be, the handkerchief gives place to warmer 'ties;' and amongst the younger portion of the procession might be seen the merry maidens shielded from the cold, under Scotch plaids of such voluminous capacity as quite to corroborate the assertion that

"There's room in't dear lassie believe me for *two*."

"But the plaid being liable to derangement during the march, there might here and there be seen a slender waist supported by the brawny arms of her *compagnon de voyage*, the open order of the morning march having given place to 'close file' order, so far as the pairs were concerned, but straggling enough as regarded the 'line of march' which was now at length abandoned for a rush after the 'new married couple

who led the van, and *saue qui peut* became the order of the day—or rather of the night, for it was late 'ere the last of the happy stragglers reached the assembled company at the bridegroom's house;—where kebbucks of cheese; bannocks of oatmeal, and oceans of whisky were once more the order of the day.

"In the midst of this imbibing process a good deal of speechifying takes place

"Ha bhan nam bannish a gaul orriv,"*

shouts the bride's best-man, who acts as master of the ceremonies, the bride herself being looked upon as too modest to speak above a whisper; and then it becomes incumbent on every man, woman and child to drain 'the quai^{ch}' or whisky cup, in honour of the bride's toast—some toasts are given in return by the elders of the company, then a reply on the part of the bridegroom, interpreted by the best-man as spokesman (for strange to relate the bridegroom is supposed to be modest too)—and now the bagpipes strike up and dancing begins; the bride and her best-man, with the bridegroom and best-maid opening the ball;—great indeed is the honour of dancing with the bride, and few in number are those to whom the honour is extended; but I had it notwithstanding, and that too of embracing the bride after her marriage; which of course I did with a sort of brotherly affection, seeing the relationship in which my partner for the day stood to the *nouvelle mariée*.

"Dancing having been kept up with great spirit, in the shape of reels, and strathspeys interspersed with wild shouts of

"Hoo! suas eh bhallachav!"

until well into the

"Wee short hours a'yont this twall."

The bride was somehow or other 'spirited' away by the sly bridesmaid, but nevertheless, under the surveillance of the best-man, whose imperative duty it is, never to lose sight of the bride till he locks her up, as he did by-and-bye!

"The all important part of the day's proceedings being now at hand, the *élite* of the company, with the friends of the bride and bridegroom are stealthily summoned to attend;—and accordingly by means of a peculiarly agreeable pressure of the arm, and a pretty blushing whisper from my buxom partner, I too am 'spirited' away in a mysterious manner, giving myself up entirely, as few youngsters would have hesitated to do, to the guidance of my rosy cheeked friend;—and where she took me to you would be a long while in guessing, though I was not long in finding out.

* "The bride drinks to the company."

"It appeared then that the bridesmaid having 'spirited' away the bride as we have seen, and nothing having been heard of them both for a good half hour; the best-man on receiving a signal to that effect carried off the bridegroom,—not in secret like the blushing bride, but followed by at least a score of the company in noisy procession, which procession it was, that my fair partner led me off to join,—she as a 'friend,' and myself as one of the '*elite*.' It was a terrible scramble, but after a time we found ourselves safe and sound at the heels of the bridegroom, within the sacred precincts of the bridal chamber! Of course it will not be expected that I should be able to give a detailed account of all that took place in such a crowd,—for the room was crowded to suffocation!—suffice it to say, what you doubtless know already, that we were preceded thither by the bride and bridesmaid, as also by the bride and best-man.

"Here again the everlasting whiskey was circulated and drained in honour of the newly married pair; the bride's left stocking was duly taken off, and flung amongst the company, to light upon the happy maiden whose marriage next should happen: a host of other vagaries were performed, toasts drank, and Gaelic speeches made, until at length a clearance was commenced by the best-man, not before however the privileged folks had once more kissed the rosy blushing bride, who looked so sweetly pretty in her neat frilled night cap,—tho' all ladies do they say,—that I began to think it just possible I might have been premature in expressing the 'happy consciousness' I did at breakfast time, of not being the bridegroom myself. I don't speak of 'standing in his shoes' for by this time he had put them off; and looked as foolish as a man could well do in such a situation. It was a difficult business to get the room cleared, but at length it was so, and the best-man, having shut the door upon his happy prisoners, and locked it solemnly on the outside, putting the all-important key in his pocket, he and the bridesmaid led the way back to the dancing and drinking rooms, when we 'tripped it' not only 'till daylight did appear,' but until breakfast was ready; nor man nor maiden thinking of rest or sleep on such a night as this. Of course the quieter portion of the company having prudently left soon after the final ceremony had been ceremonized.

"On the second day a rival breakfast to that of the day before is done ample justice to; fresh visitors arrive, and those of yesterday return, to wish the young couple joy; and much the same routine goes on, of eating and drinking, dancing and firing; only that the best-man's onerous duties are brought to a close, by his unlocking of *the door*, and leading his imprisoned wards to receive the felicitations and stand the banterings of their expectant friends at the breakfast table!

"Sometimes the festivities are kept up with such spirit as to extend over the third day, but there being no marching in 'double file,' and no throwing of the stocking, I never felt sufficient interest to see what is done on the third day, altho' I doubt if it can be half as jolly as the first two merry days of a merry 'Highland wedding.'"

A light breeze springing up about the time our visitor had finished his yarn, we were slipping slowly along the Cowal Coast; but soon dying away we made little or no progress during the night; and next morning seemed to promise little better so far as wind was concerned.

Through the Kyles of Bute, is certainly the most picturesque sail imaginable; but we preferred being on the safe side, and made round the outside of Bute. A charming day but no wind going,—Æolus seeming to be fast asleep;—and so too was the poor little "diver" I suppose, which met with an untimely end at my hands, as we were drifting round the end of the island. Our Minie rifle, by Desvigne of Paris, was on deck, and wishing to discharge it, I asked—"how far the little "diver" was from the ship?" "About a mile," said one:—"about a quarter of a mile," said another;—but the distance seemed to me very much like *half a mile*. So setting the elevation scale to that distance, whiz! went the conical bullet, and a simultaneous "Oh!" grunted out by the crew, intimated the disappearance of the bird I fired at, the ball seeming to have gone quite through his body, making a hole both in him and the water at the same time.

By dint of towing we got our anchor down in Millport, a watering place in the Cumbrae Islands, where we regretted it was not Sunday, that we might have heard the successor of that worthy old parson who used "in the olden time" to preach here, and who never omitted in his Church service to pray for the "inhabitants of the Great and Small Cumbrae, and the *adjoining islands* of Great Britain and Ireland!"

Our evening at the Cumbrae was spent in the amusement of fishing, and also in watching the great numbers of small fishing-boats all round us, with perhaps a dozen rods in each boat, spread out fan-fashion over the stern, and radiating from a centre so as to give as much space as possible between the lines. One and sometimes two sit in the stern, facing aft to work the rods; while two hands pull slowly about; and now the fun begins,—plop—plop—go the fish, rising to the fly, (a small stripe of white goose feather tied to the back of the hook,) and up goes one rod after another, as the fish is hooked,—requiring considerable dexterity on the part of the fisherman to prevent fouling of the lines. Most exciting sport it is; occasionally varied by the backward capsize of a tyro in his eagerness to secure the fish.

CHAPTER VII.

WULL FIFE O' FAIRLIE—PRACTICE V. THEORY IN YACHT BUILDING—EXPERIMENTAL YACHTS—MUSICAL POTATOES—THE CLYDE WATERING PLACES—JUVENILE CRUISE EXTRAORDINARY FROM SCOTLAND TO IRELAND.

NEXT morning we got early underway from Millport, to run up the Clyde, keeping of course inside the island, and coasting it all the way along the beautiful and varied shores of this noble river estuary. Of a truth the "Royal Northern" have an extent of yacht cruising ground, unsurpassed by any in the world, at least in our part of it. The Solent is very well, but nothing in my humble opinion to compare to the Clyde with its bights and bays, to bring up in at pleasure; and its magnificent scenery,—ever changing, ever charming.

On our starboard hand, close abreast of us is now seen the celebrated building yard from whence have been turned out many a peerless clipper by "Auld Wull Fife of Fairlie," from the redoubted *Meteor* and saucy little *Midge* of days gone by, to the swift *Stella*, the able *Coralie*, the scarce beaten *Cymba*, the noble *Oithona*, and the fleet *Crusader* of the present day. Truly when one reflects a little on the subject of yacht building, and thinks of the many fast craft sent out by this practical but most successful builder, one feels inclined to back "practice" against "theory," and ask what comes of all the learned disquisitions of recent years on naval architecture, the "long bows," "wave lines," "centres of gravity," "centres of effort," and what not.

Of one thing I have long felt fully persuaded, and the reflections forced on one's mind by a sight of Wull Fife's building yard, are in no small degree corroborative of its correctness, viz. that build the hull ever so fine, adopt lines ever so true to the much talked of "wave" principle, calculate centres of gravity, centres of effort, centres of propulsion, centres of lateral resistance, and every other centre under the sun, yet after all, that "hull" must have the *moving power well applied*, otherwise it is but labour in vain: in other words while much, aye very much depends on the form of the hull, both in "lines" and "midship section," still more depends on the *rig, spars, trim, and sails*. Much has yet to be accomplished in this respect, and he who would seek to cope with or improve the speed of the present clippers must *look more aloft* and less under water.

I feel so impressed with the truth of this, that at the risk of these "Reminiscences" being thought too much interspersed with *suggestions*, that may have but little interest for the general reader, I would venture to throw out a crude idea that has more than once crossed my mind on this subject, it is as follows:—

In the present state of things when a yachtsman wants to produce a racing clipper he makes it his first business to fix upon the antagonist he intends to tackle, be it the Mosquito, the Lulworth, the Wildfire, the Thought, or the Phantom, and accordingly his builder receives a *carte blanche* order to turn out a craft of similar tonnage and of unlimited speed. But we know well that builders may construct two vessels on the *same lines*, and of the *same dimensions*, yet one will be the faster vessel of the two !

Now it appears to me, that a most interesting and useful experiment might be made in the following manner :—let two hulls be built, line for line, and inch for inch *the same* ; taking due precautions to mark on these twin hulls as well as on their models, the same corresponding number of “ water lines ” and transverse or “ body sections ”, between every one of which, both horizontally and transversely the cubical contents would of course be accurately ascertained, so as to see at a glance the respective amounts of capacity, displacement, &c., and thus define to a nicety the *relative positions of the masts and sails* with reference to such displacement.

This being done, let the hulls be first *rigged and trimmed alike*, and their relative speed under precisely similar circumstances of wind, &c., be compared :—next let one of them be *trimmed* differently, but under the same canvas, and their comparative speed again tried, time after time, in different trims until the maximum speed *due to trimming* is ascertained ;—then by a somewhat similar process under an alteration in the *position of the masts*, and consequently in the *centre of gravity of the sails*, the maximum speed as regards this most important element in the speed and weatherly qualities of vessels could be ascertained ;—and finally by a *change of rig* the relative advantages of each could be definitely determined ;—besides registering the respective *canvas carrying powers* or stability of the two hulls under all these different circumstances, together with their *sea going qualities* under various rigs, &c.

All this, if done carefully and judiciously, free from the rivalry, carrying-on, and “artful dodging” so inseparable from an ordinary sailing match, would doubtless lead to many useful and important results.

“ Its all very fine, but who’s to do it ? ” as the unsophisticated individual said on hearing the cries “ Turn back that mad bull ! ” But surely none so fit to “ take the bull by the horns ” successfully, as the united Royal Yacht Clubs of England, Scotland, and Ireland ; or failing that amount of *union* amongst them so essential to the purpose, let the foremost metropolitan club, or old “ Father Thames,” lead the van under his *blue and white cross burgee*, in one experimental pair of yachts,

with a committee of practical yachtsmen up to the mark;—rest assured the others would soon follow in its wake.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous" they say "is but a step:" not that I presume to arrogate anything like sublimity to the preceding reflections; nor that I could possibly admit of ridicule attaching to what our next *step* leads in these wayward "Reminiscences" albeit it jumps from experimental yachts and grave yachting theories to potatoes! for such I found to be the subject of a sudden outburst of boisterous mirth on the forecastle, which attracted me from the graver reflections just recorded; and as I always like to know what Jack laughs at, on stepping forward to get an inkling of the fun I found a supernumerary "green hand," in the shape of our own house servant, squatted on deck beside a heap of potatoes on an old sail, busily engaged "picking" or taking the long growth out of their eyes ready for boiling, and getting "roasted" at the same time himself.

"So ye din't know afore, Bob, as potatoes could sing so nicely," said the ringleading Jack to the landsman, who it appears had gravely reported that he heard mice "singing" in the sail-room, where he was found a short time before on all fours, with his head in a listening attitude, and "declaring he heard mice singing! altho' he wouldn't swear it wasn't rats!"

No one else, however, could make out anything beyond the occasional creaking of a rudder iron, not certainly the melodious kind of sound reported by Bob! and it was thus clear that his aural organs must have been at fault, at least so any one would have said who didn't know that while Bob was down in the sail room getting out some potatoes from a bin of them kept there, a fun-loving Jack then at the helm, occasionally stooped close to the sail room hatch, and gave an intimation of rats or mice squeaking, worthy of Love's ventriloquial powers. Bob was puzzled, but stuck to his own opinion until at length it was suggested to him, that the music arose from the strong growth of the potatoes! bearing as they did evident marks of great luxuriance in this respect; and so satisfied was he with this philosophical explanation of the music, that the bin was speedily cleared out, and our stock of old potatoes benefited by a complete overhaul on deck, and there was no more heard of the mice!

Having skimmed along the beautifully wooded coast from Largs to the Cloch Light-house, we were now rounding in to the pretty little bay of Gourrock, where the Royal Northern Club-vessel "Orion" was at anchor with several other yachts, but having some little "overhauling" to do on board, we held on and brought up at a mooring, or rather

warping buoy, right abreast of the Custom-house quay of Greenock ;—not however before we had run our jib-boom over the quarter of a tiny river steamer laying alongside the quay, right into the thick of a holiday crowd of passengers, so closely packed on deck that our slender spar finding no room to disport itself in the dense mass of wrothful Glasgow Baillies, and frightened crinoline, shoved us quietly clear again of its own accord.

Our berth although anything but pleasant from the continual smoke of the eternal steamers and town combined; yet it certainly was highly amusing to watch the endless succession of little river steamers, whose name is "Legion" darting frantically past us in every direction :—pat-tat-tat-tat" "pat-tat-tat-tat"—whirr-rr-rr"—"whirr-rr-rr", vomiting thick smoke and clouds of steam like so many little demons ;—flying at railway speed;—which some of them announced to the public by having "Railway Boats" painted on their paddle-boxes ; some with bands of music (which our supernumerary "*green* hand" was made to understand came from the steamer's *sail room* worked by the engine!)—and others decked out in bunting under the title of "Excursion boats"; but all having their decks crowded with gaily dressed "Glasgowegians" rushing out of their every day toil and smoke to breathe the fresh air of their innumerable "watering places," or as they call it "going to the saut water."

And where these crowds go to, would puzzle a stranger who did not know what a host of "watering places" have sprung into existence on the banks of the noble Clyde ;—Gourock, Innerkip, Largs, Millport, Helensburgh, Row, Roseneath, Gairloch, Lochlong, Kilmun, Dunoon, Rothsay, and tho' last not the least charming Lamlash, and Brodick in the Island of Arran ; into one and all of which the hard-worked citizens of Glasgow are poured out every Saturday afternoon during the summer, returning with refreshed energies to their toil and smoke on the Monday morning.

Nor is it to be forgotten, in speaking of these numberless watering places, how much they add to the attractions of the Clyde as a yachting locality:—for cruise where you will amongst them, you find an endless variety, not only of scenery, but of human nature, to my mind by far the most interesting and agreeable study of the two, more particularly when the subjects happen to be its *fairer* portion, a predilection which I think I may *fairly* assert as that of all true hearted yachtsmen. And a goodly turn out of that *fair* portion is never lacking at the Clyde watering places,—for be it remembered that "all the world"—that is all the Glasgow "world and his wife," go "to the saut water;" from her

Merchant Princes, her great Lord Provosts, and her immortal Baillies, descendants of the veritable "Baillie Nicol Jarvie," and

"His faither, the Deacon afore him,"

down to the humblest artisan : so that drop your mud-hook abreast of a watering place where you will, you are sure to meet with the most hospitable of friends, the fairest of fair Scotia's daughters ; crowds of hard working-men, and clouds of gay crinoline.

But having set a-foot our intended "overhaul," renewal of paint, &c., we must now set out on our numerous excursions, which are rendered so easy from the great facilities of Rail and Steam, and although for yachtsmen visiting the Clyde, Gourock Bay may be found quieter and cleaner head quarters, yet Greenock is so centrally situate, with railway communication to all parts, besides the exciting interest of the busy port itself, and the facilities of getting odd jobs done or shipping supplies purchased, that we give it the preference for a few days stay—the clouds of smoke and steam notwithstanding.

And first for a trip up the river!—not by rail, although you can do so, but by steamer; a stroke or two of the gigs oars get us on board one of our will-o'-the-wisp friends that have been cutting about us so frantically, and away we are boiled and steamed at the rate of 18 miles an hour.

Noble river ! thou art still the same, in beauty and in worth, as when in years gone by we were no stranger to thy fair and placid waters, or thy fairer much loved banks;—still flowing on in silent grandeur, wafting the golden produce of foreign climes from a thousand shores to enrich the commerce of the world;—still smiling in beauty at the foot of they romantic Dumbarton rock, up whose boldest jagged river sides I remember to have clambered once in the

"Merry days when we were young,"

cautiously from crevice to crevice in the perpendicular rocks, each step a toss up choice 'twixt life and death,' up, up to the very sentry's parapet! and all forsooth to disprove the oft heard assertion of the fortress's impregnability in days of yore save from the land side. Still stands thine ivy clad ruins of Dunglass, whose rock is now so fitly crowned with a tribute to thy noblest benefactor, Henry Bell ! and not only thine ! the world's ! the cold ungrateful, thankless world ! ! that left to live and die in little short of poverty, the man whose ingenious talent so increased *her* wealth and added another laurel to her wreath of fame ! ! Still smile in greenest verdure thy luxuriant woods and verdant sward around thy nobles' mansions and thy princely merchants' villas !

So far thou art the same fair river, and wilt be doubtless still when the teeming tens of thousand immortal souls who now so blithely career upon thy crowded surface, and thy busy manufacturing banks, are wafted like thy waters to eternity! But changes too thou hast thyself undergone! thy waters that once in places could be *forded*, are now deepened by unceasing labour and enterprise so as to speed safely on their way the largest ships and finest ocean steamers! While on thy banks have risen work after work, mill after mill, and iron shipbuilding yards, one after another, until now for many a mile thy once placid sides have become as one huge workshop with the never-ceasing din of ten thousand busy hammers at work, click-click, clank-clank, bang-bang, on either side of the bewildered visitor as he approaches nearer to the great commercial metropolis of the west.

But now we have arrived and stand once more upon the well known wonderful "Broomielaw" of Glasgow! once more! after a long term of absence!

Dear old city! as noisy, as busy, and as smoky as ever! well mayest thou feel a worthy pride in thy self wrought greatness,—great not only in thy world-wide *commerce*, with thy merchant princes, some of them yachtsmen too of the right stamp; but great in *arts and manufactures*, entwined with the memory of a Watt, and the ingenuity of a Napier;—great too, in *literature*, so ably represented by thy proudly-cherished Alison, the first historian of the age; and tho' last not least in greatness have been thy *military* sons, from the lamented Sir John Moore of fondly cherished memory, to the gallant Sir Colin Campbell, now so bravely fighting our battles in the far East.

What associations crowd upon thy whilom son as he revisits the city of his venerated "Alma Mater," and gazes back on the sunny days of youth! Associations—some of them, oh! how sweet; and some alas! too sad, too sacred, to mingle with these "Reminiscences."

So let us dash aside the involuntary moisture of the eye, and hasten our ramble through the town, as we have to get back to-night to our "home on the ocean,"—our trusty Wildflower; which we did by railway, after a busy day's sight-seeing for the benefit of those of us who were strangers; but all ready for an early start on some other excursion in the morning.

Our next trip was up Lochlong by steamer; crossing from Arrochar to Tarbet on Loch Lomond, where we took the steamer on this beautiful lake to Balloch, posting from thence across the hills to Helensburgh, and steaming it again in one of our little demoniacal Railway boat friends across to the yacht, or as we soon get accustomed to call it "home."

Strange but charming inconsistency! reversing the order of things in one's domestic economy, until we find ourselves, quietly stepping on board the well-appointed gig, and pulling away from friends on shore,—what most rational people would call “going afloat,” but what we call “going home!”

Having thus made several excursions, and seen all that was most worth seeing in this romantically beautiful country, extending our rambles as far eastward as Edinburgh, (where we were fortunate in seeing a good turn-out of “Modern Athenian” beauty at a flower show in the Zoological Gardens,) we slipped away on a Saturday afternoon, from amongst our smoking, steaming, greased-flash-of-lightning little friends, which we couldn't held comparing to so many ants, cutting in and out;—in and out, (apparently over each other's backs too,) while the custom house quay of Greenock fitly represented the ant hill!

Although we started, fast to the tail of one of these same ants, alias a tug steamer, thinking we saw a breeze at the “tail of the bank,” where we set sail, we soon found that no progress was likely to be made, and therefore brought up in Gourock bay, determined to act on the “never-sail-on-Sunday” principle learned by former experience, and consequently left our anchor to spend a Scottish Sabbath in Scottish peace and quietness at the bottom of four fathom water.

Next day, Sunday, we might as well have kept company with our anchor, so far as water was concerned, for there seemed quite as much of it overhead as under foot, only it was fresh, coming down from the clouds in unremitting torrents all day! Still we ventured through it to go to church, and well repaid we were for doing so, by hearing as good a sermon preached as ever came from a pulpit, or I should rather say from a heart, for that it came from thence we well knew by feeling how it must have reached the heart of every one who heard it, as we knew it did our own; so much so that I believe we Wildflowers, at least all of us who had the good fortune to go to church, wouldn't have objected to keep our anchor down for a whole week of Sundays, to hear such heart-stirring, love-inspiring, heaven-ward leading truths, as that day resounded within the walls of Gourock church, from the worthy lips of the Rev. Mr. —, a clergyman from a parish in Ayrshire, doing duty here, (as we learnt) for that day only.

Another good lesson this, although of a very different and pleasing kind, never to set sail on a Sunday: and right glad we were that we didn't—but with Monday's dawn we were off for the Irish Channel again; outside the Cumbraes this time, so that we could only peep at

Wull Fife's clippers in imagination, as we passed, and wonder what the next was to be.

Ailsa rock alongside again, the wind ahead, and consequently standing away across to the Irish coast, as if in pursuit of "the Maidens,"—I do not mean those "fair maidens" that my friend spun his yarn about in the last chapter. I only wish it were, instead of as ugly a lot of maidens as one would ever wish to keep a respectful distance from, in the shape of rocks off the mouth of Langharne Lough :—but we are not quite bound for dear old Ireland yet, so round we come, and are now looking somewhere about Port Patrick, with Stranrear Loch on the Scotch coast under our lee in case of need; though I can't say that Harbours of Refuge are a weakness with the Wildflower at any time, much less on such a night as this, with a fine breeze and smooth water, although it didn't look at all unlikely to blow "great guns" before long, and which it did too.

Meanwhile a look at this northern part of "Erin's Fair Isle," as we smoke our cigar on deck, brings very vividly to my recollection the first time we ever stepped on the "green sod," for it was round there, away to the westward at Ballycastle; and a funny enough cruise it was as you will say when I tell you *how* and in *what* we made it.

I was not then owner of the Wildflower, although in full possession of the first half of her name, being "Wild" enough in all conscience, as most boys are at 17 or 18 years of age.

"It was long, long ago, that happening to be in the Island of Islay in the halcyon days of the then princely proprietor of that Island, I took it into my head to make a cruise across to Ireland, it seeming so very near and so easily accomplished; but in what way did not seem at the moment quite so clear. Once in my head, however, the idea could not easily be got out of it, and every morning (being then at the south-east side of the island,) the inviting cliffs of the Emerald Isle stood out in bold relief, only some five and twenty miles distant, offering a temptation which became so irresistible that I soon prevailed on the owner of a small fishing smack, open, but of goodly size, to make the run across on the first fine day, (which I was myself to select) only cautioning me to keep off the next, as they did not like the looks of the weather. Next day, however, I found they were wrong in their prognostications, and accordingly set out in search of our craft, which to my great annoyance I found was out with a fleet of similar boats fishing, *not* expecting that I would start that day; but start I must, so getting hold of a little dinghy or punt, about 12 feet keel, with a couple of hands, and a small pocket handkerchief sort of lug sail, I set out in search of the fishing

smack, which the men seemed to recognise at no great distance off, intending to ship myself on board, and then and there set sail for the, to me, "land of promise."

We pulled away stoutly, and altho' as the story book goes, "it was a long way off we weren't long of reaching," but it was not the boat we were in search of, nor was she to be seen! So, what to do was the question: would the smack we were alongside of now give up her fishing and ship me for Ballycastle? "No! certainly not;" they had nothing on board, water or anything else. We then tried another and another, but all to no purpose, and as it didn't seem probable that, having recourse to violence on the high seas, and piratically walking off with one of these little sailing craft, was likely to succeed, when persuasion had failed, I was at my wits ends; scratching my young stubborn head with unbecoming impetuosity. We had in the boat a big bottle of "best Islay," double distilled, real "*Laguavullin*," pure and unbaptised;—so after a pull at it all round, i.e. my crew of two hands and myself! a council of war was held, in which I propounded the bold notion of cutting across in our own craft, just as we were, being already a good four or five miles out to sea and all on our course!

"Ga tche an dhiaoul!—cha n'urrin dhuinn!"* said one of my crew, while the other more ready to humour a self willed boy, came out with "Nach urrin? ha mi hae tollicht."† So being two to one, away we went with our little open punt! No provisions to speak of; only a small jug of water and a bottle of grog! hoisting our little lug sail, and steering with an oar! no compass! no chart! nothing to guide us across the Channel but a look ahead at Rathlin island, frowning in the distance close to Ballycastle, and much that would have done for us had we met with a fog, or heavy weather to blow us out to sea!

But how we reached Ballycastle, how we returned to Islay, how we were storm-stayed at Rathlin, and how we there were ministered to by a fairy in the guise of one of Eve's fair daughters, must be chronicled in our next chapter.

* "What the d—! we couldn't do it!"

† "Can't we! I'm willing for one."

(To be continued.)

CRUISE OF THE ALLEN GARDINER.

Extract from "A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego," by W. Parker Snow.

IN running down the coast of South America, consideration should be had as to the season of the year. It is well known that the local monsoons prevail to some distance off the coast ; and my own impression is that they extend farther than is generally supposed. Proof for or against this idea can readily be obtained by reference to the various logs now accumulating in the hands of the official authorities appointed to collect and examine them ; and, though I should like to inspect and compare for myself, yet my space here forbids the subject being attended to more than in the general form I am now adopting.

Proceeding to the southward, I would suggest that the mouth of the river Plata be crossed inside of soundings ; and the edge of the bank off Cape Corrientes struck for bottom, even as directed by the official sailing directions. I would not go too far in, on account of the strong current which occasionally runs to the north-west, which might place a vessel in thick weather too near the dangerous and low Cape of Antonio. Not but what even this may be altogether guarded against by careful attention to the lead, and not running inside of fifteen fathoms ; nevertheless, it is as well to have sufficient sea-room when this current is detected, as it is almost invariably the forerunner of a southerly or south-easterly wind. If the wind is fair, and weather clear, I would say, sight the land about Cape Corrientes, and verify your chronometer, as it may happen that you have few opportunities of getting observations afterwards, and one good observation with the time to be well depended on may save not only much anxiety, but possibly the ship.

It has been suggested that ships should keep the Patagonian coasts in sight, just topping on the horizon, but I do not think this is necessary. The nine passages that I made, up and down, between the Rio Plata and the Falklands, induced me to form the opinion that a course on the edge of the bank of soundings three parts of the way, and then straight to a weatherly point of your destination, is quite as well as being too far in. If the tracks I have given on the chart are examined, it will be seen what were our extreme limits, east and west ; and I believe that simple attention to the winds, with a correct knowledge of their movements, is all that is needed. It may, however, happen that there occurs a longer prevalence of *south-westerly* winds than I ever encountered ; and to be

prepared for this, it would be well to keep more westerly than otherwise. If a vessel is bound round the Horn, and is sure of her position, there would be no occasion for sighting the Falklands, unless under the circumstances I have spoken of in my ideas concerning those islands as a penal settlement. Otherwise, I would consider it well to keep as much as possible on a curved line, following the bend of the coast, and thus ensuring, in seven tenths of the cases, smooth water with an off-shore wind.

Between the river Plata and the Falklands the bank of soundings is, except at the curve, laid down very accurately. I have crossed and recrossed it to try its correctness; and on one occasion, during thick weather, I have made my way almost entirely depending upon it for our position. So with the approach to the Falklands from the northward. Soundings may be obtained in good time to prevent any danger except at the north-east corner, Cape Carysfort, where the bank runs almost close in, and where a light would be of great service if erected. It should not be forgotten that there is a current to the north-east, which, I think, is a part of the Cape Horn drift, rushing round Staten Land, and past the Falklands. I have found this current 500 miles from those islands, and sea-weed, and a commotion in the waters have often strongly marked its existence. I also imagine that several banks of lesser soundings may be met with other than those placed on the general charts; for I have occasionally passed indications that led me to think bottom could have been obtained if I had been provided with a proper apparatus. In a small ship and with my weak crew, the use of the deep sea-lead could not often be resorted to; but the place alluded to by Captain Boys of H. M. ship *Express*, I have twice gone over, and, to a certain extent, verified his soundings.

The approach to the Rio Plata from the southward is, from its very danger the best to make way by Cape Antonio, rather than by stretching across to Cape Sta. Maria. I have gone up to Monte Video in bad weather, depending wholly upon my soundings, having only once, some days before, seen the low land about Mendano. It is the lead that saves everything; and it is even the lead that I used as a ground log, by throwing a heavy one, and taking its bearing as it "grewed" away from the ship, and thus making an estimation for tide or current.

On the way to the Falklands penguins may be seen and heard full 300 miles from the nearest land. They need not, therefore, cause any alarm as to the supposition of being too near the coast. One sign, however, is well worth noting. It is that of a diver bird called the "shag", and which we used to denominate the Falkland Island Pilot.

They fly around and around you, in countless numbers, with a fluttering and loud noise peculiar to themselves. Taking a long line, they follow each other in beautiful order; and their swift and dazzling flight has a singular effect when first falling in with them. They are probably too well known to need any description here; but to my young brother mariners, I would say that the bird may be distinguished by its long neck and its frequent exudations of a red colour upon and about the ship. I have never found it more than *ten miles off*, and very often a less distance. I have, however, been told it flies farther away; but I should recommend a stranger to be on his guard in approaching the land directly one of these birds is to be seen. I remember once running in thick weather confidently on my course to the Falklands as I neared the coast trusting entirely to the lead and to this bird; and when we had run our distance, estimated in this manner, I found by the land, about Port Salvador, then in sight through the mist, that our position was quite correct.

Of the Falkland Islands, I need only say, that the Admiralty sailing directions and charts are so correct that I know of hardly anything to be added. A vessel may with perfect confidence rest upon them; and night or day, run boldly on with nothing more than strict attention to what is there said. The light on Cape Pembroke is seen fourteen miles off in its *full* light, and eleven miles off in its secondary light, that is at its dimness after being lit a few hours. Its bearings are as follows:—Outer Rock, off Volunteer Point, on with the light S. 21° E. magnetic. Centre of Wolf Rock, a little within the light, W. 5½° N. magnetic. By the friendly aid of this light I have, without any fear cleared the Uranie and Volunteer Rocks, and entered Port William and Stanley Harbour on two or three occasions at night, and in all weathers.

To the westward, the Eddystone Rock is an excellent mark from sea. It has always appeared to me like a large ship under full sail except her royals; and, as it can be approached to within a cable's length, advantage may be taken of it when running from the westward, or beating up along shore.

Of the other ports, little need be said at present. If the islands should come more into note, many of them will be found most useful; and especially those about the locality of Port Egmont and Keppel Island. The North-east reef on this island is rather in the way for entering a good anchorage; but it also acts as an excellent breakwater, and therefore is not to be abused. A reference to my narrative itself will better give such information as may be needed on particular parts than anything to be said here, unless I went into the subject more fully

than, from want of space, I am at present able to do. Suffice it, that there are few places in the world with more numerous and better harbours, and directions to enter them, than the Falkland Islands; and I trust the day will yet come when many ships will be either calling there for refreshments or taking refuge there, if compelled to go somewhere from damages incurred elsewhere.

From the Falklands to Cape Horn there is, in my opinion, but one good track, and that is through the Straits of Le Maire. To go eastward of Staten Island seems unnecessary, even if it were not losing what may, from the prevalent winds, be called a weatherly position. Nor do I see that there is the great danger many suppose,—that is, danger worse than going round Cape St. John's; and therefore I would strongly recommend that every vessel coming from the North, should sight the Three Brothers on Tierra del Fuego, and pass through the Straits according to wind and tide. If the wind is adverse, a lee can always be obtained by falling back and dodging about under the land between Cape San Vincent and Cape San Paulo; if the wind is fair, I would recommend the shortest possible track to the Horn, even if not, as I myself would prefer, keeping along the coast, going through Oglander Bay, Goree Roads, Nassau Bay, and out by False Cape Horn, the whole passage perfectly safe, and having the advantage of smooth water, and opportunity, if need be, to anchor at night and replenish wood and water. Should bad weather come on, there are several harbours and places where excellent shelter may be obtained:—Banner Cove in Picton Island, the east of Picton Island itself; or under New Island; Richmond Roads or Lennox Cove, Goree Roads, Orange Bay, Gretton Bay, Victoria Harbour, and Middle Cove, are all easy of access, and perfectly safe; and I have no doubt there are also others equally so, only they have not been properly surveyed.

It is on this especial portion of my subject that I should like to have dwelt more at length; but, as it concerns the nautical more than the general reader, I must endeavour to be brief. Let me therefore again repeat my suggestions about taking the passage I have named inside of all, and altogether avoiding Cape Horn. Many reasons I would give in favour of it, and not the least is, that it puts a vessel in a more weatherly position. Of course I speak upon the supposition that the wind is from the north or north-west: if it be from the south or south-west, then the obstacle to any progress in the way I have named would be equally great, and indeed more so, in the usual route pursued outside of all. Let us take the case in any form it might present itself; and we will begin with a vessel bound to California with the wind at

north. Rapidly she passes through Le Maire Straits, and, in the old fashion, steers for the Horn. Signs of bad weather and a shift of wind appear; she therefore keeps well south to have plenty of room, and avoid the heavy gusts that come round the pitch of the Cape close to: the change takes place, and for days, probably, she is knocking about as scores of vessels do, wearing and tearing herself to pieces. On the other hand, suppose that this same vessel on passing through the Straits took the passage I have named. Night comes on, or dirty weather, or a change of wind. What can she do? Why, if only just through the Straits, run back and get a lee under the land between Cape San Vincent, &c., as I have already mentioned: if far enough on, take to Banner Cove, or any of the places enumerated as in her neighbourhood; and there waiting till the wind again got favorable, not only save herself much possible damage, but refresh and invigorate every one on board. I am aware that many objections may be made about insurance and risk, &c., but I hope to see the insurance offices themselves recommending this; and, looking still farther ahead, I would say,—in answer to another possible objection about being too long detained by a southerly wind that would keep a vessel from getting out of this passage, while, if to the southward of the Horn, it would be fair for going to the northwest,—there are numerous passages by which a vessel with such a wind might go on, even if she took the Beagle Channel, though until it is officially recognised of course it could not be generally followed. My own impression is that the Straits of Magellan are no better than the route I have named; but, as I have had no experience of the former, I cannot positively determine. At all events, I merely give my ideas as suggestions for the attention of others.

The hammering that vessels get off the Horn is such that everything bearing upon the appearance of a remedy should be brought forward; and amongst other thoughts that came into my head while cruising about the neighbourhood was the possible advantage of such a harbour as that discovered in Wollaston Island by the Americans, and entered by myself. I mean Victoria Harbour, as I have called it,—Sea Gull Harbour on the American charts. It is a pleasant and secure place, easy of access, through Sea Gull Stream passage, or, as I imagine (for I did not go all the way through), by Washington Channel; and if a vessel when to the westward of the Horn, was caught in heavy weather, she might bear up for it with ease. I am inclined to think, from the view I obtained when at the top of Mount Franklin, that Bailey and Wollaston Islands are a cluster of smaller islands, and that there are passages from Hatley Bay, Scourfield Bay, Kendal Harbour, into Albert Sound,

and from Beaufort Bay into Victoria Harbour. Indeed, when passing Scourfield Bay I saw water which I am almost certain led right through into Franklin Sound, as well as an opening to the west. Thus, then, I imagine that there are several passages yet to be discovered, not only in Wollaston and Bailey Islands, but also in Hardy Peninsula and Hoste Island ; all or some of which may prove useful for shelter to shipping. And likewise, in the close vicinity of Cape Horn, the passage between Deception and Herschel Islands is perfectly safe ; and vessels caught in bad weather bear up here and anchor under the lee of Herschel in complete safety. But I need not enlarge any more on this point. I find that it has already attracted attention in the American Sailing Directions, at least, so far as going through Nassau Bay is concerned,—and I will, therefore, only again urge a consideration of the subject, and hope it may receive more notice from others.

Before I leave this neighbourhood, let me say a word in favour of an idea that has frequently crossed my mind in reference to the navigation of Cape Horn.

What a boon to mariners would be a light placed there ! And that such might be carried into effect by the general consent of all nations having, or conceiving themselves to have, a claim to that wild land, or an interest in its stormy seas, I venture to say. The scientific world has begun a good thing by a personal conference and union in reference to the phenomena of the winds at sea ; is it, therefore, too much to hope that there will yet be a general conference and union in the mercantile world in reference to the farther exploring and the better establishing doubtful localities, and the fixing good beacon lights on such important headlands as Cape Horn and the Diego Ramirez ? At all events, let Great Britain and America not be backward in this ; particularly if the former, as it is to hoped, now intends to improve the Falkland Islands. Easy would it be from there, especially if made a penal settlement, to accomplish what I have hinted at ; and, to pay the expense, the smallest trifling toll upon every vessel clearing out for round the Horn would be sufficient. Possibly, we may care nothing about this ; but if we do not, others will. The Americans—those hardy, enterprising followers of the “Stars and Stripes”—men full of science and of daring, wheresoever aught is new or aught to be adventured—they, by their logs and published reports shew that they are not negligent of all that I here allude to : also the tricolor, allied to us by our national unity, has been floating about the Patagonian seas in earnest seeking ; and the gaudy flag of Spain is well known as a claimant upon all those lands of Southern America. But there is a young and pushing State already fast verging

into manhood, and whose eagle glances are now fixed upon those lands. Aided by the rejected of England, to whom she liberally gives encouragement, her dashing flag is now carried to many places where, until lately, it was perfectly unknown ; and she can boast of men in her employ who are both capable and willing to aid her plans for future aggrandisement and renown. Let it not be said, then, that these are beforehand with us in what must ultimately prove so beneficial to the maritime world. We have done much by the admirable survey made under the present Rear-Admiral Fitzroy ; let us do a little more, and see if it be possible to put a light on or about the neighbourhood of Cape Horn.

A LECTURE ON THE MEASUREMENT OF YACHTS.

THE lecture was delivered at the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, by Mr. Ash, a draughtsman of the firm of Mare & Co., Blackwall.

" The systems adopted for the measurement of yachts at the different ports round the coast where regattas take place, being mostly different, are a source of great inconvenience and annoyance to all yachtsmen, besides being frequently the means of breaking up the matches altogether. The three metropolitan yacht clubs have very wisely come to measure by the same rule, which may be considered a tolerably just one. Where it errs in my opinion I shall certainly shortly advert to. It is also adopted by some clubs at the outports, but what should be done is the adoption by all of one general rule. To show the discrepancy in the tonnage measurement at different regattas it may be stated that—

The Thought	measures at Ryde.....	25 tons.
"	in the Thames.....	29 "
The Amazon	" at Harwich.....	48 "
"	in the Thames.....	42 "
The Wildfire	" at Cowes.....	66 "
"	at Plymouth.....	52 "
The Vestal	" at Cowes.....	81 "
"	in the Thames.....	74 "
The Extravaganza	at Cowes.....	57 "
"	in the Thames.....	48 "
The Mosquito	" at Cowes.....	70 "
"	at Cork.....	60 "
"	at Plymouth.....	50 "

A yacht owner is frequently disgusted on taking his vessel round to some regatta when he finds that he is not allowed to sail by the correct tonnage; but his vessel has to be put ashore perhaps, or at any rate re-measured every time he sails, which may be twice or thrice a week during the season. Then again, protests take place, even after the match is over, and from these causes

combined with others, it is well known that many men possessing beautiful yachts decline entering them in matches.

"The question of tonnage measurement has frequently been the subject of controversy as respect raking or upright stern posts. This has no real connection with the subject now, but it had an adventitious importance at the time, from the circumstance of the measurement being taken at the keel as one of the elements. It appears to me that the most proper measurement would be on the water line, that is, taking the extreme length and breadth at that line, and if extended below that line in either dimensions, the excess to be reckoned as tonnage. My reason for adopting the above measurement is, that in all cases the builder or owner should not be restricted in any way whatever, leaving each to decide for himself whether he would have an upright stem or stern post. The present mode of measuring I hold to be unfair, as in the case of an owner who wishes to have his stem to rake forwards, he incurs the penalty of increased tonnage, although, the water line being the same, his vessel has really no more effective force. I may mention a case in point, the *Undine*, with a raking stem, which is measured under the present plan, and which rake actually takes away her fore foot, thus acting against her in two points.

"I am aware that many modes of measurement have been, but in most I find great restrictions put on the builder. Now, as yachts are the means of determining the best form of vessel adapted for sailing purposes, I think you will agree with me there ought to be as little of the kind as possible; some have proposed that the depth be taken into consideration, but this also would trammel the builder too much. The rule of measuring from the fore part of the stem on deck is virtually saying, 'You shall build your yacht with an upright stem and no other,' and it would be quite as fair to measure aft as the taffrail, including all the overhang, as to measure to the fore part of the stem, including all the overhang forward.

The plan adopted by the New York Yacht Club, and recommended by Mr. Marett, in his "Treatise on Yachts and Yacht Building," to class yachts for racing purposes, is to measure the sails, leaving the size of the hull out entirely, which they consider would give, in all cases, the best formed vessel the advantage, as, by so doing, the balloon sails would be taken into consideration and charged accordingly. Now I see many objections to this plan. Thus, if one vessel be able to carry a greater press of canvas than another, both being of the same size of course, it would show a superiority of model in that one respect, but it does not follow that she is the faster of the two. Again, supposing we have a large vessel of 50 tons, and another of 30, with the same amount of canvas, we have the same amount of pressure, and the centre of effort in both cases alike; that is to say, the same height above the centre of displacement, consequently the same leverage. What would be the result on a calm day? The larger hull would stand no chance with the smaller. Now, suppose it is blowing fresh, the case would be reversed.

"It was proposed by Mr. Ackers, the Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, that yachts should be measured by their length only. The effect

of this would be to create a class of tub-shaped boats, with enormous sails and spars in proportion to their length. It has been proposed that depth should be charged in tonnage, but this would also be an injustice; for suppose a vessel had a keel four feet deep, you would probably have less hull than in, another vessel, and yet be charged more for tonnage. It is true, you might gain in lateral resistance, but I do not consider this in all cases equal to a downward pressure; therefore, in this case, the tendency would be to build very shallow vessels with great beam.

"It has been proposed also to measure yachts by taking their actual displacement, but this you would have a difficulty in getting, as I do not believe many of our shipbuilders could calculate this without mentioning the centre of effort, the irregular determination of which I believe to be the primary cause of our getting one year a good vessel and the next an inferior one from the same builder.

"Again, if they were in a position to do so, they would hardly be impartial judges; and besides, they would object to give their designs into other hands for the purposes of computation. The object of these few remarks is, therefore, to urge an attempt to amalgamate all our yacht clubs by the same rule of tonnage. There is, no doubt, great difficulty in effecting this, chiefly from the lukewarmness of members of the clubs, and even of the members themselves, who may require the stimulus of a protest to rouse them to unite with each other towards this most desirable end. It would be highly proper that some rule should be passed in every club, that when vessels are entered into their lists, their tonnage should be distinctly painted or carved on one of the main beams, so that her size might be at once ascertained without cavil. In case of any alteration in her size, this mark to be likewise altered."

A FEARFUL ADVENTURE ON THE GREAT WATERS, OUT-WEATHERED BY THE YACHT TRAVELLER,

Reduced to Rhyme by an eye-witness, who thanks his stars that he still survives to subscribe himself.—ASPERN LEAF.

Now, would you like to hear a tale
Of very serious mishaps,
The "*Traveller*" met with in a gale
Full of Model Yacht Club chaps.
A silver cup brought on a match—
Five Yachts were named to win it—
Two came really to the "scratch,"
And one, with a YACHTSMAN in it.

With Beef and Beer, and Pastry too,
With weather so calm and kind,
With *Folly* shipped among our crew,
Soon that house we left behind.
With awful pace—that is, *three knots*—
We neared North Woolwich shore;
There smiling at the rival yachts,
Stood Eltham—our bold Commodore!

The duties of the day began;
 Now where's *Eugene* and *Cupid*?
 That little *Boy* forgot to "Man,"
 Which you know was very stupid.
 What's to be done—*Eugenie* sighed;
 How much 'twill vex and grieve him
 To be left behind!—And beside
I know the time to leave him."

"*Cupid* must sail," the umpire said,
 "Or we'll wait until December;
 "How can a match with *one* be made;
 "What's *Cupid* without, a 'member?' "
 This fix "*two Bobbies*" overcame,
 And they deserve our praises;
 They left the *Travell'r*, sailed for Fame
 They did sail, too, like blazes!

What charming sport the yachtsman sees,
 When his emulation rises,
 Sets his own sail to catch the breeze,
 For pleasure or for prizes!
 Oh! *Lawson*, this reflection brings
 Thy lukewarm yachting spirit home:
 Yachts arn't among those many things
 Which we must take them as they come!

Bang! goes a gun—a second flash,
 And all was animation—
 A three-knot breeze—along they dash
 For victory, or vexation.
 They scarcely reached the *Ovan's* buoy,
 At this you will not wonder;
 The sky was black, and where's the joy
 Of sailing into thunder?

Gun number three! then homeward bound,
 The *Travell'r* and *Eugenie*,
 Young *Cupid*—he could not be found;
 A misnamed, luckless ninny!
 'Twas whisper'd, but could not be true,
 (Mind—"keep this *dark*" between us)
 On *Erith's* shore poor *Cupid's* crew
 Were seeking his mother, *Venus*.

At *Rainham* this great match was o'er,
 And calm enough it ended;
 We saw not then the extremes in store
 Of warring elements blended.
 The wind came whistling through our shrouds,
 The sudden waves were dash'd
 All hell seem'd loose beneath the clouds,
 As the vivid lightning flash'd.

Our crew soon found the use of tongues,
 And shouted loud at such luck;
 Our leader shewed no want of lungs,
 Though he sadly wanted *pluck*.
 Perhaps he thought the time was come
 For friends on shore to mourn us;—
 "Was not *prepared*," he was not dumb,—
*He would not be a *Jenas*!*

* The L. M. Y. C. Sailing Rules require that a member only shall be privileged to take the helm in a match.

"Run the *Traveller* on the ground—
 There let her be dashed to pieces :
 I'd rather give a hundred pound
 Than face such a storm as this is."
 Commodore spoke thus loud and quick,
 Hailing boats till he was hoarse
 His nearest antitype "*Kim, Dick*"
 Offering "Kingdoms for a horse."

Thou demon Fear : thy spirit clings,
 Like thy paleness on our faces ;
 We felt that *Cupid* lost his wings
 In Boreas' wild embraces !—
 Did graceful *Eugene* still survive ?
 Fear gave us the presentiment,
 She'd shewn a Crabb the way to dive
 Into his native element !

Safe moor'd at last, near Woolwich Reach,
 (Oh ! the shore look'd so inviting)
 Here Harrison began to preach,
 In the style he takes delight in.
 Five in a boat soon reached the shore,
 And to Abbey wood were trotting ;
 But they *didn't* say with Commodore,
 "Dam'me, I'm done with yachting."

CLIFFORD'S BOAT LOWERING APPARATUS.

SINCE we last noticed this inestimable invention it has been the means of saving many lives, and we are truly rejoiced to find that the authorities at the Admiralty are at length convinced by the numerous testimonials received by them from naval officers of high standing, that Mr. Clifford's plan is the best that has come under their notice, and it is to be generally adopted in Her Majesty's vessels ; the East India Company also have directed it to be fitted to all their vessels of war ; and we understand that the Emigration Commissioners will not charter any vessel unless provided with the apparatus. This superiority of the plan over all others being now so universally acknowledged by all nautical men, the Government of a maritime country like England should not delay in making it imperative on all owners to fit their ships with it. An argument against this is that it would give the inventor a monopoly, but from the spirit displayed by Mr. C. from the first production of his plan, that he is prompted more by a philanthropic than a pecuniary principle, we believe he would willingly yield his claim if a better system of launching a boat in a heavy sea could be produced. As the case at present stands, he is deserving of the thanks and support of every humane individual.

Those who have heard the appalling cry of a "Man overboard !" will hail the instantaneous means of lowering a boat to the rescue with deep and eternal gratitude to the inventor. This subject brings to our mind feelings of bitter anguish, our own father (when commander of a transport ship during the French war,) accidentally, in a severe gale, fell overboard, and before the

boats could be lowered he sank, but being a good swimmer rose again to the surface, and battled manfully with the waves. Some half hour elapsed ere the boats neared him, and when within a few yards, he sank exhausted, and the sea entombed him for ever * * *

Editor's Locker.

London, February 25th, 1858.

SIR.—I was right glad, as I make no doubt most of your readers were, to see in your last number a continuation of "Yachting Reminiscences by Blue Jacket," who seems to handle his pen as cleverly as I dare say he handles his yacht, *i.e. if he has one!*—for would you believe it? only the other day I heard it gravely asserted that the author of these very interesting "Reminiscences" was not a yachtsman at all; but one of our most popular writers of the day, who perhaps, never was on board a yacht in his life, and wrote from the rough notes of a yachting friend behind the scenes!—just as if we had no literary yachtsmen amongst us, capable of writing their own cruises, and writing them well too, as witness the recent "Letters from high Latitudes," by Lord Dufferin, &c.

Be this as it may, there was one remark in the last chapter of "Yachting Reminiscences," which struck me particularly, viz. that in reference to the small amount of fraternization amongst yachtsmen, referring to the good old practice of the "Royal Northerns" sailing sociably together in fleet, and attributing the cause to the dilution of our yachting spirit into so many yacht clubs.

Now in this I quite agree with "Blue Jacket," and highly approve of his suggestion that we should have only "One Royal Yacht Club for Great Britain," and the sooner such a desirable object can be carried out the better, altho' I much fear the obstacles would be found insuperable so long as we have so many men fonder of *talking* about yachts than of sailing them.

What I wanted however to bring under your notice, as Editor of our only *Yachting Magazine* (long life to it) is *another source* of shortcomings in the social fraternization of yachtsmen afloat, and that is the tenacity with which would-be yachtsmen cling to their *long shore ideas* of class distinction, &c., instead of leaving such notions behind them when they go afloat. Let yachtsmen do as they like ashore, but on the merry ocean, let their '*esprit de corps*' shew itself in a somewhat different way from the following extraordinary state of things, which if our worthy good-hearted friends across the water never chance to see before, they should see now, and as Captain Cuttle used to say, "make a note of," when any of the *aristocratic fleet* alluded to visit their hospitable shores.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Romer to Lady Blessington, and published in the "Life" of the latter by Madden—vol. ii p. 331:—

Oct. 14th, 1839.—At Falmouth we were detained 15 days, in such stress of weather, as it would have been madness to put to sea in!

"The bay was crowded with yachts all bound (or rather windbound) for the same place as ourselves—'Grosvenor Square was assembled at the Land's End,—Lord Yarborough, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Godolphin, Mr. and Lady C. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, formed part of the aristocratic little squadron. There were also two or three yachts belonging to the Irish Yacht Clubs, but they seemed to be looked upon as *aliens* by the others, as distinct from them as Bloomsbury is from Mayfair! I suppose there are nautical as well as hunting 'snobs;' and that these latter being of that sort would have contaminated the others, had they 'come between the wind and their nobility.'"

Beyond transcribing the above, I make no comment;—that would be superfluous, except it might be to ask what most people would be inclined to do, viz. *which are the "snobs?"*—it is clear which were meant by Mrs. Romer, tho' not quite so clear who were best entitled to the appellation.

I remain, &c.,

To the Editor H.Y.M.,

CONRAD.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MARCH.

High Water at London Bridge morn. after.				The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
h. m.		h. m.		h. m.		h. m.	
1	3 10	3 25	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56	
2	3 40	4 0	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough	3 22	
3	4 15	4 30	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast	4 3	
4	4 45	5 0	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton.....	2 29	
5	5 15	5 30	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon.....	4 47	
6	5 50	6 5	Cork Harbour	2 23	Cowes	3 22	
7	6 20	6 40	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar.....	2 56	
8	7 5	7 30	Dudgeon Light...	5 23	Dungeness.....	3 17	
9	8 0	8 45	Eddystone	3 8	Folkestone	3 37	
10	9 35	10 20	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North ..	2 22	
11	11 10	11 50	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South...	2 47	
12	0 25	0 25	Flamboro' Head...	2 23	Gravesend.....	0 37	
13	0 55	1 15	Guernsey Pier....	4 23	Greenwich.....	0 20	
14	1 35	1 55	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich	2 37	
15	2 10	2 30	Humber Mouth...	3 23	Howth Harbour...	2 59	
16	2 45	3 0	Kinsale Harbour	2 23	Ipswich.....	2 7	
17	3 15	3 35	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock...	2 37	
18	3 50	4 5	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft.....	3 37	
19	4 25	4 45	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate.....	2 2	
20	5 0	5 20	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light.....	0 58	
21	5 45	6 5	Swansea.....	3 49	Portsmouth.....	2 27	
22	6 30	7 0	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness.....	1 28	
23	7 30	8 10	Waterford	3 43	Southampton.....	2 27	
24	9 5	9 55	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead.....	4 37	
25	10 45	11 30	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads..	5 27	
26	0 10	0 10	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais	2 19	
27	0 40	1 5	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe.....	3 2	
28	1 25	1 50	Bordeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace...	4 15	
29	2 5	2 20	Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende	1 12	
30	2 40	2 55	Hamburgh.....	3 58	Honfleur.....	4 37	
31	3 10	3 30	Brest.....	1 39	New York	5 7	

All communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, N.W., London.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1858.

REGATTAS AND THEIR PRIZES.

REGATTAS and Sailing Matches on the coast are far different affairs to those on the Thames, which are got up for the gratification of the members of the respective clubs and their friends, whereas the principal portion of the former are held for the pecuniary benefit of the inhabitants of the port or place. The watering places, such as Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., are mostly thronged with company during the summer season, and the chief part of those who constitute that company are persons seeking pleasure and amusement; and without the excitement of a few well contested matches the time would hang heavily on their hands,—a monotonous and dreamy existence would create *ennui*, and instead of benefitting in health and enjoying themselves, and returning delighted to their respective homes, they will come back tired and disgusted with the dull never-changing scene.

The inhabitants of every town that aspires to have a regatta should put forth such a "bill of fare," as will cause the yachts to assemble in force, for it is well known that, even yacht owners who do not race, (their name is "legion,") take great delight in

seeing a harbour or roadstead studded with vessels. This is also a source of profit to the natives, for at most places yachtsmen meet friends, and for days after a regatta their burgees may be seen in the neighbourhood.

Again, it is necessary to offer such prizes as would be acceptable to yacht owners, and thus secure good entries. Money prizes are all very well, but we do not believe the generality of yachtsmen feel very ambitious to gain the cash, they prefer good useful prizes. We have had enough of cups, jugs, and tankards, therefore some other articles should be offered—such as silver teakettles, urns, tea services, ink stands, sextants, telescopes, &c.,—articles that may be brought into daily use, ashore or afloat. These will always be of value, whereas, in a “splendid cup,” there is more paid for the ornamental part than would produce two good solid prizes. A cup said to be of the value of 100 guineas, would not fetch anything like that amount if offered to your silversmith in exchange for a more useful commodity. There is too much *show*, too great a study of the “*fine arts*,” in our prizes; they are certainly as specimens of workmanship and design mostly got up in first-rate style, but the intrinsic value forms a small portion of the amount paid to the manufacturer.

We are of opinion that every man should reap the benefit of his abilities, but we contend there is no necessity for the “*fine arts*,” as displayed in the present prizes. We have heard of a cup, “value 100 guineas,” being changed by the manufacturer a few days after a match for a tea service, £75 was allowed for the much vaunted bauble.

Another instance of the value of these prizes,—a yacht owner won a £50 cup, he did not like it, so sent it to the silversmith who supplied it (who by-the-bye was also his tradesman,) to place it to his account. During the same year he won a second prize, and to his great astonishment it was the same he had won at another place. It was again consigned to the custody of the silversmith; thinking of course it was a hundred or nearly so to his credit. On the following year he was again a winner, when he was surprised by the appearance of his old friend, slightly altered. He was so annoyed and disgusted, that on arriving on board his yacht he placed his foot on it and crushed it: thus destroying it so effectually that it could not be used again. In this condition it was forwarded to his silversmith, on whom he shortly after called, and found that his *three* £50 cups were

placed to his credit at the moderate sum of *thirty-five pounds* ! The remainder being of course absorbed in the artistical and ornamental embellishments of Neptune's tridents and dolphins heads and tails, interspersed with sea weed and shells ;—all very pretty no doubt, but, were they worth the trouble and expense which the winner was compelled to put up with to gain these works of art ?

A late lamented friend, with whom we were once conversing on this subject, drew from beneath a modelling board (at which he was wont to amuse his leisure hours) a box, which on opening revealed to our view a number of dark looking jugs, tankards, and cups, divested of the "fine arts," which he had won at different times, and was *so proud* of his trophies that they were hidden from the eye of the curious. In answer to our question—"Why not use them in the family?" he said, "We have better articles ;—*these for service are useless.*" The conversation that followed was embodied in a letter which appeared in a contemporary, from which we extract this passage—"Who is the gainer by this? The yacht club gains nothing, for the nominal price is paid for the cup, whilst the winner gets a a remarkably ugly and useless piece of plate, which never sees the daylight, and yet one or the other of these is alone interested in the matter. Now if you venture to state thus much, you are generally met with a long tirade about the fine arts ; but I will not admit the fine art argument for one moment, when I see a dolphin in the act of turning a summersault, with a lotus springing from his dorsal fin, or the common claret jug, so well known to winners of £50, ornamented with lily leaves for a handle, and vine leaves encircling the goblet. I see no reason why we should bind ourselves down to accept just what the self-styled "fine arts" choose to force upon us. I would suggest to these gentry the advisability of their ornamenting a prize of our choice in our own manner. There are several useful articles in daily use which many of us for good reasons object to purchase in silver, but which, at the same time, are exactly the things we are proud to possess and to win in a sailing match. I may instance a silver moderator lamp, which has the great advantage of giving the fine arts very considerable space for embellishment; in fact, anything that can be brought into daily use is a better prize, and would be more coveted, than the hideous and useless things that usually come under the category of regatta cups."

A remedy for all this is easily found, if yacht clubs and regatta

committees will take the matter in hand, and not leave it to their manufacturers, who certainly are not to blame, when unrestricted, if they furnish for a prize an ornamental work which will display their ingenuity and ability as artisans. Now is the time, before the regattas and matches are advertised for the plan suggested to be tried, and we are much mistaken if the committees do not receive the approval of racing men.

The arrangement for the regattas not to interfere with each other might be easily settled, if the respective committees would communicate together, and, until they do, some will be shorn of their brilliancy.

UNIVERSAL YACHTING STATION.

WE have been requested by the writer of the subjoined letter to transfer it to our pages, which we freely acquiesce in, more especially as it touches on a subject which yachtsmen (not members of the Royal Yacht Squadron,) are particularly interested in;—namely, a marine residence during their sojourn in the waters of the Solent. It was rumoured that the R.T.Y.C. were likely to inhabit the vacant clubhouse; but we believe it was *only a rumour* set afloat by some one who was anxious to see these great clubs in close proximity. The suggestion of the writer is certainly deserving of attention, and we recommend the metropolitan clubs to take it into consideration.

MR. EDITOR.—I venture to hint to yachtsmen that a chance seems now to offer of obtaining a general rendezvous at Cowes. The R.Y.S. having moved into their new quarters, their old house is vacant. Could not a Club, without any privileges afloat, open to all members of Royal Yacht Clubs, upon ballot, be established, which for a moderate entrance fee and annual subscription, would give its members (the majority of whom would visit these waters during the season) those comforts which cannot be enjoyed at Cowes, except by those comparatively few gentlemen whom the kindness of the R.Y.S. (limited only by their space) invites as visitors. We have, sir, often gone in together for the aquatic honours of our respective universities. May we succeed in promoting a home where we '*jam seniores*' may re-row the matches of former days, and whence I may see a four-oared gig brought alongside, by the unrivalled skill of the most accomplished coxswain and oarsman of any time.

THE UNIVERSITY AND BALLIOL SEVEN.

St. Thomas's, East Cowes.

Tempore 1839.

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.*

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—

CHAPTER VI.

JUVENILE CRUISE EXTRAORDINARY FROM SCOTLAND TO IRELAND—BALLYCASTLE—A DREAM—TABLEAU VIVANT—IRISH HONESTY—ISLAND OF RATHLIN—AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE—GIVEN UP FOR LOST.

How we reached Ballycastle is easily told, for, thanks to a nice little slant of wind and a smooth sea, steering straight for the south end of Rathlin, we met with no difficulty, and arrived safe at Ballycastle, just as it was getting dark, and hauled up our boat amid the astonished gazes of bewildered "natives." We made for the town and "brought to" for the night at a somewhat equivocal looking house of entertainment, which next day turned out to be not exactly the A 1 of the place; *n'importe*, it served our purpose, and soundly enough I slept; not so however my two men, of whose suspicions as to the character of the house and its inmates I was not made aware until next morning early, when I was suddenly roused from a dream in which I found myself at the mouth of a sea cavern surrounded by inaccessible cliffs, and the tide every moment rising higher and higher, while the only chance of rescue was from the boat, which seemed approaching—slowly through the breakers! Oh! how the sea roared and rang in my ears at the time I awoke; but thank goodness it was only a dream,—only a dream! No such thing! for wide awake as I am now, the same unearthly roar of the raging waves still rings in my ears louder than ever!—in name of all that's wonderful what can it be! The room was dark, and only streaks of the approaching daylight admitted through the closed shutters! in an instant I was out of bed, but at that self same instant two things occurred which were in no way calculated to restore my disturbed equanimity;—these two occurrences were first to hear a repetition of the roar right under my bedside; and next, having stumbled over something at my first step, to find myself in the grasp of a man struggling to pull me down! and down I went sure enough, but not before I had my opponent by the throat, and safe under me on the floor! So safe, that there was little chance of his being able to reply to my enquiries as to who he was, and I was just about relaxing somewhat my grasp on his throat to enable

* Continued from p. 87.

him to speak,—when “Master!—oh! master!” “Robbers!—robbers!” rung in my ears, and a pretty hub-bub there was altogether.

“Open the shutters,” I shouted to the man whose voice I recognised; “I have got one of them safe enough.”

The daylight being now admitted, revealed the interesting “tableau vivant,” not of a captured robber, but of “Rob,” one of my own men! who declared that he had no idea “Master had so hard a grip.” And this was all the return poor Rob and his companion got by their friendly concern for “Master’s” safety, which alone they said had induced them to come and pass the night in my room, as “they did na’ like the looks of them Irish d——ls.”

Now this may have been quite true, and of course I did not pretend to dispute it; but an idea did cross my mind at the time that the men’s change of quarters from their own billets to the hard floor of my room was not altogether for my protection. Neither of them had ever been in Ireland before, and their ideas of Irish honesty were somewhat peculiar.

Apropos of “Irish honesty,” it was long after this my first visit to Ireland, that I found myself posting in an Irish car over that most picturesque road,—the New Road as it was then called,—round the coast from Larne to Ballycastle, Coleraine, &c., by Glenarm and Cushendun. It was I think either at the latter place or Cushendall, that we stopped to dine, somewhat late in the evening; by the time we started it was rather dark, but a fine calm night, and so away we jogged right merrily. We had not however gone above a couple of miles or so from the inn, when we heard shouts in the distance behind us, as if calling on us to stop;—by-and-bye these shouts became more audible, and mingled with the clattering of horses’ feet, apparently coming after us at great speed.

“Well, Barney, what do you take that to be? And what are they shouting for do you suppose?”

“Sure thin yer honer—get along my boy;” (to the horse, accompanied by a mild persuasion of his whip). “Sure thin its may be a Peeler it is —”

“But what does he shout for Barney?”

For at that moment, as Barney’s persuasion took effect on the right good, tho’ as usual, blind horse he was driving, the shouts were repeated with renewed vigour, amidst which we could only make out “Stop—stop!” and something which sounded very like—“Curse on ye’s.”

“Agh thin bad luck to him—its no Peeler he’s—and—go-long my darlint,—it isn’t on this lonely mountain he’ll ketch us this same blessed

night." Crack went the whip and away flew our car at a rate down hill far from agreeable, considering that the chances of an upset were rather for than against such an event. But it was no use, for the party in pursuit was clearly gaining on us, so that we could now actually see the horse and rider, still shouting and summoning us to "stop," and still as it seemed to our ears showering "curses" on us.

"Better pull up, Barney, and see what they want."

But Barney was in no humour for an interview, and whispered something about a "murder and robbery" in "them parts," only the winter before.

"But there's two to one, so pull up and lets hear what it is."

Barney didn't pull up, but his horse "gave up," and after a chase of some five miles at least, the pursuing rider was soon close up to us still shouting "stop!" which at length we did, Barney whispering in a state of evident excitement—"Look out yer honor, there's more an' them comin'."

The rider having pulled up, and being challenged with—"What do you want?" the first thing observable was that he had no saddle, and was evidently fatigued with his ride, for it was not until once more challenged that he found breath enough to reply.

"I thou't it was *yew*s, and here's yer honor's *purse* ye left behind yees!"

This speedily accounted for the seeming *curses* that came after us; and finding the purse all right as far as I could judge, the messenger returned well satisfied with the result of his rough ride, which I expressed regret he should have had, but which he declared his readiness to undertake "as often as yer honor likes to lave yer purse again, long life to yer honor!"

Long life to honesty, say I—and if Irish honesty be all like this it might be well to substitute a little of it for the honesty of some other country I could name, where a somewhat similar loss took place, but without the same result.

Having spent one day at Ballycastle, or rather in the vicinity of its neighbourhood, we were now ready for a start back across the Channel in our cockle shell, and early in the morning, I wended my way to the boat which was launched and in readiness;—but "Ye Gods and little fishes" what is that in the bottom of the boat?—a calf!—"a live calf"—*even so*, and a good whacking one into the bargain! What was the meaning of this extraordinary cargo Sandy couldn't tell me, and Rob, who he said knew all about it was gone to the hotel for my bag. Having remptorily ordered the dis-embarcation of the calf, I walked off and

sauntered a quarter of an hour away, and on returning, lo! and behold, not only is the calf snug where it was in the bottom of the boat, but the stern seat is occupied by two figures, apparently quite "at home", the one a huge frieze coat, containing a regular "broth of a boy" with his "sprig of shillelah," and travelling appurtenances doubtless in a good sized bundle;—the other, a black cloth cloak and hood of ditto, under which were seen a pair of smiling little coral lips, and eyes like sloes;—while the thwart in the bows of the boat was occupied by two more intending passengers,—leaving unoccupied only the two thwarts for rowing!—so that naturally enough it seemed to me as if my own accommodation had been left pretty much out of view altogether when these arrangements were made.

Rob having now arrived, could only give me to understand that one and all of these good folk had assured him they were to have a passage across to Rathlin, and that so soon as the "gentleman himself" came, it would be "all right" unfortunately, however, it was "all wrong," and on making them aware of the fact, a perfect babel of entreaties, remonstrances, and I am ashamed for the credit of "Ould Ireland" to say, *threats* arose:—all however of no use;—why the boat's gunwale would swim within an inch or two of the water under such a load!—the thing was preposterous;—so to work we went with the calf, and soon unshipped him, which at once relieved us of the frieze coat and its occupant in the stern, he being the owner of the "bovine specimen":—the two passengers, however, who had ensconced themselves forward were not so easily got rid of; one of them was civil enough at first, and explained that hearing we were bound for Lsly, he was most anxious for a passage; the other was taking his neice (the cloak, hood, and coral lips in the stern) back to Rathlin, where she would lose her place unless we gave them a passage.

This latter, together with the cloak, hood, and coral lips, I had made up my mind to try and accommodate, and was about to signify as much, when the two men in the bow on being desired by my men to go ashore became so outrageously insolent, and shewed such unmistakeable symptoms of fight, under the influence of "a drop o' the cratur" which they had evidently been imbibing, that I changed my mind, and communicated to these self-installed passengers my decision on the matter in the following words:—

"I give you your choice of two things, either you step quietly on shore, or be tipped overboard as soon as we shove off—and so help me, one or other shall be done!"—"Shove off."

I then jumped on board the boat, which at the moment was all but

upset by the two refractory individuals having simultaneously made their choice, and stepping together on the gunwale of the receding boat sprang ashore, (i.e.) one ashore and the other in the water !—"serve him right" was our verdict, as we shoved off, glad to be clear of a somewhat unruly mob collected to see the fun.

But how about "the cloak" with its fair contents !—there it was, sitting as quietly as if nothing had happened ! so now for a peep under the hood, which peep being highly satisfactory, and a glance from the "sloes" seeming to indicate her perfect willingness to stay where she was ; I shouted to the ejected uncle on the shore and said that, the young woman was going to take her passage with us, and that if he had been sober, he should have been allowed to come himself: on which a remarkably pretty round arm appeared from under the cloak, waived adieu to the friends ashore, and away we pulled, the wind being right ahead.

Now to look back on such a fool-hardy start as this—a wild channel of some twenty or thirty miles to cross ! in a two-oared boat, with the wind right ahead, makes it somewhat difficult to understand how far one who does such things can be in their right senses !—but away we went, the wind rising, and the sea too ; so that by the time we got near to the Island of Rathlin, it became quite evident that to continue our voyage that day was out of the question ;—and well it was we made up our minds to stay at Rathlin, for it turned out to be only the beginning of a gale that lasted for two days, and in which had we been caught at sea, as we certainly should have been had we proceeded, the readers of *Hunt's Magazine* would at any rate have been spared the infliction of "Blue Jacket's Reminiscences."

But having resolved to stay at Rathlin, which resolution was easy enough to arrive at, from being absolutely forced on us ; it wasn't just so easy for us to land safely, for the sea had risen so much in the short space of an hour or two, that we ran the risk of having our boat stove in on the beach, which was none of the smoothest either, while over and over again we were half full of water, which the "cloak" and myself had to keep constantly baling out :—then it rained in torrents, so that we had not a dry stitch on our backs ;—of course I can't vouch for the fact as regards the "cloak, hood and contents," but for myself I can; and what was worse I hadn't a dry stitch to put on, when we did get ashore.

At length after contriving to keep afloat, we run our boat high and dry on a little patch of beach on the south-east side of the island, jumping out of her all hands, and having lifted the "cloak" carefully on shore, the men and myself turned to and secured our boat beyond the reach of the tide.

Ah! what intense pleasure it is, after such a buffetting and drenching as we had, to find one's self on terra-firma, but above all, when that same land is a "terra-incognito," for such was Rathlin to us; though it did not remain so for long, as in a very short time I soon had rambled over the whole island, not however, before having paid a visit to the "Inn" and given orders as to the requisite domestic arrangements for our storm-stay on the island. While giving these instructions at the Inn I was strongly urged to present myself at the "big-house" or residence of the Proprietor of Rathlin—where they informed me I should meet with a hearty welcome;—but I preferred the humble quarters afforded at the hostelry, and begged that no intimation of our arrival should be conveyed to the Island Mansion.

After my ramble, which served the purpose of drying the drenched clothes on my back, (the sun having now come out, although the wind was increased to a gale,) I ensconced myself beside a fire in "the room" at the Inn, which room by the way served in the double capacity of dining and bedroom,—and there impatiently waited the arrival of dinner for which as yet there seemed no attempt at preparations;—that they were underway, however, there could be no doubt, from the fact of a great deal of stir being observable, at all events in the way of noisy voices, which at length approached the door of my room—evidently a dispute was going on of some kind or other, and the high key in which the contending voices were pitched, indicated the discussion to be of the feminine order:—

"What business have *you* to come here? go long wid ye—sure I don't want yer atall atall."

"Faith then and its come I will, for ye know nothing about attindin to quality—so lave me go in;—and ye knows yer missis tould me I might;—ye wont!—well then——"

And bang open flew the door, the last speaker bouncing in sideways, with one end of the tablecloth in her hands, the other being held by some one else outside, who however soon let go, and the first entered maiden was left in undisputed possession, when she quietly shut the door and proceeded to lay the table.

But judge of my surprise,—I need not of course say my agreeable surprise,—at finding in the attendant maiden no other than my late fair shipmate! she of the coral lips and sloe black eyes! the cloak full of charms which I had brought over with me from Ballycastle! and didn't she look pretty, now that she had come out of her "crystalis" form from under the black cloak and hood, and seemed more like a fairy in disguise! tho' truth to tell I much prefer the latter—that is *the disguise*, for while

I know nothing of fairies, I must confess a partiality to——well—to woman! and *such* a one! Mignonne, lovely complexion, coral lips, big aloe black glancing eyes, plump round arms, and waist so—but the less we say about it, perhaps the better! Strange inconsistent man! who with all thy boasted superiority and wisdom, art after all but a puppet in the hands of that sex whom thou wouldst place so far beneath thy lofty intellect. And stranger still art thou inconstant woman, who ne'er can see, or seeing make such bungling use of thine all powerful influence o'er Creation's Lords!

But what has all this to do with the cloak and coral lips of my fairy in disguise? Nothing, except to shew that the humblest of the fair sex if she but exercised her power aright is more powerful whether for good or evil than her would-be Lord and Master!

Having delivered myself of this sage doctrine then, I must hasten to assure my readers that the only extent to which this maiden fair exercised *her* influence on the storm-stayed youth of years gone by, was to make him grateful for her kind attention to his comforts in an outlandish place, and so prettily too, as I had not a shadow of expectation that I should again see her when we parted on the beach—but as she told me, with the consent of the landlady of the inn, as well as of her own mistress, she had come down to see my wants attended to in better fashion than they would otherwise have been—*et voila tout*.

In two more days, the gale having broken its back, we slipped away from Rathlin in our frail bark and reached Islay in safety, little dreaming then, that our cruise should one day fill a chapter in these "Yachting Reminiscences."

And right pleasant for us it was, to witness the joy and congratulations on our safe return, as we had been quite given up for lost in the last two days' gale;—to one kind friend this thought had caused much uneasiness, and so completely had he given up all hope of our safety, that just as we appeared he was on the eve of communicating the sad intelligence to my family;—this friend who commanded a large revenue cruiser, had seen us setting out on our expedition after leaving the fleet of fishing boats, as we passed close to him, and in reply to his friendly hail to come on board I had excused myself on the ground that *we were bound for Ireland*; he never for a moment supposed us to be in earnest! and expected soon to see me back alongside of them from what he supposed to be some fishing expedition:—next day however, and the two succeeding days, it blew so heavily, and there being no accounts of us anywhere, we were fairly given up by our kind and anxious friends.

Thus ended my first youthful cruise to the dear old Emerald Isle; and

though I have made many since in craft more adequate to the purpose than my impromptu dinghy of those thoughtless days; still "fond memory" clings with pleasure to that reckless cruise, and "associations" connected with it spring up unbidden to gladden the heart that loves to dwell upon

"—————departed joys
Departed never to return."

ON THE LOSS OF SHIPS AT SEA.*

BY MR. BAXTER.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of science that has greater claims to our consideration, or one that has within the last few years made greater progress in its development, than naval architecture. The improved manner of building vessels, the size of the ships themselves, and the speed attained, would be as gratifying to the pride as they are beneficial to the nation, had we not yearly to regret so large a sacrifice of life and property. The convenience of transit, the amount of cargo, and the rapidity at which it is conveyed, equals the most sanguine expectation. Then why not safety? whence this frightful loss of ships, and why this insecurity about them? Has science been exhausted in the vain endeavour to produce a ship that is seaworthy? or has it been misapplied? Are our ships as seaworthy as they can be? or does the protection of assurance make shipowners indifferent to their fate?

These are inquiries which of late have attracted a considerable amount of public attention, and to which, before I have concluded these remarks, I hope to give a satisfactory reply.

By the Merchant Shipping Bill of 1854, a system of admeasurement was defined, which shows with considerable accuracy the amount of cargo a ship will hold, be the form of the ship what it may; and the tonnage so determined is the registered tonnage of all merchant ships, by which its light and other dues are regulated.

But the capabilities of a ship to convey this cargo safely through the sea is a very different matter, and is in no way defined by the present system of tonnage admeasurement.

The object, then, of these remarks is to show, that the capabilities of a ship can be defined as readily, and accurately, as her register tonnage;

* As published in the Report of the Shipping Registration Committee to the British Association, 1857.

and to the absence of such definition is to be attributed the almost daily loss of ships at sea.

To demonstrate this, however, it will be necessary to examine the different powers of a ship, viz., floating capacity, buoyancy, and stability or motive power, and to define their respective and relative influence, as on the proper adjustment of these powers the safety or unsafety of a ship depends. But before I do so, I will first refer to a statement in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* of January last, which shows the circumstances attending the loss of a ship at sea:—

“The total loss, by shipwreck, of that fine vessel, the *Black Watch*, the property of Messrs. Andrew Steward and Co., of Greenock, and lately launched at Picton, is thus described in a letter from her commander, Captain W. H. Menzies:—At 5 o'clock it came on to snow, Cape North distant about 16 miles. I steered north-east to gain as much offing as possible. At 6 p.m., the wind burst on us in a perfect tempest. I had to close-reef the sails, the ship lay over so much. About a quarter to seven I wore ship, fearing I could not weather the Cape, and stood back into the Gulf again, the wind and sea increasing rapidly. Between 9 and 10 p.m., the ship was lurching to leeward heavily, and lying over very much. Shortly afterwards I saw the land to leeward; tried to wear ship, but she would not answer her helm; let go the main and mizen top-sail sheets; she paid off a little, but then hung again, I saw that inevitable destruction was before me, and before we could clear the anchor, the ship struck heavily on the rocks.”

I have not quoted this as an extraordinary case, but unfortunately a very common one, which happens almost daily. The ship was not unequal to her position in consequence of her age. She is described as a fine new vessel embracing all the improvements of the time, and yet it is evident that her stability, or motive power, was unequal to her floating capacity.

If a vessel is becalmed in a strong current, she can have no motive power; her sails are useless, and being unable to resist its influence, she must drift with the tide. But when a ship make leeway in a storm, it must be for want of stability, as the wind on such occasions must act with equal force upon the sails as upon the sea, and if she has stability equal to her size and weight, she will be able to maintain her position, or even to make head against the sea, but if not, she must drift to leeward, and land being near, her fate is inevitable.

I do not presume that a greater amount of stability can be given to a ship of the same length and breadth than is given to vessels built at the

present day, of which the Black Watch is, I presume, a fair specimen. But supposing the Black Watch to have been one-third less in depth than she actually was; her stability or motive power would have been the same; her burthen one-third less; consequently, the chance of safety so much the more in her favour.

A certain amount of steam power could, with safety, propel a vessel of two hundred tons burthen, but if placed in a ship of three hundred tons, it would then be unequal to the task. It must be the same with a ship propelled by sails. Within any given length and breadth, a certain amount of stability is obtained, and whether the depth of the ship be such, that her burthen will be one or two or even three hundred tons, her powers of locomotion still remain the same. Such being the case it cannot be a matter of uncertainty under which circumstances she will be the most seaworthy.

To demonstrate this matter, I made a model, in form as near as possible the same as a ship then building in the Royal Harwich Ship Yard, Harwich. I placed it in the water, and weighted it down as a deep-loaded ship, and it had a certain amount of stability. I then took away two-thirds from the depth of the model, and placed it in the water without any but its own weight, and the stability remained just the same as before.

We have then, in this simple illustration, indisputable evidence, that the floating capacity of a ship bears no relationship to its stability or motive power.

And this at once shows the impossibility of ascertaining the capabilities of a ship by measuring, either its external surface or its internal space.

If you lessen the depth of a ship by one-third, her space for cargo will, of course, be smaller, and although she will be just so much the less register tonnage, still as she will carry the same *canvas*, and need the same number of hands, her expenses will be the same as before, but her cargo being reduced she will be considered too small to pay. And it will be asked, what is the advantage gained? Why this, that though you have reduced the burthen or tonnage of the ship, you have retained its motive power, and consequently its greater chance of safety.

Now, suppose we have two ships of exactly the same proportions in every part except that the depth of one shall be, say, half its beam, and the other three-fourths, just consider their respective merits.

The burthen of one will be a third more than the other, but as their motive power will be equal, the smaller ship will have the greater speed, and, at the same time, be much easier in a rolling sea. One, in fact, will be seaworthy, and the other not seaworthy—one will almost bid de-

fiance to the raging storm, but the other will be comparatively helpless, and her only chance of safety in a storm will be her distance from the land.

If, then, the safety of a ship be—as it undoubtedly ought to be—a first consideration, the one only half its beam in depth will be the most desirable; but we find that is not the one that is accepted. On the contrary, that ship which takes the largest cargo in proportion to its motive power, is deemed the most desirable.

Are we then, to suppose that it is a matter of choice with shipowners, as to whether they will have a ship that is seaworthy or unseaworthy? It is evidently not a matter of necessity. A ship can be seaworthy if they wish to have her so, and, I presume, it cannot be said that our ships are as seaworthy as can be desired. It is stated in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, that no less than 1,779 ships were totally wrecked during the year 1855.

It has been said that the protection afforded by assurance makes the owner indifferent as to the loss of his ships at sea. But the amount of capital employed in building a ship, the care and anxiety in preparing her fit for sea, the remuneration that may reasonably be expected on her return from a distant voyage, make it impossible for its owner to have any other than the greatest solicitude for its safety.

It cannot, therefore, be a matter of choice, and as it is not a matter of necessity, it must then be for want of a proper knowledge of the capabilities of the ship.

It has been found by experience that to increase the depth of a ship is to increase her burthen, without adding to her working expenses. And it is a matter of competition with builders to produce what is considered the best ship, that is, the ship which can take the largest cargo at the least expense. But, in so doing they have deceived themselves, have carried the matter too far, and have lost sight of the principle upon which the safety of the ship depends. They have obtained speed by improving the lines, and lengthening the body of the ship, but they have only ensured economy by the sacrifice of its vital powers.

It has been said that shipowners know best how to manage their own affairs, and that we have no right to interfere. But Government has not always thought so. It was believed that ships had been lost from being sent to sea with an inefficient crew, and Government at once decided that a ship should not go to sea without a certain number of able seamen. If then, it can be shown that ships are mostly lost in consequence of their being sent to sea with too much cargo, surely it cannot be beyond its province to limit the amount of cargo a ship should be allowed to carry.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the sacrifice of life from shipwreck is a matter of indifference to our Government; on the contrary, Government has shown its solicitude for the preservation of human life, by the different laws that have been enacted for this end; and, if measures have not been taken to limit the amount of cargo a ship should be allowed to take to sea, it is evidently because no satisfactory means have yet been devised that would enable Government to do so.

The question then is, can any means be devised by which a ship's capabilities may be known? I answer that there can; the most decisive and satisfactory, and, at the same time most simple.

By ascertaining the horizontal sectional area of the ship, at her deep draught line, (which is nearly the same as the deck,) we get the exact representative of the power of the ship upon which her safety depends. There is a system called old, or builder's measurement, which takes no cognizance of the depth or burthen of the ship, but shows with considerable accuracy the extent of that part of the ship in which its power is concentrated, and this is the very thing that is required—a definite means of ascertaining the actual power of the ship, independent of its floating capacity). It also reduces this power into tonnage, according to a given standard, not, as I before observed, as to what a ship will hold, but what she has power to take to sea with safety. And, if a ship be made to hold no larger amount of cargo than is represented by its O.M., its motive power will then be equal to its floating capacity, and it will never be otherwise than in a state fit for sea, be its cargo what it may.

I will now endeavour to illustrate by showing, in a few instances, what has been done by ships of different construction.

I will first notice that fine large clipper ship, the *Lightning*, which I believe, stands as high in the commercial world as any ship afloat. It was said of this ship that, in her first voyage from America to this country she accomplished the distance in thirteen days. "In fine weather" she was said to be "equal to all that was required of her, but in bad weather she *laboured heavily*, and although her bulwarks were seven feet high she shipped large quantities of water." It is not stated if she made leeway, but when a ship labours so heavily, shipping large quantities of water, it is highly probable that she does so. According to this statement, however, not only her stability but also her powers of buoyancy were very deficient; and here I would observe that buoyancy and floating capacity are not exactly the same. A ship may have floating capacity quite equal to its weight, but at the same time be very deficient in buoyancy, and this distinction ought to be well understood.

If, for instance, we take a raft of timber, say 10 feet by 4, and 2 in-

ches thick, and by weighting it cause it to be vertically immersed in a moderately rough sea, with its thin edge uppermost, we shall find its buoyancy is almost nil! the sea breaks over it, it has little or no tendency to rise with the waves. If the raft be placed flat upon the water its buoyancy soon becomes evident, for it rises quickly and easily to every wave.

The form then of the least buoyancy in a rough sea, is that possessing the greatest depth, (such for instance as our large steamers), and the form of the greatest buoyancy is that having the greatest horizontal sectional area at or above the water line.

The register tonnage of the *Lightning* was said to be 2,000 tons, but her actual burthen in all probability was near 3,000 tons; and had her tonnage by O.M. been equal to her actual burthen, she would not then have laboured so heavily, or "shipped such large quantities of water."

If therefore the *Lightning* can be said to be but barely seaworthy, what can be said of that ill-fated and unfortunate ship the *Tayleur*. I mention her in particular, because, from the very able report of Capt. Walker, we get every particular concerning her,—her actual dimensions, length, breadth, tonnage, and all the circumstances connected with her unfortunate career.

Captain Walker says, "in my opinion she was as fine a vessel as ever went to sea." In the *Illustrated London News* of November, 1843, there was given all the particulars as to the manner of her construction. With respect to her formation it was there stated, "that it was all that could be wished for a vessel built to combine sailing qualities, with large space for accommodation of passengers; she is slightly hollow in her entrance, and sharp astern, with an ample floor, which will enable her to carry a large spread of canvas. There is thus every certainty that she will prove at once a fast sailer, and a safe and comfortable vessel."

Whether such were the ideas of the builder as to what a ship should be, to combine speed and safety, I can only conjecture, but had such been his ideas, he could not have carried them out more effectually than he did in the formation of the *Tayleur*; and in my opinion, a more fatal mistake was never made in the formation of a ship than was made in that of the *Tayleur*. The very means thus provided to ensure her safety, were the cause of her destruction. The builder was evidently under the impression that the power of a ship to carry sail is derived from her bottom, and this impression, no doubt, induced him to make her floors very flat. But such is not the case. On the contrary, we have it demonstrated by evidence, that the power of the ship to carry sail is centered in her upper part. The deck and not the bottom of the ship is an

index of its power. Consequently, the *larger the bottom in proportion to the deck, the less motive power, in proportion to its tonnage, the ship will have.*

By O.M. (which indicates the motive power of the ship) the Tayleur was 1,640 tons, but her supposed actual tonnage was 3,500 tons, just double her tonnage by O.M. She had on board at the time of sailing 2,156 tons of cargo, besides accommodation for 470 passengers.

Her register tonnage was 20 tons less than the register tonnage of the Lightning, but her cargo 516 tons more. The motive power of the Lightning, as indicated by O.M., was 350 tons more than that of the Tayleur, but her cargo 516 tons less. If the motive power of the Tayleur had been equal to 900 tons more than it actually was, she would only then have been in a position, equal to that of the Lightning, which ship, it must be admitted, was barely sea-worthy.

The Tayleur appears to have left the harbour in a manner highly satisfactory, and, whilst the weather was fine, equal to all that was required of her. But as the weather became unfavourable and her powers put to the test, she was evidently unequal to her position. Not having motive power equal to her immense size and weight, she of necessity yielded to a power she was unable to resist, and had she not drifted upon Lambay Island, it would have been almost impossible for her to have reached her destination in safety.

I will now produce an illustration of a different character. The ship to which I now wish to refer is a schooner, by the name of Margaret, which now sails from Liverpool, to which port I believe, she now belongs. Her registered tonnage is about 100 tons, her actual tonnage 150 tons, and her motive power as indicated by O.M. 250 tons, or nearly double her actual tonnage. Her motive power then in proportion to her actual tonnage, is as three to one greater than that of the Tayleur. Had the motive power of the Tayleur been equal to 6,000 tons, instead of 1,600 it would then have been only equal to that of the Margaret.

Now, what are the relative characters of these two vessels at sea. The Tayleur as we have seen, was comparatively helpless, drifting at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Let us now turn our attention to the Margaret. The novelty in the formation of the Margaret attracted my attention, and as it was calculated to illustrate an idea which had long occupied my attention, I took some trouble to ascertain her real character as a sea-boat. As the vessel is still in being, the truth of what I have now to state can be readily ascertained.

The first captain who sailed in her makes this statement. He says, "I have had frequent opportunities of testing the various qualities of

the *Margaret* which have been most completely and satisfactorily developed, and I unhesitatingly pronounce her to be the fastest and most powerful sea-boat afloat. I have made a point of sailing against vessels of every rig and size, from the cutter to the frigate, both in a fresh breeze and in a gale, but never came in competition with any vessel that could sail near so fast."

She was subsequently to this, commanded by another master, who in a letter to the owner, says, "In a gale, lying-to, she is excellent, and a lee-shore is not to be regarded; she has never, blow high or low, been allowed even half a point lee-way; as soon as her canvas is full her course is a straight line."

I have had many opportunities of testing the correctness of the above statement. I had the evidence of several of the men who at different times had sailed in her, but when I spoke to them of the *Margaret*, they were then sailing in other vessels, and could have no interest in saying what was untrue of her. In reply to my enquiries, they assured me that every word of the captain's statement was true, and it was their conviction that "no other ship afloat could go through a storm with so much ease as the *Margaret*. The sea appeared to have comparatively no power over her."

We have, then, in the *Margaret*, an evident proof that a ship can be sea-worthy, that is, can be equal to its position under any circumstances. It also proves that it is entirely a matter of stability or motive power, as to whether a ship is unseaworthy or not.

The *Tayleur* of course was considered to take a large cargo. Not in proportion to the materials used in building her, no! but in proportion to her spars and canvas, or in other words in proportion to her motive power. On the contrary the *Margaret* is said to take but a small cargo, simply because she had so large an amount of stability or motive power in proportion to her actual tonnage.

With the actual power of a ship clearly defined, it becomes a very easy matter to construct a ship suited to any purpose that may be required. If speed be the desired object, you must have motive power in proportion. If cargo and economy be required, then a less amount of stability will suffice. But there is a limit beyond which you cannot go without endangering the safety of the ship, and I have here shown how that point of limitation can with certainty be known.

What is the *Margaret* in size, as compared to the *Tayleur*—a mere boat. Her actual burthen only 150 tons. Her ordinary speed with the wind free 15 miles an hour, close to the wind from 10 to 11. The actual burthen of the *Tayleur* was 3,500, and had her motive power, as

indicated by O.M., been equal to that amount, she would have surpassed in speed any steam-ship now afloat, and bid defiance to the most raging storm.

Presuming that Government should deem the matter deserving attention, and, to complete the registration of a ship, limit the amount of cargo a ship should take to sea as defined by O.M., would our ships then be seaworthy? I am inclined to think that some of them would barely be so, for, the motive power of a ship being centered in its upper part, the further out of the water the less motive power a ship will have.

Suppose the *Tayleur* to have been subjected to these regulations, and that O.M. had determined the amount of dead weight she took to sea, her cargo then would have been 800 tons less than it actually was; consequently, her motive power would have been lessened, but not in proportion to the weight; and though, however, her chances of safety, would have been so much the greater, yet in my opinion, she would not have been fit for sea. Because, if the stability of a ship, be not equal to its floating capacity, (as was the case with the *Tayleur*,) it is impossible for that ship under any circumstances to be seaworthy.

It was stated in the *Morning Herald* of April, 1852, that the horse transport ship *Alipol*, made 23 miles lee-way on one tack in the channel, although she was said to have taken in a large quantity of dead weight as ballast before receiving her cargo of horses. If a ship under such circumstances, can make no better sailing than this, it is evident that her stability is unequal to her floating capacity, and there is scarcely any trim in which such a ship can be considered sea-worthy.

The depth of a ship is but of little consequence if her floors are not flat, but when the bottom is as wide as the upper part, the depth of the ship then becomes a matter of the greatest importance.

A ship to be seaworthy must come to her full bearings with a weight equal to her tonnage by O.M., and she will then have buoyancy and motive power equal to her size and weight.

It may be thought that to restrict the cargo of a ship to the tonnage as indicated by O.M., would be to place shipowners at a disadvantage in their competition with other nations, and with some of our present ships, to a certain extent indeed, it might do so. Hitherto one principle object of competition has been cargo. The ship that will take the largest cargo, in proportion to its motive power, is considered the most desirable; and the extent to which this principle has been carried has produced a class of vessels unfit for sea. But let it once be decided that a standard of limitation as to cargo shall be enforced, and there will soon be a class of ships which will combine speed, economy, and safety,

equal to the competition with ships from any part of the commercial world.

The adoption of a system of admeasurement to show the capabilities of ships, would in no way interfere with the internal admeasurement now in use for fiscal purposes, but, taken in connection with it, complete the registration, by informing us, not only what a ship would hold, but what she has power to take to sea with safety.

I have said but little as to the buoyancy of a ship. It is evident that the same form which gives buoyancy also gives stability; such being the case it will only be necessary to provide the one to ensure the other.

If a ship has sufficient breadth, in proportion to its depth, to give it stability adequate to its floating capacity, it will be sure to have buoyancy equal to its weight.

By the daily reports in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, of the distress and disasters of ships at sea, it is evident that there is scarcely one ship in ten that has either buoyancy or stability equal to its burthen. Most of the ships labour heavily as soon as the weather becomes unfavorable, the sea constantly breaks over them, and they drift almost at the mercy of the current. If preserved from destruction by their distance from the land, they are still obliged to seek refuge in the nearest port, in a dilapidated and almost helpless state. And how many ships founder at sea through sheer inability to sustain themselves against the rolling of the waves.

In the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* we read that "the iron ship Swarthmoor, 1,381 tons register, on her voyage from Melbourne to London, in June last (her cargo consisting of gold, wool, and passengers), on the 25th, encountered a heavy gale, accompanied by a heavy beam sea, which made the ship labour and strain dreadfully. On the 28th the gale increased, and the ship lay in the trough of the sea, lurching and straining fearfully, and dipping the port quarter-boat in the water at every successive roll."

The ship continued her voyage with a succession of disasters, all originating from the same cause, viz., her stability not being equal to her floating capacity. She ultimately reached England, but not until she had incurred expenses for repairs equal to almost half her value.

There is the Leviathan, the majestic proportions of which surpass anything yet attained. If her stability be equal to her floating capacity, her size will ensure her safety—the sea can have but little influence over her. But I venture to say that it will not, and if left to her own powers of locomotion, she will be as helpless as was the Tayleur. By the aid, however, of her enormous steam power, there can be no doubt of her capability to contend against the sea.

Presuming that we are satisfied as to the form which, in proportion to its floating capacity, has the greatest motive power, we ought also to be satisfied that we have the form over which the sea has the least control. For if two forms are equal in their motive power, but the sea has great influence over one and but little over the other, their position at sea will be very different. What must be the influence, for instance, of a heavy sea upon a ship with deep flat sides (which in a ship of the dimensions of the Tayleur could be little less than 3,000 superficial square feet,) when compared with the same sea striking a ship with convex sides.

If I can give no direct evidence to demonstrate this matter, there are circumstances with which we are all more or less familiar, that would lead us to suppose the difference is very great. The blade of an oar, for example, if placed at right angles with the water, meets with a great resistance, but, if altered in the least from a right angle, that resistance is at once destroyed. This will lead us to the supposition that, the greater the angle of the side of the ship, the less influence the sea will have upon it. If this supposition be correct, then the form over which the sea has the least influence is also the one which, in proportion to its floating capacity, has the greatest motive power.

It was stated in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* of February 1856, that the Erin-go-Bragh of Cork, from Callao, put into Killybegs on the 11th of February, 1856, with much damage to hull, sails and spars, having been obliged to cut away the mizen-mast to get the ship before the wind; she had been struck by a heavy sea, which hove her on her beamends. On being surveyed she was found to be much strained."

Again three days later,—“the schooner Friendship, of Sunderland, about 12h p.m. it blowing a heavy gale, was struck by a tremendous sea. She had been labouring heavily before, and, as she was now evidently on the point of foundering, was abandoned.”

Again, on the 22nd, “the ship Elizabeth, Wilthew Park, of Lynn, (laden with wheat), was struck by a heavy sea and thrown on her beam ends—her pumps got choked and the ship fell to leeward. Made every exertion to get back to Queenstown, but failed, and had to run for the nearest harbour in a disabled state.”

Here we see the immense power the sea has over a ship with perpendicular sides. It is almost impossible for such a ship not to be driven to leeward. On a ship with convex sides the sea can have but little influence, and it can never be thrown on its beamends, as was the Erin-go-Bragh, &c.

From what I have already stated, it is evident that the form which has the least depth in proportion to its breadth, has the most buoyancy and stability in proportion to its floating capacity ; and we have also reason to suppose that the form which has the least perpendicular depth of side, in proportion to its width, is the one over which the sea has the least influence to drive it to leeward. There is yet another consideration, of no less importance, viz : which of the two before mentioned forms will require the greatest amount of motive power to propel it through the water at a given speed, presuming that both ships are of the same length and floating capacity.

I cannot demonstrate this on paper : in illustration however—suppose we have a plank of timber, say 8 feet long, 6 inches wide, and 3 deep. If the plank be immersed in the water, with its widest surface uppermost, will it require a greater force to propel it through the water at a given speed than if it had been immersed with its thin edge uppermost ? The supposition is, that it will not, for, in both instances, the surface of resistance will be the same. Then why will it be so with the before-mentioned forms ? One has the greatest breadth, and the other the greatest depth, but in every other particular they are the same.

Now in the case of two ships of exactly the same length and floating capacity, what may we reasonably conclude will be their respective merits when heavily laden at sea. Their cargo, spars, and canvas shall in every respect be the same ; their expenses will then be equal. In fine weather, when all the sails will be required, their speed will be equal ; but as the wind increases and agitates the sea, the powers of the vessels will then be put to the trial. The ship with the least beam, and perpendicular sides, having less stability than the other vessel, will of necessity be obliged to reef her sails ; the force of the sea upon her hull will cause her to drift to leeward, and her stability not being equal to her floating capacity, she will labour heavily from the rolling of the sea ; her weight being more than equal to her buoyancy, heavy seas will break over her, and in sight of a lee-shore, she will be in imminent danger.

The ship, on the contrary, with the greatest beam, and convex sides, having stability equal to her burthen, will the better support herself against the rolling of the sea. Her buoyancy being equal to her weight, but little water can reach her decks, and the form of her sides being such that the sea can have little power to drive her too leeward, she will make good her course with safety and ease, leaving her unfortunate companion perhaps stranded upon a lee shore, or if by chance able to weather the land, left many miles astern of her competitor, who heedless of the raging storm, pursues her onward voyage, until in safety she reaches

her destined port. And with ships such as this, we need not fear the competition with ships from any part of the commercial world, be the restriction on tonnage what it may.

In the foregoing remarks, I trust that I have satisfactorily demonstrated the cause why ships are so frequently disabled at sea, and very often lost. I submit that if the capabilities of ships, as defined by old measurement, formed part of their official registration, and their cargoes were limited to the amount of tonnage thus defined, that that cause would be effectually destroyed, and that safety and economy would be the inevitable result.

SONG.

BY W. W. FOSDICK.

We were very poor together, Mary—
A wee small flock was mine ;
Two cows alone was all my dairy,
In happy days lang syne.
At morn, I was so happy then,
To tread the mount and moor ;
At eve, to clasp, thee once again,
When we were very poor.

Oft the castle on the hill was glowing,
With many a window bright;
And many a crystal cup was flowing,
With ruby wine by night.
But on the heath our little cot,
Sat hidden, dark and damp ;
But I was happy with my lot,
For Mary was my lamp.

I have gained the golden gear and sorrow ;
I've a world of wealth and woe;
But no eye awaits me on the morrow,
Like the one I used to know.
Oh! give me back my wee wife,
My small flock on the moor,
For joy has left me lone in life,
Since we were very poor.

BYRON AT SEA.

MR. EDITOR.—On reading the enclosed passage from “Recollections of the last days of Shelley and Byron, by E. J. Trelawney”, it came so home to my conscience that I cannot help sending it to you, in the idea that some of my fellow yachtsmen, when the subject is thus brought before their eyes, may feel the same secret compunctions, and make the same inward resolutions of endeavouring to bear and forbear with the little infirmities, which most of us so readily see in our shipmates, after a few days close companionship in the narrow bounds of a yacht, and which of course we have our share of ourselves, though that is a matter in which we are not by any means so equally sensitive.

However, I must not sermonize, “a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse—*marine*.” Here it is:—

“You never know a man’s temper until you have been imprisoned in a ship with him, or a woman until you have married her. Few friendships can withstand the ordeal by water; when a yacht from England, with a pair of these thus tried friends touches, say at Malta or Gibraltar, you may be sure that she will depart with one only. I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron; he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to, he always answered ‘Do as you like.’

“Every day at noon, he and I jumped overboard in defiance of sharks or weather; it was the only exercise he had, for he could not walk the deck. His favourite toys—pistols were not forgotten; empty bottles and live poultry served as targets; a fowl, duck, or goose, was put into a basket, the head and neck only visible. hoisted to the yard-arm and we rarely had two shots at the same bird.”

H. F. R.

DEATH OF JOSEPH REYNOLDS, ESQ.

WITH regret we record the death of this gentleman, which took place on the 16th instant. He was well known in all yachting circles as a staunch supporter; and as a yacht owner he was kind to all employed under him. He was one of the oldest members of the R.Y.S., and there are but six his senior. We can speak truthfully of him as a patron, frequently calling on us, and expressing his anxiety for the welfare of our yachting works.

NORWAY, AND THE WAY TO IT.*

CHAPTER III.

"To Norroway, to Norroway,
To Norroway ower the faem
The king's dauchter to Norroway
It's we maun tak her hame."

"They mounted sail on Mononday morn
Wi' a' the haste they may,
And they landed in Norroway
Upon the Wodensday."

I HAVE chosen as the poetical heading to my third chapter a couple of stanzas from the picturesque and pathetic ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, said to be the oldest specimen of the Scottish muse extant. At all events whether it can boast such high antiquity or not, it is the first account of a Yacht voyage to Norway of which we have any record, and therefore appropriate to my present theme. That it was a yacht, and a Royal Yacht too, that the gallant Sir Patrick commanded, may be safely concluded from the words of the opening verse

"The king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude red wine:
'O where will I get a skeilly skipper
To sail this ship o' mine?'"

Apparently there were no Honorable Captain Denman in those days, ready at all seasons to obey His Majesty's behest and take Royal brides across the North Sea in fair weather or foul. How many yachtsmen can cordially sympathise with King Alexander in his earnest enquiry?

"O where will I get a skeilly skipper,
To sail this ship of mine?"

His Majesty apparently experienced less difficulty than is often found now-a-days

"Then up and spak an eldren knight,
Sat at the king's richt knee,
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That sails upon the Sea.'"

As the voyage was to be undertaken in the winter season, when sailing was not much relished by our inaquatic fore-fathers, Sir Patrick, considered the appointment rather a left-handed compliment.

Continued from p. 69.

"The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughit he;
The second line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee."

He was however too good a subject and too brave a knight to refuse compliance with his King's wishes, he accordingly took command of the Royal Yacht, whose name unfortunately has not been handed down to us, or it might have afforded a pleasing variety to these interminable Petrels, Phantoms, and Waterwitches which at present deform the pages of our Editor's *Universal List*. Sir Patrick after a wonderfully short voyage lands the Princess Margaret safely in Norway. In those days Royal lovers had not the politeness to come "across the faem" for their brides, like the gallant Prince Frederick William, who so lately faced all the miseries of the *mal de mer* in search of a British bride.

How the Norwegians treated the "skipper" and his crew when they reached their destination we may afterwards allude to, when explaining how we ourselves fared at their hands.

Awoke early on the morning of Thursday, 16th of July, by the "click click" of the windlass on heaving the cable short. On going on deck found the boat had gone on shore for our new hand, whose place of abode was right abreast of the yacht's anchorage. It was blowing a fresh breeze from the S.W., and looked like both more wind and rain, but the aspect of the weather was not such as I thought ought to prevent our starting. While pacing the deck in solitary majesty, I was not a little disgusted to find the cutter drifting rapidly athwart the hawse of a Dutch fisherman, lying a short way astern of us. Our anchor had been hove too short, and started under the influence of the increasing breeze. Before I had time to summon assistance, the Dutchman's jib-boom was between our lifts, but as the water was smooth, no harm was done, and with a little trouble we got the anchor up, and a line fast to the stern of our foreign friend, which hung us until our boat returned, and we were ready to get underway. The Dutch crew numbering some twelve or fifteen stout fellows in petticoat trowsers and wooden shoes, were all civility, and ready to aid us in every way in their power.

These Dutch herring busses come down to the Shetland Islands in great numbers every summer. They are very odd looking vessels, generally from 50 to 80 tons burthen, rigged with one huge lug sail on the main-mast, and a very tiny shoulder of mutton on their small mizen. This latter sail is generally set when at anchor to keep their great bluff bows to the wind. They have a tremendous long bowsprit, with jib-booms, and flying jib-booms innumerable, and no end of jibs. They

are round at both ends, and have a sheer like a new moon, and being very strongly built they are capital sea-boats and keep dodging about in all weathers. They carry no boat, but are dependent on the polite attentions of the denizens of the ports they call at for means of communication with the shore. Their fish are cured on board, and what they cannot cure the day they are caught they throw away, so their herrings are always sure of the best price in the market.

Shortly after 8 a.m., our boat returned with our new hand, and in half an hour more we were passing the Avenger, still at anchor in Lerwick harbour, and making for the open sea by the north entrance of Bressay Sound. This is a much more intricate passage than the south entrance, and should not be attempted without a pilot, or at all events a very careful study of the Admiralty chart. Near the mouth of the Sound lies the dangerous rock known as the "Unicorn," from the name of the vessel commanded by Kirkaldy of Grange, who managed to strike on it when in full pursuit of Bothwell after his shameful flight from Dunbar. In consequence of this catastrophe, the fugitive Duke escaped to Norway, where he ended a career of crime by a tedious and at length fatal captivity in the fortress of Malmo.

At 10h. a.m., we took our departure from Noss Head, or Hang Cliff as it is called by English sailors; the most remarkable headland in Scotland, or probably in Britain. It is nearly 900 feet high, and is so precipitous that the top actually overhangs the base. I know not a more severe test of steadiness of nerve, than to crawl to the brink and look down to the mighty ocean heaving and surging at its foot. Our course by compass was S.E., and by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., which should have taken us right across to the mouth of the Kors Fiord in lat. $60^{\circ} 8'$, the same as that of Noss Head. Outside the islands we found a steady breeze from S.W., with some sea, but nothing to inconvenience us. We started with a reef in the mainsail, and this we carried across with us. When clear of the land we struck our topmast. At 6h. p.m. the wind hauled more aft, and we set our square-sail. At half-past nine we hauled in the Patent Log, and found we had run 73 miles from Noss Head. Night promising well, and glass rising.

The breeze from the westward continued all night, sometimes lulling a little, and sometimes freshening. At half-past nine on the morning of Friday the 17th, we had run 135 miles from Noss Head. About half-past eleven just as I was preparing the sextant for a squint at Master Phœbus, the look-out ahead sung out "land on the lee bow." On taking the sun we were much surprised to find ourselves a long way to the south of where, we ought to have been, considering the

course we were steering. This must have been mainly owing to a current setting us broadside on to the southward. I was aware that the current in the North Sea is generally to the south, but I thought the continuance of southerly winds for some time previously would have counteracted this in a great degree. I would not swear that careless steering had not something to do with our position. The land had by this time shewn itself to be an island with two Lighthouses, and on looking at the chart and comparing the latitude we had got, I had no difficulty in pronouncing it to be the Island of Udsire, which lies some 10 or 12 miles off the coast of Norway, near the mouth of the Bømmel Fiord, the most direct route to the Hardanger Fiord. We were all very well pleased to find ourselves where we were, as it saved the necessity of first proceeding north to Bergen, and then returning south to the Hardanger. The only difficulty was how to get on without an Interpreter, for no one knew any Norsk, and we had not even a dictionary of that language on board, as we intended to have got an Interpreter at Bergen. Language or no language we resolved to see the far-famed Hardanger now we were so near it, and trusting to Providence, and the probability of the pilots speaking a little English, we boldly stood on for the land, with a union jack at our mast-head. On approaching the Island, we saw some very ugly out-lying rocks on the south side, and we did not care to run too close without a pilot. Before long, however, we detected several boats coming off, little frail low things often invisible in the heavy swell. We were close abreast of the rocks, on which the sea was breaking, in a most formidable manner, before the first boat reached us, and we had barely room to round to, as he dipped his lug-sail and ran alongside. A tall stalwart dirty looking Norwegian stepped on board, and asked if we wished to be taken to Bergen, at least so I gathered from his frequent use of the word Bergen, for our hopes of English were destined in this case at least to be lamentably disappointed. Not a word of it could this our first pilot either speak or comprehend, and this I much wondered at considering how many English vessels must pass Udsire on their way to the North. Few of them, however, probably take pilots until nearer Bergen. With some difficulty I explained to him that we wished to go up the Hardanger Fiord first before going to Bergen. He seemed to disclaim his being a pilot for the "Harraunger Fiordé" as he called it, but intimated that he would take us where we could get one. So dismissing his boat, we confided ourselves to his guidance in the mean time. He would not take the tiller himself and showed great uneasiness till the Jack was lowered from the mast-head, as several other boats were seen leaving the island. When the

flag was down, the next thing he wanted was "schnapps," which was administered to him in the shape of a glass of whisky, which he seemed much to relish. He made us steer a course between the two islands of Udsire and Roever, and from thence right up the Bømmel Fiord to Mösterhaven, which we reached about eight in the evening. Between this place and another little port called Bethelms Haven we hove to, with the signal for a pilot flying in hopes of one coming off; but nobody taking any notice, our pilot hailed a boat with two women fishing near us. They came alongside, and two very favourable specimens of Norwegian damsels they were, indeed about the most comely we saw in the country. In their boat our pilot went ashore, but returned in about half an hour with an old man, whose days of pilotage must have been pretty well over, as he pleaded guilty to 75. This old gentleman's stock of English consisted of two words: "Bout ship," and with these he endeavoured to explain to us that he was an excellent pilot for the "Harraunger Fiordé," the "Moraunger Fiordé," and the "Canal or Leed" to Bergen. This was just what we wanted, so we discharged the other rascal, whose demand for three or four hours work, was upwards of £2, and I had to pay him some 35s. before I could get rid of him. With the other I arranged that he should be paid what our Consul in Bergen thought right, so as to have no squabbling with him on our arrival there. As the wind was very light and ahead all night we made but little progress, and in the morning were not quite up to the mouth of the Moranger Fiord.

Nearly all the 18th we were occupied in getting up the Moranger to Bondhus, famous for its magnificent glacier. The wind was so light we had to tow a considerable part of the way, and as from the quantity of fresh water falling into this fiord there is a constant current running out, making progress was no easy work. The rocks on the port hand in coming up this fiord are magnificent, from their great height, and they had a strange appearance which they owed to their colour. In many places it seemed as if some great manufactory of tar had been established, and the cauldron in which it was boiling having run over, the streams had poured down the rocks and stained them black. In other places it looked more like ink, but whether tar or ink, the fact that these Moranger rocks had received plentiful libations of some dark coloured fluid was obvious to all on board. What it really was none of us had the smallest suspicion. This curious appearance I saw on some other rocks in Norway, but never to anything like the same extent. On our way up we landed and examined a fine waterfall near the mouth of the fiord.

We meant to have anchored, and remained all night at Bondhus,

from whence some of our party were to have visited the glacier. But tho' it may seem incredible, the fact was our old fool of a pilot did not know Bondhus; declaring there was "Nein anker grand," opposite the glacier and village at its foot; and insisting on our running up to the opposite head of the fiord. As we approached this with a fresh breeze, he ordered every rag of sail to be lowered, and instead of heaving to and trying the soundings, made us let go under foot; the consequence was 60 fathom of chain ran out, and no symptoms of bottom, therefore the poor little cutter was left to drive right down on the rocky shore. A boat pulled off shouting that there was no anchorage there, and that the only place we could anchor was at Bondhus on the other side. All the expedition in making sail we could use hardly enabled us to get the cutter under command before she touched the rocks, still the anchor never seemed to reach the bottom, so the depth of the fiord must have been enormous. In consequence of this absurd blunder I lost all confidence in our old pilot, and would not trust him to try another anchorage on the Moranger, but made him retrace his steps with all speed to the Hardanger, where he seemed to be more at home.

On the morning of Sunday, the 19th, we were well up the Hardanger fiord, sailing through magnificent scenery. Precipitous mountains coming close to the waters' edge, richly clothed with pine trees from the base to the summit, and far behind them stretched away "for many a league," the snowy wastes of the Hardanger Fjeld. In every green spot where footing could be found, were cradled pretty little wooden dwellings of the most picturesque forms, and the gayest colours; and many a boat full of well to do, hardy looking Norwegians, met us on the way to their respective parish churches. Some of these boats had as many as ten rowers, the sexes being generally pretty equally divided. The day was lovely, with a gentle breeze right aft, which enabled us to carry our square-sail up to Vik, at the head of the fiord, which we reached about two o'clock; all regretting that our charming sail had come to a close so soon. Our old pilot was quite unhappy until we had set our ensign, as he seemed to consider it sacrilege to sail on Sunday without it. We brought up in about 25 fathoms water, within a stone's cast of a small wooden jetty opposite the inn, which, instead of the handsome hotel we had expected to find, turned out to be a miserable chalet, with the roof in a most dilapidated state. We took the precaution of sending a warp ashore to the pier head, in case the wind should come off shore, and drive us spinning into the middle of the fiord again. The want of good anchorages is the great defect of these fiords; but for this, cruising on them would be the perfection of yachting. Such anchorages

as are to be found are very indifferent, and they are only found at long intervals. You are thus compelled to carry on, blow high or low, during day or night, in clear or thick weather.

As soon as the cutter was safely moored we went ashore in hopes of finding Service in the wooden church we saw a little way from the landing place; but we found the doors closed,—as Vik is not the residence of a clergyman, and he only visits it occasionally. His head quarters being at Utne, a long way down the fiord. We extended our walk about a couple of miles along the banks of a considerable river until we reached the Lake of Sæbo, from which the river flows, and beyond which there is no road; all further progress being by boat. On our return we called at the Inn, but instead of the smart intelligent landlord, a perfect polyglot of languages, whom we had somehow pictured to ourselves we are sure to find here, a stupid girl speaking nothing but the most unmitigated Norsk, appeared to answer our anxious enquiries for horses, guides, &c., for the morrow, when we proposed an expedition to the Vöring Foss. Luckily a young Oxonian staying in the house, who knew a little, and but a little more Norwegian than ourselves, came to our aid, and kindly assisted us in our arrangements. While these negotiations were going forward I demanded the visitors' book, which was produced very unwillingly, and no wonder, as the remarks it contained were anything but complimentary, either to the Inn or the Boniface who kept it. One wretched individual stated in a most legible hand, that his unlucky stars had twice brought him there, and that although fortunate yachtsmen who carried their houses along with them, might praise the place and its beauties, he himself had found nothing but bad bread, bad butter, bad eggs, bad beer, bad beds, bad everything. These abusive epithets he had been at the trouble to translate into bad Norsk for the benefit of the landlord and his family. I found comparatively few names in the book, and of these a large proportion were Britishers. Among them the signatures of Lord and Lady Canning, the present Governor-General of India, and his lady were conspicuous. Of course, as bringing a yacht with them they were bound to be pleased.

I don't intend, Mr. Editor, inflicting on your readers a description of our next day's expedition to the Vöring Foss,—I abstain from doing this, first, because it has recently been done in your pages by your excellent correspondent A. Y. better than I could do it; and secondly, because I consider descriptions of scenery generally time thrown away. A laboriously minute description of a landscape always puts me in mind of the man described by the Apostle, who after looking hard at himself

in a glass, goes his way, and straight forgets what manner of man he was. Nobody ever recognised a valley, a mountain or a river, or least of all a waterfall from reading a written detail of its peculiarities. All I will say of the Vöring Foss is, that if it did not quite come up to my very exalted expectations, it and the Falls of Terni are the only two cataracts I have seen, that ever realized in my mind what a grand waterfall should be. All the others nearly, including every one of any name in Europe, I consider to be cheats, delusions, and snares, with fictitious reputations, got up by the Publicans of the neighbouring districts, to entrap unwary travellers. One like that of Lauterbrunnnew has height but no water, another like Schaffhausen has water but no height. But these Norwegian and Italian Falls have both height and water. I shall not soon forget the energetic efforts in pursuit of the picturesque I required to make to enable me to see the latter.

It is now sundry years ago, that happening to be travelling by *vetturino* between Florence and Rome I arrived late at Terni. It was in the midst of winter, snow having fallen during the previous day. Our *padrone* insisted on starting early next morning, and my only chance of getting a glimpse of the "resounding Velino" and its famous cascade, was to rise at 4h. a.m., hire a carriage and drive the three miles required to reach the Falls, and be back in time for the start of the *vetturino*. My travelling companions consisted of an old woman, by no means intellectual; a specimen of that great military curiosity a Papal Soldier, who had amused our journey hitherto with frightful stories of Brigands, of whom he himself notwithstanding his martial appearance seemed in momentary dread of encountering:—and lastly a young Roman painter, delighting in the picturesque designation of Pio Pinto. He was the only hopeful companion of the three, but shame upon him, he refused the seat in the *caleche* I had ordered, and preferred his bed to the study of Nature under such unpleasant circumstances. Nothing daunted I started with a pair of horses in the midst of a heavy hail storm, the moon now and then partially illumining our route. I reached the Falls just at grey dawn, and even at that hour was escorted by a host of scowling looking villains of guides, who amid their constant vociferations of *Excellenza*, I strongly suspected of plotting robbery, and finally murder, by pitching me into the river. Not liking my companions I made the visit all the shorter, and got back to Terni in time to partake of the everlasting omelet one gets to breakfast at Italian Inns. I have never heard that my friend Pinto has made a figure as an artist, very likely he missed his best chance of inspiration by his refusal to accompany me that snowy winter's morning in pursuit of the picturesque.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE utmost exertions have been made to provide for a second attempt to open the electrical communication between the New and Old Worlds, and which, we hope, will be successfully carried out. The machines at Glasse and Elliott's manufactory have been working incessantly to complete 400 additional miles of cable ordered before last Christmas, and intended to replace the 384 miles which were submerged and lost last autumn off Valentia. This additional length has now been completed. It is of precisely the same kind of cable as the rest,—flexible, strong, small, and light; it has been tested and retested to insure its perfect insulation, and its completeness being thus definitely ascertained, the last miles of it were shipped on board the Adonis screw steamer, for conveyance to Plymouth.

In the dockyard at Keyham, the main bulk of the cable, to the length of 2,200 miles, has been stowed away in gigantic coils during the winter, and a full staff of electricians, under the direction of Mr. Whitehouse, have been engaged in working messages throughout its entire length, and generally proving the electrical fitness of the cable to the fullest extent. The result of these experiments, has been in the highest degree satisfactory. Most of those acquainted with the first efforts which were made to send messages through the entire length of the cable know that the retarding influence, or whatever other name electricians may now choose to call it, which exists in a long conductor, exercised a most serious influence upon the rapidity with which it was found possible to transmit words through the full extent of the wire. Constant experiments, joined with practical skill in working the wire daily, have enabled Mr. Whitehouse to overcome so much of this resistance, that five words per minute can now be sent through the 2,200 miles of cable at present at Keyham; and it is fully expected that before the time comes for its second submergement eight words will be transmitted with ease and certainty.

To many of our readers unacquainted with the practical working of submarine lines only eight words per minute may appear to be but a poor result after all, though we can assure them, that if ever attained, it is such an improvement in the rate of transmission as not many ventured to anticipate who saw the cable worked for the first time last summer. At the same time such a result seems to show with most convincing clearness that, though 480 words per hour through this line, if it is successfully laid down, might doubtless amply remunerate the Company, it would still be almost as far as ever from accommodating the business messages between Europe and the New World. If, therefore, this line is submerged this summer it will follow as a matter of course that three or four others must be laid as well, and there seems no reason why if one can be laid down there should not be as many telegraphs under the Atlantic as there are now under the Channel.

When the 400 recently completed miles, are landed and joined on to the coil already at Keyham, they will raise the entire length of cable already

manufactured to nearly 2,650 miles, or some 150 miles or thereabouts more than the entire length with which the expedition started last autumn. There is no doubt, however, but that the first attempt was made with too small an allowance for casualties, and that consequently when the cable parted, and 380 miles were lost in the depths of the Atlantic, it so reduced the length of wire remaining at the disposal of the engineers that further perseverance in the attempt became almost impossible. To guard against a recurrence of this mishap it has now been determined to manufacture an additional 300 miles of cable beyond the 2,650 miles which we have stated is already completed. This additional quantity is commenced, and will be joined to the main coil, which will then measure nearly 3,000 miles in length.

The Niagara and Agamemnon are again to be the vessels employed in the attempt of this year. The cable will be distributed equally over the fore, midship, and after part of the vessels. By this arrangement of course, the weight of the wire is better placed than at the last attempt.

The attempt to lay down the cable will be made this year at a much earlier period than on the last occasion. As soon as the coils, with all the necessary apparatus and appointments are stowed away on board the two vessels (which will be about the beginning of May,) they will leave Portsmouth for a short trip into deep water, when a number of experiments will be made with the paying out machinery, and to ascertain practically if any difficulties exist in the proposed plan of submerging the wire from the centre of the Atlantic. These experiments will be brought to an end in a few days, and any alterations which their result may suggest in the machinery or manner of paying out the wire having been adopted as soon as possible, the expedition will finally start about the beginning of June. All the best authorities and most experienced seamen have been consulted on behalf of the Company as to the state of the weather in the month of June, and we believe the result of an immense mass of testimony goes to prove that there are some five or six consecutive days in that month during which a gale in the Atlantic was seldom or never known to occur. The expedition will leave these shores so as to arrive in the centre of the Atlantic at about the commencement of these halcyon days, and the object will be, of course, to get over the deep sea part of the undertaking before the weather changes. The line will be joined and laid from the centre of the ocean, the Niagara bringing her end to England, and the Agamemnon conveying hers to America. Communication by electric signal will, of course, if the wire holds, be kept up between the two vessels the whole way.

The operation of stowing the wire for a second effort commenced on the 19th of March, on board H.M. ship Agamemnon, in Keyham basin. An extra place for deposit has been constructed on her upper deck, abaft the foremast, capable of taking 2 15th miles each flake or layer. Here about 140 miles were deposited up to Thursday March 25th, at an average of 27 miles per day. It will contain together 260 miles, which forms the first portion to be laid. The place of deposit last year, in the hold, made the coil oval in one direction, close to the keelson, and oval in the opposite direction

above. A different arrangement prevails now; two additional bulkheads have been knocked away, and the hold presents the appearance of a basin perfectly circular in every part. The cone in the centre is 12 feet 3 inches high, and has a diameter of 10 feet at the base, and 5 at the top, it will be encircled by 1,050 miles of cable. The remaining 150 miles are to be coiled on the orlop deck, where the heavy shore end was placed last year. A new guard has been fitted for the Agamemnon's stern, to prevent the cable from fouling the propeller. The cage previously used was weakened by its proximity to the copper on the ship's bottom, which served as a negative to the iron. The galvanic action of salt water on it during the last eight months has rendered it desirable to provide a new one, which will not touch the surface until the load line is reached. On board the Niagara the boats forward on the upper deck are to be removed, and a space prepared of 33 feet diameter, equal to the reception of from 170 to 180 miles of the cable. For the approaching trial the Atlantic Telegraph Company appear to have made very complete arrangements through their engineer-in-chief, Mr. Bright, who has been some days at Plymouth. The coiling on board the Agamemnon is superintended by Mr. Canning, who assisted in the operations last year, and who laid the cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Newfoundland to Cape Breton. Mr. Whitehouse, who completed the line from Varna to Balaklava, and was charged with the first shipment and fittings on board the Niagara, takes the same duty now, with the aid of Captain Kell, who was engaged in laying the early Mediterranean lines. Mr. Everett, of the Niagara, accompanied by Mr. Clifford, one of the Company's Assistant Engineers on the former occasion, has been entrusted with the supervision of the experiments carried on at the works of Messrs. Easton and Amos, under the advice of Messrs. Penn, Field, and Lloyd, when the company have consulted upon the modifications to be made in the paying-out machinery, and with the concurrence of Mr. Bright their engineer, and Mr. Appold, who invented, for a different purpose, the form of brake to be used.

Our readers may recollect that when the attempt failed last autumn 380 miles of the cable were safely deposited at the bottom of the sea. Since that time to the astonishment of all who know the coast of Ireland and the depth of water in which the cable lay, it has been underrun, and no less than 52 miles of it recovered. When the last mile was raised it lay at a depth of 1,000 fathoms, and, as it was in that depth that it broke away, the remaining 330 miles are still in the bed of the Atlantic, where they will stay till the end of time. It may, perhaps be worth mentioning, as an instance of the credulity of human nature, that there are persons who think that this 330 miles is still to be recovered and utilized again. It is, however, but fair to state that these persons are in no way connected with either the company or its officers, all the latter of whom have too much experience in these matters ever to entertain such a hopeless idea. The portion of the cable recovered was in as perfect a state as when first laid down, as regarded its electrical conditions. It, however, showed signs of the outer covering of spiral wires having stretched considerably, though by no means to an extent to avert the insulation of the conductor.

YACHT CLUB MEMORANDA.

Royal Cork Yacht Club.—This, the oldest club, took the lead this year in appointing its regatta, and we are informed by one of its members, that the Secretary, Major Armstrong, has been in communication with other places to prevent the clashing of the regattas. It has been decided that July 13th and 14th should be the days on which the regatta will be held.

A letter has been received from The Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, by Thomas G. French, Esq., Admiral of the Club, announcing that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a Cup of the value of £100, to be sailed for at the ensuing regatta, under such conditions as may be determined upon by the Committee.

In addition to the above the other prizes will be for vessels exceeding 50 tons £60; exceeding 30 and not exceeding 50 tons £45; exceeding 10 and not exceeding 30 tons £25; not exceeding 10 tons £12. For schooners £50. Other prizes will also be given.

At the last meeting, the Treasurer of the last regatta, A. H. Allen, Esq. brought forward his accounts, which, proved most satisfactory, and a considerable amount remained on hand, to be added to the funds of the next regatta. A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to him, with a request that he would undertake the office again, which he willingly agreed to do.

During the meeting a subscription list was opened, which was liberally responded to by all present.

The following have been recently added to the club;—*Menni*, 176 tons, Count d'Aquila; *Corseir*, 120 tons, Mr. Kavanagh; and *Urania*, 140 tons, Mr. Wise. Several others are about joining.

Royal St. George's Yacht Club.—The annual dinner of this club was held on the 1st of March, at which the Hon. G. Handcock presided, Edward Hornsby, Esq. acted as croupier. There was a numerous party present, and a few hours were happily spent at the festive board, which abounded with every luxury.

During the evening it was announced that the regatta at Kingstown will this year be under the management of this club. To explain this, it is necessary to state that the Royal Irish and the Royal St. George's hold the regatta alternate years.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—The members met at the club-house, Duke-street, Liverpool, on Monday evening, March 1st, Rear-Commodore Grindrod presided. The annual election of officers took place, when they were all re-elected.

The Treasurer gave notice of motion to form a class of yachts from 8 to 15 tons, in addition to classes from 15 to 35 tons, and 35 and upwards, the

usual time being allowed for the difference of tonnage. As the tendency of late years has been to have smaller sized yachts for the sailing matches of the club, this has been adopted to meet the circumstance, and it is expected it will add considerably to the interest of the matches.

The following officers were re-elected—Commodore, T. Littledale, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, B. H. Jones, Esq.; Rear-Commodore, J. Grindrod, Esq.; Treasurer, T. Wilkinson Tetley, Esq.; Secretary, H. Melling, Esq.; and Cup-bearer, E. Fletcher, Esq.

It was decided that the members dine together, and commence the season at the marine station, Rock Ferry, at the ensuing meeting in April.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting was held on the 3rd ult. The house dinner was attended by 50 members and friends, presided over by the noble commodore Lord Alfred Paget: after which the business of the evening commenced by confirming the previous month's minutes, which was followed by the election of officers for the present year, viz:—Commodore the Right Hon. Lord Alfred Paget, M.P.; Vice Commodore R. Green, Esq.; Treasurer, J. Hutcheons, Esq.; Secretary, Capt. P. C. S. Grant. Cup-bearer, R. Cook, Esq.; Auditors, J. J. Ford, W. L. Hooper, and F. M'Gedy, Esqrs. Sailing Committee:—Dr. Bain, E. Ballard, W. H. Birch, C. H. Congreve, A. Cox, J. D. Cragie, A. Duncan, Mallett, T. Groves, jun., J. Mills, C. Smart, C. Stokes, C. R. Tatham, and J. A. D. Wake, Esqrs. House Committee:—G. Gandell, R. Flowers, W. F. Moore, J. G. Morgan, G. Paine, J. Paine, and C. Smart, Esqrs.

Lord Alfred Paget briefly returned thanks by observing that it had always been his anxious study to maintain, as far as in him lay, the honour of the Club, the prospects of which, it gave him much pleasure to observe, had much advanced. He did not take credit to himself for that advancement, but attributed it to the exertions of others, and to the cordiality, unanimity, and good fellowship, which pervaded the whole body.

The programme of the Sailing Committee, contains the following:—The opening trip to take place on Saturday, May 15th. Yachts to rendezvous at Blackwall at 2h. 30m. p.m., and proceed to Gravesend, where a dinner will be provided at Waters's Hotel.

First Match.—This has been fixed to come off on Saturday the 22nd of May, the distance being from Erith, round the Nore Light, and return to the starting place. The match to be sailed for by cutters in two classes, viz:—First-class, exceeding 35 tons; second class not exceeding 35 tons. The prize for the first class vessels to be of the value of £100, and for the second value £50. Half a minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage, which will not extend beyond 60 tons. The day fixed for closing the entry list being Thursday May 18th, 10h. p.m.

Second Match.—This is the annual great event, always looked forward to with so much expectation and interest, viz., the schooner race, which will take place on Tuesday, June 22nd, from off Rosherville, round the Mouse

Light-ship, and back to Greenhithe. As usual there will be two classes of schooners, the first class being above 75 tons, and the second class under that tonnage. The winner of the first class to receive a prize value £100, and the winner of the second one of the value of £50. The time allowance in this match will be a quarter of a minute, to be limited to 150 tons. The list of entries to be closed on Monday evening, June 15th. at 10h. p.m.

Third Match.—To come off on Tuesday, July 6th, from Erith to the Chapman Head and return to the starting-place. This race will also be with two classes, third and fourth class cutters; third class, over 12 tons, and not above 20; and fourth class from and including 7 up to 12 tons. For this match three prizes are offered, viz., a piece of plate, valued £40, to the winner of the third class; ditto £30 to the winner of the fourth class; while as an encouragement to large entries, a prize value £10 will be given to the second boat of the fourth class, in the event of four vessels starting. Half a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. The entry-list for which will be kept open till Monday, June 28th, at 10h. p.m.

After the above had been arranged, it was proposed that a fourth match should be carried out, but after some discussion the following resolution was postponed until May, when it will be finally considered, viz:—"That a prize of the value of 50 sovereigns be given in the month of September, under the rules of the first cutter match, to be competed for only by R. T. Y. C. cutter yachts, and manned by the crews who have sailed them during the present season. Time for tonnage. A pilot, owner, and three friends to be allowed." It will be recollected that last year's disposition of the schooner prizes, the policy of that measure was rather severely handled, and to prevent any unpleasant feeling at the next match the following clause was unanimously voted to be added at the end of the 26th section of the laws and regulations, viz., "and in that case the winning vessel of the first class shall take the first class prize." The rule hitherto has been as follows:—"That if in any match there shall be fewer than three yachts entered, or two yachts start for any one class, no prize shall be given to such class, and that if in a match a yacht of an inferior class shall come in ahead of a yacht of a superior class, she shall receive the prize to which she would have been entitled if she had belonged to such superior class."

The Club with its wonted liberality granted £10 to the National Life-Boat Institution, making the third donation to that useful Society.

The Treasurer was empowered to engage first class steamers to accompany the different matches, and we hope there will be fine weather, with plenty of wind on each occasion.

Royal London Yacht Club.—At the meeting in February, (which we had not space to notice in our last number,) the alteration of the law respecting protests, was brought forward by Mr. Crockford, in conformity to the notice previously given. It ran thus:—"If a protest shall be entered against a vessel for a breach of the sailing regulations the Sailing Committee may, if the

infringement is proved to have been unavoidable by the member in charge, or the sailing master, and had not, in the judgment of the said Committee, affected the relative position of the vessels at the conclusion of the match, dismiss the protest."

Mr. Crockford said, in rising to bring the motion before the club, it might be deemed by many that it was unnecessary, because the Committee ought to have the power it gave without it; but as such was not the case, he begged to urge the matter upon their consideration. His object was, to give Sailing Committees a certain latitude, which might have the effect of preventing frivolous and vexatious protests; and to furnish them with an instance of the ridiculous extent to which they might be carried, he would advert to one, which although occurring some time back, was fresh in his memory. He alluded to the protest of the *Ino* against the *Secret* on account of the latter unshackling her anchor just before starting for a match, which the former's crew endeavoured to make out as a departure from the rule that no ballast should be shipped or unshipped twelve hours before starting for a match. After paying Lord Alfred Paget a high compliment for scouting such a protest, Mr. C. said that in his opinion, the Sailing Committee should be a body constituted as a board of honour, not as lawyers, and he meant no disrespect to them, looking to the letter and to technicalities, but construing laws according to their spirit. He did not feel that his motion required any lengthened address, and he would conclude by expressing his opinion that if carried, it would dismiss technical and frivolous objections in matches.

Mr. Eagles seconded the motion, expressing his opinion that it was desirable that every club should avoid opportunity of cavil such as had recently been witnessed. If the motion would have that effect, every one would be glad to hold up his hand for it. He could understand the delicate position of an officer in command deciding for himself the rule of the club.

A very general and animated discussion followed, and the rule as it existed in the code was read at the request of some of the members, which ran thus—"That during a match should any yacht engaged therein foul any road, tier, or vessel at anchor, she be allowed to shove or warp clear, if unassisted by any person out of the yacht, except the crew or crews of the vessel or vessels so fouled. Any person, during a match, leaving a yacht engaged therein (unless accidentally knocked overboard) shall forfeit such yacht's claim to the prize."

Two or three members intimated their opinion that the motion had particular application to this rule, when Mr. Crockford rose in explanation, and said that he was taking the broad principle, and not any single sailing regulation into consideration.

Some thought the committee had the power without the motion, when Mr. Eagles said he considered the Committee would be relieved from what they might feel a great responsibility.

An amendment was proposed, viz. to refer it to the General Purposes Committee to inquire into; and Mr. Crockford observed that if it went before that body and was not entertained, he felt so warmly on the subject that he

should consider it his duty to bring it on again at the next meeting. He had seen for years the consequences resulting from frivolous objections, and the last case strengthened his desire to propose something that would meet the unpleasantry. It was not giving power to make laws, as some had feared, but it was to facilitate the equitable administration of those in existence. If the club appointed committees they must give them more latitude than they felt they had hitherto possessed. It must be obvious to every thinking mind that it was impossible to draw up laws to meet every case, or that would apply to every breach of regulation, and therefore he thought the Committee should be untrammelled. He repeated, his motion had arisen out of frivolous protests, the encouragement of which was calculated to have this pernicious tendency, that men behind hand in a match would look out for some trifling *faux pas* to raise a protest upon. He was confident that the adoption of his motion would induce many gentlemen to come out yacht sailing.

The amendment was persevered in, but Mr. Crockford's motion was ultimately carried.

On the 15th ult. the club again met, Commodore A. Arcedeckne presided, after the above minutes had been confirmed Mr. Crockford rose to propose "That if in any match there shall be less than three yachts entered in any one class, no prize shall be given to such class." He said that last year the club passed a law to the effect that supposing only one yacht entered she should be entitled to a prize, but he did not think that would do, and he therefore proposed this because it frequently happened that several yachts entered, but only one came to the starting place, and in this case the owner who had taken the trouble to bring his yacht from round the coast ought to have the prize, but if less than three entered there should be no race for it.

Mr. Bartlett thought it absurd to allow one vessel to walk over the course and take the prize.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Crockford then proposed a new law—"That members shall be relieved from the payment of subscription for any future year during which they shall be engaged abroad, provided such exemption is claimed before any one year's subscription become overdue." He said, many of their members often went abroad, perhaps to stay there some time. He knew of some in Australia, Sweden, and Bombay, who were supporting their club, and, in the first place, a yacht club had been formed, carrying the Royal London colours. They had not the means ready at hand to transmit their subscriptions, were receiving no benefit from the club at home, and were making it a name abroad, and it was too bad for them to be called upon to pay up arrears when they were not participating in its advantages. He was quite sure when any of them returned they would willingly recommence their subscriptions.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Keen proposed an alteration in rules 1—2, "That instead of the words, 'unless accidentally knocked overboard,' the words 'unless his so leaving shall be proved to have been unavoidable' be inserted." Carried.

Mr. R. J. Wood proposed the following "That the secretary write to the proposer and seconder of any member of the club who may be subject to expulsion consequent upon the non-payment of his subscription." He said his object was to keep in the club as many members as possible, because there were many gentlemen who, like himself, would pay up their nominee's subscription rather than see him on the black list.

This was withdrawn after the following statement by the Secretary which created much merriment.

Mr. Gregory said, that in January a notice was affixed to the circular, stating that the subscription was due. They then let the person alone until April, when a blue notice was affixed to the circular. This not answering the intended purpose he was reminded again in May. In June the notice was put in larger letters. In August red ink was resorted to, and in September an autograph letter was sent to him, and that failing to bring up the money, he was told in October that he would be placed on the list of defaulters.

A letter was read from J. R. Kirby, Esq., resigning the office of Vice-Commodore, in consequence of other matters preventing his attention to the duties of that office.

The following election of officers took place—Commodore, A. Arcedeckne, Esq.; Treasurer, G. C. Eagles, Esq.; Sailing Committee—The flag officers and Treasurer, R. Clay, J. D. Gordon, S. Philips, J. Crockford, G. Hamis, T. N. Talford, H. S. Fearon, S. Love, and R. Tress, Esqrs. House Committee—The flag officers and treasurer, G. Appleton, E. Crosley, G. Osgood, W. Brandon, W. E. Maynard, S. F. Oriel, A. Skeen, A. Crosley, O. D. Osborne, Esqrs., Capt. Robertson, and Capt. Burgess; Cup-bearer, P. Van de Wall, Esq.; Auditors, J. Crockford, Crosley, and J. W. Standridge, Esqrs. Measurers of yachts—J. Crockford and W. Roe, Esqrs.

The Opening Trip is fixed for Saturday, May 1st. The rendezvous will be at Blackwall at three o'clock, from whence the yachts will proceed in company to Erith, where the members will dine at six o'clock.

The first match of the season will take place on Monday, June 7th, for first and second class. The prizes for first class to be £40 for first yacht, £20 for the second, and £10 for the third: course from Erith round the Nore light and back. Prizes for second class, £30 for first yacht, £10 for second, and £5 for the third; course from Erith to Southend and back. Time for tonnage half-a-minute per ton. Last night of entry Monday, May 31st.

The second match for third class only, will be on Tuesday, July 20th, prizes, £20 for first yacht, £10 for second, and £5 for third: course from Erith to Coal-house Point, and back to East Greenwich. Time for tonnage one minute. Last night of entry, Monday, July 12th.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The members of this Club held their usual monthly meeting on Friday 12th ult. at the Freemasons', and assembled in

great force, Commodore R. Hewett presided, faced by the Vice-commodore, E. Knibbs, Esq. After the confirmation of the minutes of the previous meeting, and the election of some new members, the Club proceeded to elect its officers for the ensuing year, according to Rule 2, and the chief officers having retired from the room, Mr. Logie was voted to the chair, and the officers for the ensuing year were then elected as follows:—

Commodore, R. Hewett Esq; Vice-commodore, E. Knibbs, Esq.; Treasurer, P. Turner, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, R. Sadleir, Esq.; Auditors, A. Turner, J. Webber, and W. Webster, Esqrs.; Cup Bearer, A. Berncastle, Esq.; Measurers of Yachts, the Vice-commodore, E. Guest, G. Legg, and R. Sadleir, Esqrs.; Sailing Committee, the Commodore, Vice-commodore, Treasurer and other officers, and H. Ayckbourn, R. B. Brown, E. S. Bulmer, J. Burton, N. Fenner, E. Guest, J. Lewis, J. Ridgway, G. Legg, W. D. Logie, R. D. Poppleton, J. Pybus, W. Reed, T. T. Wall, F. Bucknott and J. Ash, Esqrs.

The Commodore said he had recently received a communication from Mr. Benson, of Ludgate hill, stating that he intended presenting the Club with a piece of plate, a model of the Prince of Wales, the patronymic of the Club. This announcement having been received with great satisfaction. The Vice-commodore proposed:—"That the Measurers be empowered to seal down the ballast of all yachts entered in any match, if they think necessary, either at the time of Measurement, or on the morning of the day on which the Match is to be sailed; or, shall do so on receiving instructions from the Sailing Committee, in writing, signed by the Secretary."

Mr. Fradgley proposed:—"That the necessity of a Member steering in Club Matches, be in future dispensed with."

Boston Yacht Club.—This Club is in a very flourishing state, and at the annual meeting when the accounts were audited a balance was in hand to carry on the forthcoming regatta. The following officers were re-elected:—Commodore, Mr. C. Anderson; Vice-commodore, Mr. R. W. Thorpe; Treasurer, Mr. J. Pilley; Auditor, Mr. E. A. Hildred; Judge, Mr. Howden, Secretary, Mr. Marjason; Sailing Committee, Messrs. J. E. Ridlington, J. Meggitt, J. Wright, J. Tasker, and W. Howden. The meeting was held at the White Hart, Boston.

Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.—This Club continues to be well attended, and every meeting an addition of new members is made to the large number that are already on the books. At the February meeting the following officers were appointed for the present year:—Commodore, T. Brassey, Jun. Esq.; Rear-commodore, J. Watkins, Esq.; Vice-commodore, G. Harrison, Esq.; Treasurer and Honorary Secretary, W. Scott, Esq.; Auditors, T. W. Tetley, T. H. Bowen, Esqrs.; Measurers, St. C. J. Byrne, J. Morrison, M.

B. Wade, Esqrs. Committees, T. Brassey, Jun. J. Watkins, G. Harrison, W. Scott, T. H. Bowen, S. Willoughby, W. Laird, Jun., M. B. Wade, St. C. J. Byrne, S. Reed, T. Wilkinson, J. Morrison, and T. W. Fettle, Esqrs.

At the meeting in March the motion of J. A. Clarke Esq.:—"That the maximum tonnage of yachts of first class be 15 tons" was brought forward, but not meeting with a seconder it was withdrawn.

London Model Yacht Club.—This club does not meet with the success the exertions of its principal members deserve. It has been many years in existence, and is in fact the parent Model Club, therefore is entitled to support, not only on that account, but likewise by being the medium of introducing to the Pleasure Navy many men who do honour to it, but who at the same time should not forget the Model Club. We hope the exertions of Vice-Commodore Williams and Secretary Crabb, will meet with a reciprocal feeling from the members generally.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The usual monthly meeting of this Club was held at the club-house, Swan Tavern, Battersea on the 10th. ult. when the Commodore took the chair, faced by the Vice-commodore. The annual election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—Commodore, T. Keen, Esq.; Vice-commodore, E. S. Bulmer, Esq.; Treasurer, W. Foy, Esq.; Secretary, A. Iago, Esq.; Cup-bearer, H. Lenthall, Esq.; Auditors, Lawrence, M. Ward and Yapp Esqrs. Sailing Committee: H. Morrison, Gable, Roe, Burney, Oriel, Pick, Sawyer, Harris, G. W. S. Iago, Hopewell, A. H. Morgan, and Penny Esqrs. A vote of thanks was passed to the various officers for their services during the past year, which was duly responded to, Mr. Roe stating that his retirement from the Secretary-ship was entirely for private reasons, and not, as had been reported, on account of any differences between himself and any other members; and furthermore that the Club should at all times have such assistance as might be in his power to render to it. The various modifications of the laws and regulations were then, after long discussion carried, in all essential particulars as proposed by the Committee, an amendment of Mr. Sawyer's to allow one hand for every two tons, exclusive of a member steering and a friend being incorporated. Several members having been proposed for election, the Commodore adjourned the meeting until the 14th of April, when the matches for the season will be decided upon.

Wellington Yacht Club.—This club has been established some few months, and from the support it has received promises to become a formidable rival to the Ranelagh. The club is under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who has kindly presented a challenge cup of the value of 50

guineas, which the club throws open to all the world, to be sailed for by yachts of 10 tons and under. The particulars of which we shall hereafter submit to our readers, There is one rule, we believe, which will not be found in any other club, namely "centre-board" yachts will be allowed to contend in all the matches.

The officers of the club are—Commodore, — Gambadella, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, E. Guest, Esq.; Rear-Commodore, J. Diplock; Secretary and Treasurer, — Daniella, Esq.; Cup-bearer, A. Braithwaite, Esq.; Sailing Committee, R. Hewett, E. Knibbs, W. Reid, F. Reid, C. Roper, J. Dormay, J. Bere, and G. Spencer, Esqrs.; Auditors, R. West and H. Harding, Esqrs. The Cremorne Tavern, Chelsea, is the head-quarters.

Editor's Locker.

NEW YORK CHALLENGE CUP.

London, March 15th, 1858.

DEAR HUNT.—An invite has been received in England from the New York Club to yacht owners to cross the Atlantic, and compete for the cup, which was won by the America schooner at the R.Y.S. match in 1851, at Cowes, and it has by the death of Commodore Stevens come into the hands of the members of the club, who have generously offered it to all nations for competition.

There are many persons who are anxious to partake of our Cousins' hospitality, who have not the craft equal to the voyage. Could not a party be got together to join some three or four yacht owners who have suitable vessels in the expense, and thus show our friends that we appreciate their kind invitation.

There is ample time to arrange the details, and I hope some one, for the honor of Old England, will take my suggestion into consideration.

I am yours truly,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

SHORT ANCHOR.

[The following appeared in *Bell's Life*, and as it treats on the "unsettled question," we give insertion.]

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—At a *conversazione* on the various systems of Measurement for racing purposes, held at the Prince of Wales's Yacht Club, Mr. Ash, draughtsman to Messrs. Mare, made sundry objections to the proposal of estimating tonnage by the area of canvas, objections which I cannot but consider as highly inconclusive, and, coming from such a source, likely to prejudice yachtsmen against a fair trial of a system now universally adopted in America, and so frequently advocated by the late Mr. Marett, whose

practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the subject was so well established. Mr. Ash objects to this system for the reason that, "if one vessel be able to carry a greater press of canvas than another, both being of the same size, it would show a superiority of model in that one respect, but it does not follow that she is the faster of the two." Granted; but it *does* follow that the *winning* *she* is the faster; and I have hitherto considered speed, not stiffness, the Q. E. D. of races, afloat or ashore. His second and final objection is, that a yacht of 30 tons, having as much canvas as her opponent of 50, would on a calm day, have the advantage of this latter, whereas the case would be reversed in a breeze. Here we have an objection applying with tenfold force to the *actual* system, under which the over-canvased vessel gets time from her more honest opponent; whereas the area of canvas measurement would doubly deter from such attempts to cheat tonnage, by rating the small overdone hull as equal, for racing purposes, to the larger; at the same time obliging the former to *give* time to vessels of equal displacement, more moderately sparred. Is it likely that, with those penalties, we should have 30-ton hulls with 50-ton canvas? The problem for builders should be, to find the model giving the greatest speed with the *smallest* sails. The reverse is the case under the present system. Yachtsmen are induced to attempt every artificial means of obtaining stability, and consequent power, of carrying sail, for the purpose of cheating tonnage in time matches; and we see sailing machines with keels four feet deep, (a monstrosity actually contemplated without reprobation by Mr. Ash!) which, well weighted with lead, like a child's plaything, enables the said machine to carry one-fifth or sixth more spars and canvas than it otherwise could. Instances are common of vessels being utter failures until thus overdone to an extent which renders them unfit for any purpose but match sailing. Men with ordinary, more or less sea-going yachts, will not and cannot contend against these cup hunters; and hence the broken off matches and squabbles of daily occurrence during the season; not in clubs only, but along the coast where visitors are getting tired of subscribing to the *amusement* of seeing Lightning sail round and round Slow Top and Tortoise, the two last having, at a short notice, obligingly undertaken the parts of losers for the promotion of—sport!

With respect to the measurement panacea proposed by Mr. Ash, "That the length and breadth be both taken along the water-line; the breadth, if extended *below* that line, to reckon as tonnage," I fear the latter measurement would induce more attempts to cheat tonnage, by excessive rounding, or throwing out the sides *above* water, thus exaggerating into deformity what is a beauty in the America and many of her English copies.

Yours, &c.,

A NON RACER.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

Lowestoft.—A meeting has been held at the Town Hall, for the purpose of forming a committee to carry out a regatta this season. Mr. R. Johnson, who acted as chairman, stated that communications had been received from several yacht owners who had promised to attend with their vessels; and the "Amusement Committee" of the town would guarantee £200, if the inhabitants would raise £100. A committee of six was appointed, and we may expect to be in possession of the day shortly. One thing we would suggest, that is, before fixing the time, the Royal Harwich Yacht Club should be communicated with, in order that Lowestoft may follow that regatta.

Inman's.—On Tuesday, the 16th ult., a numerous party attended at Lymington, to witness the launch of the Earl of Yarborough's new yacht. She is a schooner of 160 tons, and was named the *Zoe*, by Lady Sophia Worsley. A schooner is building for Sir Gilbert East, Bart.; and a new yawl for Lord Londesborough. A cutter yacht of 26 tons, has been built here for E. Ellice Esq. M.P. She is named *Ladye*, and is added to the Royal Northernns. Mr. Inman has several new yachts for sale of various tonnages.

Ratsey's.—This yard is rather brisk; a new schooner of 74 tons is in progress of building; the *Odalique* has been taken in exchange as part payment for a new 80 ton cutter.

Hill Brothers.—This Bristol firm have built a new cutter, of 47 tons, for the Hon. W. H. Wyndham Quin, who has named her the *Caroline*.

CLIFFORD'S BOAT LOWERING APPARATUS.

Another gratifying instance of the great benefit Mr. Clifford has bestowed on suffering humanity is noticed in the *Melbourne Argus*, and is thus set forth.—"Abundant testimony to the invaluable character of this invention has been supplied from time to time, but the report of the commander of the Government Emigrant ship (Captain James B. Kennedy) places its usefulness in so prominent a light that it becomes a subject of congratulation to learn that the Steam Navigation Board of Victoria have made it incumbent on all colonial steamers to carry this boat-lowering gear after July 1st, 1868. Captain Kennedy writes, 'that just after daybreak on the 12th of October, while the watch was washing decks one of my lads (the son of the Captain of the Stebenheath) fell from the poop overboard. A life-buoy was thrown to him, and in a few seconds after one of the quarter boats fitted with Clifford's lowering gear was in the water, and picked him up. The lad was in the boat and alongside the ship again before many of the people forward knew any one had fallen overboard, so quickly was it done. At the time there were several sharks about the ship, and he would have been eaten had he been many minutes in the water. The boy's life was saved solely through the quickness with which the boat was lowered, and I add one more to the list of lives already saved by this invention, in the hope that shipowners may be induced to adopt it generally in their vessels.'

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

APRIL 1.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club opening trip.

MAY 1.—Royal London Yacht Club opening trip.

15.—Royal Thames Yacht Club opening trip.

22.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match for first and second class, from Erith to the Nore and back. Entries close May 1.

JUNE 7.—Royal London Yacht Club Match, for first and second class, from Erith to the Nore and back. Entries close May 31.

28.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match, for first and second class, from Gravesend round the Mouse and back to Greenhithe. Entries close June 15.

JULY 6.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match, for third and fourth class, from Erith to the Chapman and back. Entries close June 28.

13, 14.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

20.—Royal London Yacht Club Match, for third and fourth class, from Erith to Coal-house Point and back to Greenwich. Entries close July 12.

AUG. 9.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta commences.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR APRIL.

High Water D. Lon. Bridge morn. after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.	
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1 3 45	4 0	Aberystwith..... add 5 23	Aberdeen..... sub 0 56
2 4 15	4 30	Alderney..... 4 38	Aldborough 3 22
3 4 45	5 0	Bantry Bay..... 1 39	Belfast 4 2
4 5 15	3 35	Bridlington..... 2 23	Brighton..... 2 29
5 5 55	6 10	Carmarthen..... 4 3	Carnarvon..... 4 47
6 6 35	7 0	Cork Harbour 2 23	Cowes 3 22
7 7 25	8 5	Dartmouth..... 3 58	Dublin Bar..... 2 55
8 8 55	9 40	Dudgeon Light... 5 23	Dungeness..... 3 17
9 10 25	11 5	Eddystone..... 3 8	Folkestone..... 3 37
10 11 40		Exmouth Bar..... 4 18	Foreland, North .. 2 23
11 0 10	0 35	Falmouth..... 3 8	Foreland, South.. 2 47
12 0 55	1 15	Flamboro' Head.. 2 23	Gravesend..... 0 37
13 1 35	1 50	Guernsey Pier... 4 23	Greenwich..... 0 20
14 2 10	2 25	Hartlepool..... 1 38	Harwich 2 37
15 2 45	3 5	Humber Mouth... 3 23	Howth Harbour.. 2 59
16 3 25	3 40	Kinsale Harbour 2 23	Ipswich..... 2 7
17 4 5	4 25	Lands End..... 2 23	Kentish Knock... 2 37
18 4 45	5 5	Leith Pier..... 0 15	Lowestoft..... 3 37
19 5 35	6 0	Lynn Regis..... 4 38	Margate..... 2 2
20 6 30	7 0	Plymouth..... 3 26	Nore Light..... 0 58
21 7 35	8 15	Swansea..... 3 49	Portsmouth..... 2 27
22 9 5	9 50	Torbay 3 58	Sheerness..... 1 28
23 11 30	11 10	Waterford 3 43	Southampton.... 2 27
24 11 45		Weymouth..... 4 23	Spithead..... 4 37
25 0 10	0 35	Whitby..... 1 38	Yarmouth Road.. 5 27
26 0 55	1 15	Amsterdam..... 0 53	Calais 2 19
27 1 35	1 50	Antwerp..... 2 18	Dieppe..... 3 2
28 2 10	2 25	Bordeaux..... 4 45	Havre de Grace... 4 15
29 2 45	3 0	Cherbourg..... 5 23	Ostende..... 1 12
30 3 15	3 35	Hamburgh..... 3 53	Honfleur..... 4 37
		Brest..... 1 39	New York..... 6 7

All communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, N.W. London.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1858.

THE FORTHCOMING MATCHES.

MR. EDITOR.—The time for yacht sailing and other aquatic sports is fast approaching, and a few introductory remarks respecting the various regattas and matches in prospective may not be considered out of place in your May number; and as my motive for so doing is to bring them more prominently before yacht owners than is now done in your last page, my brief observations each month may, probably be acceptable to your readers.

That aspiring young club, the Prince of Wales, was the first to commence the season on the 1st of April, with a trip to Erith, and if they do wait until the seniors have fixed the dates of their revels, and then take the lead, its merely carrying out the principle of the rising generation, but I would be the last man to charge the ever-smiling commodore of the P.W.Y.C. of being desirous of hoisting the Lord High Admiral's flag over the Thames fleet. On the 8th of May, the club will hold its first nautical *fete*, when we may expect a good attendance of yachts. It is announced that a silver model of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, will be presented for competition during the

season, by Mr. James Benson, of Ludgate Hill; and if we may judge by this gentleman's former gifts it will be a prize worth winning. Now, Mr. Editor, you cannot object to such specimens of the "fine arts."

On the 22nd of May, the celebrated A 1 club, the Royal Thames inaugurates the racing season with matches for first and second class yachts, and we may expect a glorious brush, if Old Boreas will only take a spell at the bellows. I had a whisper—mind only a whisper, that a new crack is coming out of Essex: she is building by Aldous of Brightlingsea, for J. R. Kirby, Esq. Aldous is the opposition smack builder to Harvey and Son, of Wivenhoe and Ipswich. He has turned out very fast smacks and dredging-boats, and also a few yachts; some of which have beaten Harvey's. Aldous built Mr. Kirby's Violet, and the new yacht is to be upon the same model, but upon rather extended lines, i.e. not so much beam in proportion to length. She is said to be in a fair way of early completion; and if any idea is to be gathered from her appearance on the stocks will be a decided clipper. Her tonnage is to be 35 o.m., and we shall not be surprised, considering Mr. Kirby's well-known reputation as a yachtsman, if she walks off with the chief prize. We shall be very glad to welcome a new 35-tonner, as there is now a fine field open for success to a vessel of that class, both here and in the Irish waters. Although at Cork she would meet with the *Glace*, with which Mr. Bartlett won nearly £550 in 1856, the vessel would have a good chance. Major Longfield, the present owner of the *Glace*, is a racing man, but he will need an Itchen crew to get the speed out of her equal to her prowess when she first appeared.

Another match will come off this month on the Thames, viz. the Ranelagh Club, one of the above-bridge class, (so called because the sphere of action is confined to Chelsea, Battersea, &c.) The 29th is the appointed day, and a good entry of the pretty little craft belonging to the club is expected. These matches are generally well attended,—the club provides a steam-boat for the accommodation of the members and their friends; and the fair sex muster in strength.

For the month of June several matches and regattas are already appointed, and it is an excellent plan, when practicable, to advert to the dates of all at the commencement of the season, yacht owners then make their arrangements.—On the 1st is the Welling

Club match (another of the above-bridge minors). His Grace the Duke of Wellington is the patron, and gives a valuable prize to the club, which will I believe be open to all small yachts under certain restrictions. This club sanctions what all others condemn, namely, centre-boards. Whether it will be advantageous or not in the confined course of the race will be ascertained, but although I dislike such machines, I am inclined to think in the narrow river they may be of some benefit.

On the 5th the Birkenhead Model will hoist their racing flags in competition. The matches of this club create a great sensation in the pleasure navy of Liverpool, for there exists a laudable rivalry with the members to produce the fastest craft, formed on the best principles: vessels that have on more than one occasion been copied as models for larger craft. The most beautiful symmetry, combined with great speed has gained for this club a wide-world fame. Some new clippers will be brought out during the season.

We have the Royal London's first match arranged for the 7th, by first and second class yachts, for prizes amounting to £115, which will be divided between the classes. We may expect our old favorites the Phantom and Thought, for without them there seems a void in the annals of racing. At the present we have only one flag-officer—the Commodore, and he will on this occasion make his *debut* on the Thames as the head of this club, and I make no doubt of a joyous day, wind and weather permitting.

On the 22nd, the most celebrated race on the metropolitan waters is to come off, namely, the schooner match of the Royal Thames Club. To win this prize has been the ambition of many yacht owners, and it is still sought after. On referring to the records of the club in the former volumes of the *Yachting Magazine*, I find the first mention of a match exclusively confined to schooners to be on the 1st of June, 1853, and it being at that period a novelty on the Thames great was the interest manifested by the nauticals generally. On this occasion the following entered, the Vestal, Rosalind, Mayfly, Sopho, Violet, and Sverige, (the latter the Swedish vessel that contended with the America in 1852). Some dissatisfaction was felt at awarding the prize to the Rosalind. In the following year, 54), at a meeting it was decided that the schooner match should be postponed until better times. Let it be understood it was not want of funds, but the war had a depressing effect on the yachting,

community. In 1855, June 26th, the second schooner match came off, and the Shark, Mayfly, and Wildfire sailed, or rather drifted, as there was very little wind. The Shark bore off the prize. In 1856, June 14th, the third of these matches brought to the starting place the Lalla Rookh, Wildfire, Vestal, Sappho, and Aquiline. There was a great contrast in the weather to that of last year: on this occasion there was at times heavy squalls, with a turbulent sea as they neared the Mouse, and after a well sailed race the Wildfire was the winner. In 1857, June 19th, two prizes were given for schooners of the first and second class, and the new schooner Zouave, Mayfly, Aquiline, Vestal, and Wildfire contended. This was a most exciting and beautiful race throughout, and more particularly at the finish between Vestal and Wildfire. The prizes were awarded to Zouave and Vestal.

On the 25th June, the Clyde Model Club commences its annual regattas, and I understand there are several new craft, and likely ones too, which are expected to race on this occasion. These model yachtclubs bid fair to hold a prominent station in the pleasure navy, for as in the Birkenhead, there are many good supporters belonging to it who are owners of large craft in the Royal Clubs.

Tenby regatta is announced for the 30th of June and 2nd of July, and an excellent bill of fare is promised;—for sailing the first day, a prize of £70, for yachts belonging to any royal club, being not less than 40 tons; and on the second day a prize of £40, for yachts belonging to any royal club, not exceeding 40 nor less than 15 tons. About £30 will be distributed for rowing matches. The earnest manner in which the committee have commenced their proceedings will meet with attention from yacht owners, and a good meeting may be expected.

I shall, Mr. Editor, reserve for your June number my notice of the other regattas and matches, when I hope there will be a greater number to be disposed of.

FLYING DUTCHMAN.

[Since the above has been in type we have received a note from Mr. Kil stating the tonnage of his new yacht to be 40. Our correspondent therefore was misinformed when told she was 35 tons.—ED. H. Y. M.]

OWN
dir

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.*

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—

CHAPTER IX.

ISLE OF MAN—DOUGLAS BAY—A SQUALL AND HIT OR MISS—MODERN FLIRTATION—OR A YARN OF THE THREE SUITORS—EFFECTS OF MANX BRANDY—A WHALE ON BOARD.

AT an early hour in the morning we rounded the north end of Mona's Isle, and the wind having backed round to the nor'ard, we were in good hopes of finding some little shelter in Douglas Bay, where we purposed bringing-to, so we bowled along this beautiful coast of the proud Isle, with the wind increased to a good "capfull," as the looks of the previous night had indicated, but which owing to our running before it we thought little of, and seemed to have comparatively smooth water.

Arrived off the harbour of Douglas, close to the little rock, abreast of its entrance, we rounded to with our chain duly ranged on deck, and our anchor ready to let go,—when all of a sudden, at least as it seemed to us, we found ourselves in a seaway anything but inviting to ride at anchor in, the first indication being a heavy plunge followed by a green sea breaking most unceremoniously right over our bows, to the consternation of the ladies, who were on deck in expectation of immediately going on shore! Another plunge and another snifter of spray and salt water waking us fore and aft, as the eyes of the owner and skipper met each other, induced the latter to observe,

"This is no place to bring-to, sir, so close on a lee shore!"

"No more it is Tom—hoist away the jib again."

The jib was immediately hoisted, but by this time we had got stern way on, the squall whistling through us as tho' it meant to lift our barkie clean out of the water, and make a short cut of it into the harbour over the ugly rock under our lee, pier-head and all. While to mend the matter, we were in no position to shorten sail, so as to get the vessel in anything like working trim, and it did seem at the moment as tho' our whole canvas would be too much for us once we filled on her;—as to letting go the anchor, our only other choice, that looked just as ugly a chance as the other—so finding she would not pay off to sea, the helm was shoved hard to port (having stern way on) which brought her head round on the other tack, although within most

* Continued from p. 112.

unpleasant propinquity to the "ugly" rock aforesaid. At this moment by some misunderstanding the skipper was hoisting away "all hands" on the staysail, which was making violent resistance, and creating great confusion.

"Avast there, and lower away the staysail—up with the main tack."

Slowly she begins to pay off, and actually gathers headway!—but oh! how close to the ugly island rock!—now the helm seems beginning to take hold of her, it must therefore be "hit or miss" so—

"Ready about,—let go the jib-sheet."

Down goes the helm—aft with the main sheet every inch, and the jib shoved out to windward.

No miss!—thank God, round she comes! slowly but surely!—and now its "ease off the jib-sheet;"—gently! gently! let draw.

And we are clear!—ay, only just clear!—for a close shave it was—a veritable "hit or miss!"

By this time the squall had passed over us, and after standing out into the bay, a council of war was held as to further proceedings. It would be evening before we should have water to enter the harbour, and as to giving up altogether our intended visit on shore, and standing on for Kingstown, whither we were bound, the idea of being beat off in this style was by no means agreeable:—so at length having resolved to make good our original intention by hook or by crook, we made two or three stretches to windward, getting under the land on the north side of the bay, where we let go our anchor and paid out a goodly length of chain; housed our topmasts and made all as snug as we could, yet with everything in order for a cut-and-run business in case it should be found necessary to slip and stand out to sea.

The gig, though not without some difficulty, was lowered, and soon there sat on board of her those that sooth to say, were not over and above sorry to exchange the unsteady decks of the good little Wildflower for the bright sunny shores of Mona's fair Isle.

Our landing on the beach was not so easily effected, but we were soon safe on shore, and the gig launched out again through the surf, all hands remaining strictly on board in case of our anchor not holding, or the wind shifting round to the eastward, and making the place too hot for the little craft to ride in safety. Happily neither event took place. and in the evening we brought the yacht into the harbour, at the extreme upper end of which she was berthed, against a somewhat rough quay wall, but in perfect safety, and with every kind attention from the harbour-master.

Our proceedings in the bay, and the close acquaintance we had gained with the rock near the harbour mouth, had evidently attracted

considerable attention amongst the "natives" on shore, and our landing on the beach was effected under a similar degree of interest, which was fully maintained until we were established at the hotel; of course the "Castle Mona," so exquisitely situated amongst its beautiful shrubberies, and lofty wooded back ground; lifting so proudly its castellated walls

"From out a glossy bower of coolest foliage,"

crowding one's memory with the pleasing imagery of bygone days, when this fair regal isle had her kings and queens to boast of, and where the bold young "Peveril of the Peak" risked life and limb in the services of loyalty and love!

Right noble services in sooth! and not less so I wot in these utilitarian unromantic days of steam, rail, and *E. s. d.*—"tempora mutantur," 'tis true, but not so the *loyalty* of brave hearts, which still beat as true to our beloved Queen as they could have done in the good old days of chivalry and romance; not so the *love* of youthful hearts, which still *can* throb as wildly and as fondly as in the days of Julian Peveril, and sweet Alice Bridgeworth; aye, that they *can*, but *do* they? that's the question! a question we will not presume to answer; however we may attempt to elucidate its solution by the following true story of a modern flirtation which took place under the roof, (and doubtless amongst the love inspiring shrubberies) of this same "Castle Mona" Hotel, the *dénouement* of which occurred about the very time of our visit in 185—

"Once upon a time" to use the stereotyped opening of a "yarn," amongst the many fair visitors at the "Castle Mona" Hotel, was one whose youthful beauty attracted as usual a host of admirers; their name was "Legion;" but our "yarn" has only to do with three of them whose admiration had matured itself into the character of "suitors," and adopting the method pursued in Algebraic formulæ, of sending the first letters of the Alphabet, A, B, C, &c., in search of the unknown quantities usually represented by the final letters, X, Y, Z, we shall designate the suitors as Mr. A——, Mr. B——, and Mr. C——, the unknown quantity or beauty sought for, being represented as Miss X——.

Our charming heroine at the time of her visit to Douglas, accompanied by her no less charming mamma, was engaged to Mr. A., then in London, but assiduous, (as the Douglas post office returns could testify) correspondence with his fair "fiancée;" this correspondence being known to suitor No. 2 or Mr. B——, who therefore, unenlightened on the subject by *la belle fiancée*, proposed in due form, and—was accepted,—called away however by duty for a season from the island, he was found to be an equally assiduous correspondent with Mr. A——, our doubly engaged fair one had thus double epistolary duty to per-

form, for be it known that altho' No. 2 was accepted, No. 1. was by no means as yet rejected.

Matters were in this state, when rumours went abroad amongst the inmates of the Hotel, that an agreeable addition to their society was expected shortly in the shape of a young yachtsman about to visit Douglas in his yacht, handsome and rich withall: of course such an announcement as this, however agreeable to the disengaged fair ones of the "Castle Mona" circle could not in any way affect our "*double fiancée*," at least so the Alice Bridgeworth of bygone days would have declared; but as we have elsewhere said "*tempora mutantur*," and now as to how the news affected Miss X—— "*nous allons voir*."

The two accepted suitors were still absent when the N—— yacht displayed her snowy canvas in the bay, and her owner made his appearance at the Castle Mona. We have elsewhere expressed an opinion on the subject of yacht-deck flirtations, and it would appear that the fair Miss X—— was now pretty much in our way of thinking, for she made no hesitation in declaring one lovely evening on board the N——, where the gallant owner was entertaining a party, that she thought the evening just spent "a most charming one." But what this fickle fair one said was nothing to what her bright sparkling eyes declared, in one of their speaking glances to the enraptured owner. Be this as it may, that declaration and that glance, were duly registered by a friend of the absent suitor Mr. B——, and as duly reported to him with the excellent advice that if he wished to secure his fair prize, the sooner he returned to the scene of action the better.

It was the very evening on which the alarmed Mr. B—— was expected to arrive that the capricious beauty might be seen alone on that well known rustic seat in a certain secluded part of the hotel grounds, *the seat par excellence*, which, could it tell its own tale, would speak of many youthful vows,—some kept, some broken;—alone,—but not for long, as the gallant yachtsman in his smartest jacket and gayest set of Club buttons, might be seen approaching at no great distance;—and if the truth must be told, not a shadow of a sigh escaped from the fair one, as she hastily folded up the last of two letters which she had been perusing, and placed them together where ladies often place such things as "*billets-doux*" and where the beatings of her heart—if she had one—must throb against both her accepted suitors' letters! at one and the same time!—for these two letters had just been received, the one from Mr. A—— urging his fair "*fiancée*" to name the happy day;—the other from Mr. B—— announcing his return, for that very evening!

"You know, my dearest," (writes victim No. 1,) "how patiently

have waited, how faithfully I have obeyed your every wish in this respect, yet how impetuously my poor heart throbs and ardently longs for that happy day, in which the only treasure of my life shall become my very own ! I write by this same post to your dear mamma, who knows that nothing now remains to be arranged, of all those horridly annoying preliminaries to our happiness, and I trust she will join with me in urging you to be no longer cruel, but at once to fulfil the sweet promise you made me in your last letter, that your next would name the blissful day that gives me the hand, as you have already bestowed that dear heart of hearts, on

“Your ever devoted loving future husband,

“A——.”

Pretty well this for victim No. 1, and what says victim No. 2.

“So you are angry with me dearest for doubting your affection, which you so sweetly say “is unchangeable;”—but you must not blame me for trembling as I do at the very thought of losing what it would be worse than death to me now to lose—and the cruel thought did cross my anxious heart on receiving your last, in which you gave such a glowing description of the *happy* evening you had spent on board Mr. C——’s yacht—for you know dear one, that love like mine is ever exacting, and although your kind sweet words of assurance that you could “never change” your too precious affection;—still you are so sure to be loved by all who see you and know your inexpressible worth, that you must not be angry with me for loving you too much ; and believe me dearest, that my heart tells me I can trust you now and for ever—alas ! how sad were it otherwise, for my heart would break indeed if it could not rest with implicit confidence on that affection which, however unmerited on my part, could alone have led you to bestow your loving heart and fair hand on my poor happy, thrice happy self !

“Adieu dearest—On Thursday evening next I hope to be at your side, and hear those blissful words again, and in my loved one’s sweetest accents “*je t’aime*,” and of one thing you may rest assured, that never shall I doubt again those truthful eyes and loving heart of thine—my own sweet *wife*, adieu.

“Your affectionate loving

“B——.”

O tempora O mores!”—“truth” we have heard it often said, and said a reason too—“is stranger than fiction;”—but whether it is or no, are Reminiscences if they should merit nothing more, at least lay claim to truthfulness ; and it is therefore not without regret fair reader, that we are compelled to record what took place after these two glowing

epistles were folded and placed next the heart of this algebraical "quantity" of beauty.

"And what did take place after all?" my fair readers (if blessed with any such) will naturally ask. Brief then, the yachtsman Mr. C—— proposed there and then! the fair one started—not with astonishment,—only at the rustling sound of two letters next her heart, which rustled still more as the happy lover pressed her to his enraptured breast!—his *Affianced Bride*!!

But little more remains to be told—the ardent Mr. B—— duly arrived, and it was remarked by every one that as the capricious fair one sat that night between her two accepted suitors, answering in whispered accents of love, to each in their turn!—turning off the wrathful threatenings of each to the other, by her tact and irresistible glances bestowed on both!—that never did she look more fascinating or more supremely happy!

The parties soon left Douglas, and on more than one occasion the trebly affianced bride was known to have *three* small suspicious looking notes near her heart, instead of two! which most fair ones would think enough! Whether any accession of accepted suitors took place in the mean time we know not, we only know that in some six months after their visit to the Castle Mona hotel, the gallant yachtsman was united for life to the fair Miss X——, and let those who choose to speculate on such things account for the fact as they please,—it is nevertheless a fact, that a happier couple or a better, truer "British wife" it has never been our lot to see!—and yet for all that, we are old fashioned enough to give a preference to the heart that could be satisfied with less than *three accepted* suitors at one and the same time!

Dry harbours, altho' snug enough at a chance time to get into out of a gale of wind, are at all times my abhorrence; and Douglas while dry enough as regards the berthing of the ship, has the additional disadvantage of being anything but a *dry* harbour as regards the crew, who find it *wet* enough in the way of extra grog, unless strictly looked after, and kept on short allowance of shore-leave and pocket money. Not that on this visit I had any great reason to complain, for we left the port with "all hands" sober, save one, and that one no less a personage to my regret and surprise than our skipper—Tom White himself! His first and last appearance in this character; but developed in so sudden and singular manner that, although he himself never hinted at such a thing, I felt more than once impressed with the idea that by some means or other his obfuscation must have been connived at by others. Within half an hour of our starting, indeed I might almost say, at the very moment

we began to leave our berth, and haul off, Tom White was perfectly sober; but in less than a quarter of an hour occupied in warping and towing to the pier head, a change had evidently "come o'er the spirit of his dream." There he stood apparently absorbed in some "*idée fixe*," his attention rivetted on some particular block or rope aloft, and giving orders very quietly, but of course, diametrically opposed to those which ought to have been given, for getting safely underway:—instantly the truth flashed across my mind, but totally taken aback by the bare supposition, I tried him first by stepping forward and looking him very hard in the face,—alas! there was no mistake!—the Manx brandy or some other equally potent spirit had done its work, and Tom was—nowhere! for the instant I had completed my scrutinizing glance, and indicated by a sort of universal sign-post movement, the way to the fore-scuttle—he disappeared below, but not before catching the only words I uttered on the occasion, viz: "stay below till I send for you"—and below he did stay in strict obedience to orders, for it was not until next day, just twenty-four hours after, that he received and answered my summons to appear on deck!

Notwithstanding this unpleasant little *contretemps*, which happened just as we were on the *qui vive* of clearing the pier head, and setting sail, we managed to get underway all right, and although little or nothing of it, the wind was tolerably fair for Kingstown;—once clear of the island, however, it fell a dead calm, with such oppressively hot, lowering, blood red, fiery looking skies, as we had never seen before.

It was during this crushing solemn sort of calm, that we were attracted by the splash and blowing noise of a huge grampus, or whale, but whatever it was, the size, when seen in such a flat calm and peculiar state of the atmosphere, seemed to be something enormous:—in a trice the gig was lowered and hurriedly manned; a log-line to answer the purpose of a whale-line thrown on board; with harpoons, lances, &c. all ready for the monster's capture; but much to our annoyance not a bit of him was to be seen from the time the gig shoved off, and after about an hour's fruitless patience we came alongside again;—all was quiet once more, the same unearthly stillness continued around us, and the crew were mostly below, but the gig kept alongside in case our exciting friend should again shew himself. A pin dropped on deck would have summoned us all to the pursuit:—how much more readily then were we summoned by the exciting cry from the ladies on deck, of,—“The whale! the whale! here it is again!” accompanied by a thundering roar that certainly could come from nothing less than a whale!

Quick as thought all hands tumbled up on deck, and as quickly

jumped into the gig, listening in breathless expectation for the monster's re-appearance; but we neither saw nor heard any indication of his propinquity, nor could we ascertain anything as to the direction in which he was last seen, the ladies not having *seen*, but only *heard* him, as in truth we all did.

Now every ear was strained, and every eye on the look out; "I heard him!" says one:—"Where? where?" whispers another, expectation is on the utmost stretch when—"inrr-rr-rr-rr! ingh-ngh-ngh!" came a roaring noise from right under our bows, in protracted unearthly sounds, ending with a snorting blow off, equal to the first efforts of a locomotive, which made the ladies once more cry out—

"There it is—the same noise again!"

The gig was suddenly shoved round to our bows, from whence the sound proceeded; while others on deck rushed forward, and met—not the whale! but one of the crew starting up from behind the windlass where he had been indulging in a very profound *siesta*, and from whose stentorian nasal organ had just been emitted the thundering snores, which were mistaken for the sea monster's music!

THE AUSTRIAN STEAM-YACHT FANTASIE.

This beautiful vessel intended as a present from the Emperor of Austria to his brother, the Grand Duke Maximilian, has been constructed by the Thames Shipbuilding Company, from designs by Mr. James Ash, and is propelled by engines of 120 horse nominal power, made on the trunk principle, by the Messrs. George Rennie and Sons, of Southwark; and the following are her principal dimensions:—Length between perpendiculars, 180 feet; length on keel for tonnage, 169ft. 2- $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; breadth for tonnage, 18 feet; depth of hold 11 ft.; burden in tons, 291 56-94ths. The *Fantasie* herself is, without exception, the most perfect model of nautical beauty that has yet appeared in the Thames, and is of finer lines than are possessed by the celebrated Dover and Ostend mailpacket Prince Frederick William, one of the fastest boats in the world. Her internal accommodations are wonderful for their economy of space, and are most tastefully furnished and decorated by Messrs. Taylor, of the Dover Road. The after cabins for the use of the Grand Duke and Duchess include a splendid saloon, sixteen feet square, with couches on each side, and mirrors at either end, with sleeping cabinets, library, and bath-rooms for their use, and other apartments for the convenience of their suite, the whole of which are tastefully ornamented in white enamel and gold; a handsome staircase leads to a house on the deck, from which a good look-out may be obtained, or as a refuge in bad weather. The fore-part of the vessel, before the engine room, includes the captain and officers' cabins, and good saloon, all fitted with mahogany and maple-wood; forward of these are accommodations for the yacht's crew; at her quarters she carries two beautifully modelled cutters, each twenty-five feet long, built by the Messrs. Searle, of Stangate, and fitted with Clifford's successful boat-lowering apparatus.

NORWAY, AND THE WAY TO IT.*

CHAPTER IV.

“How ardently his bosom burned
 When his first rune young Frithiof learned,
 A monarch's bliss to his was naught,
 When his first rune he Ing'borg taught.

How proud with her he seemed to be
 When sailing o'er the dark blue sea;
 How happy when by that small hand
 Ellida's snowy sails were fanned.”

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

ABOUT six in the evening of Monday, 20th of July, we returned to the yacht after our visit to the Vöring Foss, very much pleased and not a little wearied. But for the indisposition of one of our party we should probably have devoted the next day, to an attempt on the *Salmonide* frequenting the river of Vik, although we had but little encouragement to do so. Some young Oxford men residing at the inn having flogged it in vain for one entire day. I am but a poor disciple of quaint old Isaac, and of but little authority in the piscatory art, but in my opinion there was a great deal too much snow water in the river, even at this late period of the season to give much hopes of success. We were however, assured by the natives that numerous salmon were in the river. In character it much resembles the rivers Ewe and Ness, two of the best salmon streams in Scotland. All three are limited to a course of some two or three miles, each coming from its respective lake, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full grown, and each after a short but rough journey over its rocky bed, discharging itself into the sea. Numerous traps of various kinds along its banks and in its channel shewed that the natives at all events expect salmon, and doubtless at the right season good fishing may be found in this river.

We heard of no demand for rent being made, and there seemed to be neither let nor hindrance in the way of fishing either the river or the lake of Sæbo, from which it flows, and where we were told fish were plentiful. Angling as a sport the Norwegians do not seem to understand, we saw nothing which could be denominated a fishing rod, even of the rudest description. In every cottage a fowling piece, generally very ill kept, with a tremendous long barrel, and a nearly equally long stock, and between the two of a preternatural weight was to be found,

Continued from p. 133.

and was always exhibited as a weapon of deadliest aim against the bears, but implements either for river or sea-fishing I could not detect. Indeed I believe all the fish in the Rivers and Fiords to boot would not tempt a Norwegian to bother himself with lines and flies so long as devices can be found which will enable a fish to compass its own destruction, and thus save him any trouble beyond lifting the unhappy wretch out of the trap, where it has in all probability already committed *felo-de-se*.

On the 21st we tried to leave Vik, but a total want of wind prevented our getting beyond a mile down the fiord. It rained heavily nearly all day, and the only relief we had from the monotony of a dense fog was in watching the heavy wreaths of mist rolling up the steep mountain sides, if by chance the atmosphere cleared for a minute or two. In the cabin finishing sketches of the Vöring Foss was the chief amusement, while on deck the crew had a capital fishing of whittings and haddocks, even although the water alongside was so fresh that we had been able to use it for culinary purposes. In the evening we were obliged to tow the cutter back to Vik, where we came to in our old berth, but by no means in our former security.

It may seem an Irishism, *Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior* to say, that the last pipe of the night is the best of the day, yet it is a truth notwithstanding, and my appreciation of it as such saved the yacht from destruction on this occasion. The dull damp day had given place to a fair but blowing blustering night, and I was surprised on coming on deck for the purpose indicated above to find the cutter close in shore; on trying the depth I found she had only a couple of feet to spare, and when we had brought up she had 20 fathoms under her. Rousing the crew we got a kedge out and making sail upon her immediately had her under command just as the heel was touching the rock. In thrashing her out of the bight we had drifted into, we had to pass very foul ground near the river's mouth, and I momentarily looked for her striking; but we had to carry on till she gathered way for stays, and luckily we passed scatheless through these dangers, and after recovering a sufficient offing, brought her to with 60 fathoms of chain out. A foul anchor, a frequent contingency after coming to in a calm, was the cause of all this botheration, which it took us the best part of the night to get over.

The morning of the 22nd opened well, and after some little delay in getting our warp and kedge, which we had let go in getting under-way last night, we started. Some light spar had been made fast to it, which not being able to bear the weight of the wet rope;—spar, warp, and all were in the morning invisible. We knew well enough where it ought

to be, and a few casts of a grapnel soon brought it to the surface. The wind was up the fiord all day, and it took us till nightfall to beat down to the Island of Varaldsoe near the entrance of the Möranger Fiord. Of all modes of viewing scenery commend me to beating down a lake or fiord in a yacht. Nearing each side alternately you see the beauties of both equally well, and you have each tree, each rock, each waterfall, presented in such a variety of positions as you pursue your zigzag course, that you are certain to have an opportunity of selecting the most favourable. All yachtsmen who are true lovers of the picturesque, must continue to abjure steam. The bull-headed obstinacy of the screw sends you ahead on a straight undeviating course, which prevents you detecting where the pretty bits of scenery lurk, and then the smell of oil, the heat of steam, and the dirt of soot distract your attention too much to enable you to spare time to admire Nature. In the wake of a funnel there are too many *blacks* to be avoided to give you much time to look for *beauties*. When I hear of yachtsmen (as one too often does now-a-days,) getting steam yachts built, or still worse, screws put in the tails of their old ones, I am reminded of the answer made by a gallant captain of one of the steamers of the Baltic fleet. It was the first steamer he had ever commanded, and when Her Majesty summoned him on board the *Fairy* at Spithead to bid him God's speed, 'ere he departed on his voyage, she with her usual tact remembering this fact, said: "Well Captain B. how do you like a steamer?" "Please your Majesty," said Captain B. with that bluff honesty which so well befits the English sailor, "I don't like it at all, I have never felt clean since I have been aboard of one." Steam is all very well when folks are in a hurry, but men going a yachting should never be tied to time.

At daybreak on the morning of the 23rd we were off Betelem's haven whence we got our ancient *Palinurus* on the evening of the 17th. I fancy the old man seldom deserted his household gods for so long a season, for many a wistful look gave he to the shore

"When he saw on *Palatinus*

The white perch of his home."

At this point instead of continuing down the Bømmel Fiord we turned off to the right through Stok Sund, steering nearly due north towards Bergen. This is the usual course for vessels from the upper portion of Hardanger bound to Bergen. Why it should be so I cannot well say, a much nearer course would be between the Island of Lysnaes and the mainland, through the Strandé Fiord and the Biorne or Bear Fiord. It is singular that no surveys of the Norwegian Fiords have ever been made, or if made, the results have at all events never been published.

When the pilot was asked, why there were no charts of the fiords to be had? the only reason he could give was that if they were to be had no body would employ a pilot. Indeed, as it is I don't think a pilot very necessary, these fiords like the lochs of the West Highlands are all deep water with few hidden dangers of any kind, and the only difficulty is to know when to take the right turn amid the innumerable channels and sounds which present themselves. There are, however, generally plenty of vessels going the same way, and you can generally select the nearest route by following their lead.

Our invalid was now better, and able to be on deck all day, and to enjoy the lovely weather and strange and bizarre scenery. This had now ceased to be grand, but could hardly be called tame as it consisted of a constant repetition of low rocky islands scantily covered with herbage, and here and there dotted with stunted pine trees. In every nook where a boat could be pulled up on the shelving beach, stood a fisherman's hut, generally pretty in shape and gay in colour. From these cottages came off frequent boats with crews of women and children, begging for bread, and offering to exchange for it raspberries and other wild fruits, and now and then potatoes. From this we may safely conclude that in these latitudes corn is not abundant, indeed I do not think we passed a stalk of any kind of grain during our whole day's sail, and we were never half a cable's length from the shore. I never saw a country, which so completely impressed me with the idea of being fully stocked with inhabitants as Norway. It could not be made to sustain more than it does. Mr. Caird and his high farming would be thrown away upon it. All the Agricultural Societies in Britain would not enable it to support another ten thousand people. It has no land to till, it consists of snow, rock and fiord. In Norway it will take more acres to feed a rabbit than a man anywhere else. The materials for its *cuisine* are the poorest in the world.

About 4h. p.m. we passed the entrance of the Selboe Fiord, one of the great entrances to Bergen from the sea. Hereabouts our old pilot fell asleep, and we had to take her into Bogholm Sound on our own responsibility. At 8h. p.m. by which time the pilot was awake again the entrance of the Kors Fiord was gained, and in the distance the Marsteen Beacon, the very easily distinguished object we had selected to mark our landfall on the coasts of Gamlé Norgé, was seen. Opposite Klepholmen where the Kors Fiord joins the sound leading to Bergen, the pilot pointed out a spot where soundings at a depth of 700 fathoms had been got by the Surveying Officers of the Swedish Navy. It was a beautiful settled looking night, when I turned into my berth about 11 p.m., but

I had not been long asleep when I was awoke by a noise which I recognised as that of lowering the topsail, I was speedily on deck, when I found the night had much changed for the worse and looked very threatening. It was extremely red in the east, where dawn was already showing itself,—always a bad sign in early morning. Numerous vessels were in company, and the Sound very narrow, so that while dark it was hazardous sailing. We had just met a steamer bound for Christiana, and the schooner yacht *Flying Cloud* bound for the Hardanger. Rain soon came on, and by the time we reached Bergen it was as dirty a morning as one could well see. It was raining heavily and blowing hard from the south-east. With the wind in this quarter we lay snug enough where we had come to, in the west harbour, but with the wind from the north there must be a good deal of sea, as the Herloe Fiord stretches away large and open without a break for miles in that direction.

Having been on deck nearly all the previous night I was not very active on the morning of the 24th. This was of less importance as it rained as it only knows how to do in Bergen, which is undoubtedly the moistest place in Christendom. In the course of the day we went on shore and called at the Consul's, where I got information to enable me to settle with our present pilot. The charge stated by our consul as the correct one, after reference to the official called the Pilot Alderman, was 22 specie dollars, very nearly a pound a day for each day he was on board, besides his food. It must always be borne in mind that the vessel was but little above 30 tons, builders' measurement. To be sure she is pretty deep in the keel, drawing over nine feet aft, and I believe it is by this criterion that the charge is made. That the charge was a preposterous one, was most satisfactorily proved that very day, by a person speaking most admirable English, so good that I at first took him for an Englishman, offering his services both as interpreter and pilot for the Sogné Fiord at the rate of little more than a dollar per day, and in both capacities he held high recommendations. The tariff for pilots in Norway has much need to be overhauled and put on a more favourable footing for small vessels.

In our wanderings through the town we fell in with a most civil tradesman, who had one of the best shops in the principal street. He spoke English very fairly, and kindly volunteered to show us over part of the town. The first place he took us to was the old fort of Frederiksburgh, situated on the peninsula between the East and West harbours. From the high ground on which the fort stands a capital view of the town is to be obtained. The fortifications seemed very dilapidated, and

everything about it, including the few soldiers who composed its garrison required smartening up. While exploring an old tower of this fort, one of our party although closely following our obliging guide, managed in the gloom of an ancient vaulted passage to stray so far from the straight path as to walk into a well of ice-cold water. The individual to whom this untoward accident happened, tho' in the main as good tempered a fellow as need be, is liable to fits of irascibility when things dont go altogether smooth with him. The sudden and unexpected shock caused by his immersion in the chilly fluid, prevented his uttering any complaint until he was able to extricate his dripping legs, when the *perfidium ingenium Scotorum* fairly broke forth, and our ears were saluted with a volley of expletives not often heard by Norwegian ears. The worthy citizen of Bergen seemed hardly to know whether to laugh at, or cry with, our damp and excited friend. I trust he did not understand them, but I fear he came in for his share of the anathemas, which like the thunderbolts of Jove when Olympus warred with the Titans, were flying about in all directions. Finding that our friend's spirits like his legs were rather damped by his recent immersion, we politely dismissed our guide, and reserved further sightseeing till it could be done under more agreeable circumstances.

The morning of Saturday the 25th was unaccountably fine for Bergen, and our invalid who had never yet been on shore in Norway, ventured a walk through the town; we landed on the opposite side of the West harbour from where we had been yesterday, and first investigated another old fortified place; the most conspicuous erection of which, a square tower is said to have been founded in the 12th century by Haco. Though here we found no wells to disturb our equanimity, we nearly suffered as much from a water spout, which poured the most dense torrent of rain on our devoted heads I had ever seen. Knowing the treacherous nature of the climate we had taken waterproof garments with us, so that we were less wet, and I hope less sulky than our friend yesterday. We got protection under some thickly planted trees forming a broad promenade in the midst of the fort, where we patiently waited until the shower went off. We then walked through the town to the head of the harbour, where we met the cutter's gig, and got some fish and vegetables from the numerous boats lying there with these commodities for sale. Fresh meat we also wanted, but not a morsel was to be seen either on this or on subsequent occasions when we visited the market. And we left Norway without being able to purchase an ounce of butcher's meat or of fresh salmon: some unsavoury looking smoked salmon we did see, but of fresh salmon not a single fish, alive or dead.

What struck me most forcibly in Bergen was the extremely clean and picturesque appearance of the houses externally. They are nearly all of wood, and must in winter be extremely cold, as the planks of which they are constructed, seem extremely thin. They are all clinch-built like a boat, and the landings of the planks caulked in the same way. Notwithstanding, these planked walls have sundry cranies, where the most unpleasant draughts of air penetrate, rendering them anything but safe residences for invalids. The Bergeners seem to have quite a mania for flowers, and well do they seem to thrive in this hyperborean climate. Every window was filled with most flourishing specimens of hydrangias, geraniums, balsams or fuchsias, so that a promenade through the streets was as well worth seeing as a Chiswick flower show. We saw no greenhouses or conservatories, and it seems difficult to understand how they keep them during winter. Probably the equal temperature produced by the universal use of stoves, and the absence of gas, which was only introduced last summer, might enable them to keep these delicate pets in their ordinary sitting rooms all winter.

After dinner we visited the Athenæum, a sort of club, where we found a great variety of French and some English newspapers; *The Illustrated News*, *Punch*, and *Examiner* were there, but we looked in vain for the *Times*. The most recent intelligence we got was from a French paper, and that was only up to the 15th inst. The institution seems well managed, but does not seem to be much visited.

In our walk through Bergen to day I was much struck with the fact of how intimately one particular book and its story seemed interwoven with the national life. In the streets, on the sterns of their ships, and on the walls of their rooms, everywhere you met allusions to the Frithiof's Saga. Not at that time knowing anything of the tale beyond its name, I was surprised to see the number of ships delighting to sport the picturesque name of Ellida, and the number of pictures representing the loves of Frithiof and Ingeborg. My curiosity being roused by this extraordinary popularity, I lost no time on my return home in seeking for a translation of this poem, so that I might judge to what it owed this wonderful hold on Norwegian tastes. I succeeded in finding several translations of the poem, and also one, of the original Icelandic Saga on which Tegner, Bishop of Wexio, who is the author of the poem, has founded his tale. In my humble opinion the old Saga is much the best reading of the two: in clearness, simplicity, and force it far surpasses Tegner's poetry, which if the truth must be told, I found rather dull reading,—though of course it is hardly fair to judge of poetry merely by a translation.

As this rambling yarn may possibly fall into the hands of some yachtsman about to take a trip to Norway, and who may know as little about Frithiof, and his Ellida as I did, a short abstract of the plot may not be amiss, especially as Lord Dufferin, has recently in his amusing "*Letters from High Latitudes*," set the example of copious quotations from the Sagas.

A long time ago, as the fairy tales hath it, before the introduction of Christianity, there reigned in that part of Norway, bordering on the Sogné Fiord, one King Belé. When our story opens he is an old man, and soon dies, leaving two sons, Helgé and Halfdan, between whom he divides his kingdom, and a daughter, Ingeborg. On the North shore of the Sogné there lived at a place called Framanas, a wealthy bonder or yeoman, called Thurston Vikingsou, who was a vassal, and had been a firm friend to Old King Belé. Thurston had a son called Frithiof, and he and the king's daughter are brought up by an old gentleman called Hilding, whose occupation beyond that of dry nursing does not appear. Thurston does not long survive his old friend the king, and they are both buried on the shores of the Fiord, *vis-a-vis* to each other, where two large barrows then, and for ought I know to the contrary, still, testify to their places of sepulture. Ingeborg was so handsome that she was known all over Norway as Ingeborg the Fair, and Frithiof so brave that he was universally designated as Frithiof the Bold. As might be expected from the close intercourse which took place in the home of their foster-father, an attachment sprang up between them,—the king's daughter and the yeoman's son. Frithiof, who was a young man of means as well as of merit, nothing daunted at the disparity of rank, demanded Ingeborg of her brothers in marriage, but was ignominiously repulsed, and the young lady sent off to Balder's Hagé, a holy sanctuary of Balder the Scandinavian Apollo.

It seems that in those days Norway was not under one king, for to the south of the territories of King Belé, lay the kingdom of Ringariceké, then ruled over by an aged potentate, called Ring. He was a wise and powerful monarch, but like many wise and powerful monarchs before his day, he had a weakness for the daughters of Eve. Hearing of the charms of Ingeborg, he also demanded her in marriage, but was refused by her brothers, with sundry rude hints, that such an old boy as he, who could not get on his horse without assistance, had no business with a wife. Ring enraged at this taunt collected his forces and marched to attack the brothers, who sent for Frithiof's aid, which was refused. During their absence, Frithiof launches his famous ship Ellida, and regardless of the sacredness of Balder's sanctuary, repeatedly visits Inge-

borg there. These visits end in plighting their troth to each other, which they did by exchanging bracelets or arm rings instead of finger rings as we do now-a-days. The brothers finding themselves without his assistance, the weakest, hastily patched up a peace with Ring, and without regard to Ingeborg's feelings, agreed to give her to the old king as a peace-offering. Having heard on their return of Frithiof's sacrilege they resolved to be revenged, but doubting their ability to do so by strength of hand, they try craft, and sent messages to him that if he would agree to go to Orkney to demand the tribute, payable by Argantyr, chief of these islands, but which had not been paid since King Belé's death, they would forgive his refusal of aid, and intrusion into Balder's Hagé in their absence. Frithiof very softly fell into the trap laid for him, and sails for Orkney in Ellida with a picked crew of eighteen men. He was no sooner gone than Ingeborg is given to Ring, and the village of Framnas belonging to Frithiof burned. Besides this Helgé, who is a bit of a necromancer, invites sundry demons to raise such a storm that the poor Ellida is nearly lost. This craft, however had the singular but useful property in a ship of understanding human speech, and moreover did what she was bid (which is more than human beings themselves always do,) and accordingly at the orders of Frithiof, she deftly breaks the backs of two of the evil demons, who were capering about in the neighbourhood, on the back of a whale.

The storm now ceases and Frithiof at last reaches Orkney, and is better received by Argantyr than might have been expected considering the unpleasant mission he came upon. He remains all winter, and in the spring returns to Norway again.

On his reaching the Sogné Fiord he found Framnas burned and Ingeborg the wife of Ring, so without delay he steered across the fiord to Balder's Hagé where the kings were then employed in offering sacrifice. The first thing Frithiof does is to bore holes in all the ships belonging to the Royal brothers, he then boldly enters the hall of the temple alone, and threw the purse with the tribute at Helgé's face breaking two of his teeth. But unfortunately in an attempt to recover the ring he had given Ingeborg, and which he saw on the arm of Helgé's wife, who was busily employed in anointing Balder with oil before the fire, he tumbled the wooden image among the ashes, where it immediately took fire, and which it communicated to the building, so that soon the God and his temple were seen alike in flames.

Frithiof having now outraged gods and men flies his country, and leads the life of a Viking for four years to come, when having amassed great riches he returns to Norway but not to Sogné. True to his early

love, he seeks the court of old king Ring, in the disguise of an old Salt-burner. King Ring however penetrates his disguise, and with most praiseworthy good nature, keeps him about his court and promotes him to high honours. Ring frequently put his life in Frithiof's power, but he always resists temptation, and ere long he is rewarded by the old king dying a natural death, and leaving him his wife and the guardianship of his children and kingdom as a legacy.

This trust Frithiof did not abuse, for when Ring's sons came of age he resigned the kingdom of Ringareicke to them, but in the mean time he had dispossessed Helgé and Halfdan of their kingdom, having killed the first in battle, and made the other his vassal. For many years in Sogné, reigned Frithiof the Bold with his Queen Ingeborg the Fair.

In the poem Ring is made to cut himself with a huge knife till he dies, possibly not an unusual fashion among the old Vikings, but certainly a much less pleasant termination to the worthy old gentleman's life than that in the Saga.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

[In compliance with the wishes of several subscribers, who are oarsmen as well as yachtsmen, we insert the following, by permission, from *Bell's Life*.] TOWARDS the end of last October term, Mr. Thorley of Wadham was elected President and Captain of Oxford University Boat Club, and Mr. Lloyd of Magdalen, assumed the same high post at Cambridge. The first acts of their administrations were a prompt challenge on the part of Cambridge, and an equally prompt acceptance on that of Oxford. On reassembling after Christmas no time was lost at either place in selecting likely candidates for the coveted honour of rowing a university oar. At Cambridge two members of last year's crew remained for a nucleus of the present one—Messrs. Lloyd and Smith, while again their able coxswain, Mr. Wharton, took his seat aft. At Oxford no less than five old hands were found still resident—Mr. Thorley, who had twice rowed stroke against Cambridge, Messrs. Warre, Wood, Arkell, and Risley, who was in last year's victorious crew. The rest were quickly found, being all accepted on their first trial, there being in all nine new names entered, and fairly tried on their merits. The fresh hands at Cambridge had been all under Mr. Lloyd's faithful supervision during the preceding term, and were all retained from the beginning of practising to the race day, the only change being in their relative positions in the boat.

On Monday, March 1st, Oxford went into training, and rapidly fell together, giving from the first good augury of a uniform and even crew. The ice, however, hindered them from rowing over the whole distance for several days. Several new boats were tried, and at last one built last year by Messrs. Searle, and the property of Brasenose College was chosen to carry their weighty and powerful crew. Cambridge rowed mainly in their earlier practice in a large boat of Searle's, and later in one by Taylor of Newcastle, an excellent and fast craft. On Putney water they shifted into a new one also by Taylor, which, however seemed to us to carry them scarcely so well, especially as their rowing became more uniform, and the vicious drop of the shoulders more decisive; for the better a crew rows together, the more likely are they to dip their ship under.

On Saturday, March 20th, Oxford rowed with the evening flood from Putney to the Ship at Mortlake in 21 minutes, finishing in from Barnes bridge at a tremendous pace.

On Monday previous to the race Oxford rowed with a slack flood in 23 minutes. Cambridge rowed first over the water downwards on Tuesday, in 22 minutes, 25 seconds, the tide being slackish. On that day Oxford had not a full practice, owing to a rent in the boat's side half filling them with water.

On Wednesday Cambridge rowed with a fairish ebb against a crew of watermen, consisting of J. Phelps, the two Mackinnays, Chitty, Driver, &c., in 21 minutes and 40 seconds, and beat them decisively. Oxford had rowed with a slacker tide earlier in the day in 22 minutes.

On Thursday the dark blue boys also rowed against the same crew with the flood in 22 minutes, but, owing to the illness of one of their middle oars, did not succeed in beating the watermen till near the end of the course. The same day Cambridge rowed with the ebb in 22 minutes 40 seconds, the wind from the N.E., being in their teeth in Corney Reach, though favourable below Hammersmith. On Friday both crews contented themselves with a short sharp burst upwards. The nearness of the timing, and the manifest excellence of both crews, rendered speculation throughout the week intense, and we suppose betting, whatever it might have been; could only have proceeded on even terms. It is only due here to state that the London Rowing Club, in the most generous manner, offered their rooms, yard, boats, and men to the unrestricted use of both crews, and on Wednesday an Oxford scratch eight, with Mr. Codrington at stroke, Messrs. Roche, Bennett, Townsend, and other men of renown, met their younger brethren in a beautiful eight oar, the property of the L.R.C., and proved the excellent qualities of that craft,—the very same which last year was victorious at Henley.

Oxford were, as usual, well entertained at the White Lion, and Cambridge at the Star and Garter.

The following are their names, and the weights, as ascertained before rowing:—

OXFORD.		st.	lb.	CAMBRIDGE.		st.	lb.
1—R. W. Risley, Exon.....	11	8	1	1—H. H. Lubbock, Caius.....	11	4	4
2—T. Arkell, Pembroke.....	11	3	2	2—A. L. Smith, Trinity.....	11	4	4
3—C. G. Lane, Christ Church....	11	10	3	3—W. J. Havart, St. John's.....	11	4	4
4—H. Austin, Magdalen.....	12	9	4	4—D. Darroch, Trinity.....	12	1	1
5—E. Lane, Balliol.....	11	12	5	5—H. Williams, St. John's.....	12	4	4
6—W. H. Wood, University.....	12	6	6	6—R. L. Lloyd, Magdalen.....	11	13	13
7—E. Warre, Balliol.....	18	2	7	7—A. H. Fairburn, Trinity.....	11	12	12
8—J. T. Thorley, Wadham	10	3	8	8—J. Hall, Magdalen.....	10	7	7
H. Walpole, Balliol (cox.).....	9	8		R. Wharton, Magdalen (cox.)	9	2	2

The morning of Saturday was ushered in with a stiffish breeze at north-west, the day being on the whole unfavourable for rowing. Soon after eleven o'clock the steamer *Lady of the Lake*, left Waterloo bridge, having on board J. W. Chitty, Esq., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, (the Umpire) and a select party of ladies and gentlemen.

Mr Sawyer, the Superintendent of the Iron Steam Boat Company, was also on board, and was most successful in his endeavours to maintain order and discipline among those captains under his control. Arriving at Putney this boat took up a position on the Middlesex side of the river a short distance above the hideous bridge lately erected by some water company. In a short time the river was densely thronged with steamers and other craft, and the number of spectators congregated on the banks and at every point where a view could be obtained was enormous, and, perhaps greater than on any similar occasion. Precisely at ten minutes to one o'clock the two rival crews rowed from Messrs. Searle's yard, with the majestic sweep of oars, which is always the mark of well trained crews, and after a short burst below the bridge returned through the centre arch and took up their stations, Oxford on the Surrey side, where Mr. Edward Searle was, as usual, in waiting to give the signal for the Start.

This took place precisely at one o'clock, and both boats were immediately underway. Scarce was the word "they're off" out of the mouths of the beholders, before it was apparent that some great disaster had befallen Oxford, for the after oars ceased rowing, and were seen partly in the air, and partly in the water. The stroke oar had been caught by a wave in the troubled river filled with steamers and ruffled by the wind, and so violent was the shock, that the strong wrought iron out-rigger gave way under it, and the thowl with its iron casing was completely bent into a position inclining considerably outwards, and the cord

which lashed the two thowls together snapped like packthread. To the stroke-man all rowing became next to impossible, the bent position of the thowl giving his oar a tendency to fly upwards ; he could only make a feeble effort to give time to the rest, but not that steady time which his crew had been accustomed to take from him. Thus a crew as perfectly got together as any ever seen, and in first-rate condition and confidence, was entirely thrown out, and two month's careful preparation marred in an instant. It was to be a day of accidents ; for, to the amazement of the spectators, a disaster occurred directly afterwards to Cambridge, which threatened and deserved utterly to extinguish the race in the first 300 yards, and to leave to the crippled Oxonians a walk over. A lighter lay at anchor above the bridge, whose cable had been paid out in order to shift her to a more inside berth on the Middlesex shore, and give room to the Cambridge coxswain to pass outside of her. Unfortunately, he still aimed at keeping inside of her, but to do this he must put his rudder over ; and not calculating the *slew* necessarily caused by jamming athwart a powerful tide, he ran his stroke-side oars against the port bow of the lighter with a violent crash. Those on board the Lady of the Lake foresaw a foul to be inevitable, and were in breathless terror, not only for the continuance of the race, but also for the safety of her crew, till it was seen that Nos. 8 and 6 had dexterously freed their oars, and that the boat was still careering along on her keel uninjured. How the coxswain did not also foresee it remains a wonder. The disaster, however, acted as a panic on the crew, for they also fell out of time as Oxford had done, and not till a late period of the race did they exhibit the true excellence of their form. Nevertheless they quickly shewed their mettle, by lying down to work, and began to show in advance. The wind above the first point was dead foul and blowing fresh, and hence Hammersmith Bridge was not reached till 9 minutes and 4 seconds from the start. Just below this point Oxford put on a tremendous spurt, and nearly brought their bows over the leading boat's stern, but not rowing together could not support it. The pace here increased, owing to the more favourable direction of the wind, but the steering became unaccountably wild, and both boats took the long point too closely, and afterwards went round the light opposite Chiswick eyot. Above the Duke's Cambridge improved their form, and rowing steadily, but still with too rapid a stroke, considerably increased their distance ahead. Barnes Bridge was reached in 18 minutes and 3 seconds, and the flag-boat off Mortlake in 21 minutes and 23 seconds from the time of starting, Oxford being some lengths, or more precisely, 22 seconds in time behind, but finishing with the most unflinching pluck, and losing only 1 second on their victors after Barnes Bridge.

Thunders of applause greeted the light blue colours, and before they had subsided, Cambridge put their boat about and threaded their way downwards through the labyrinth of floundering steamers. Here it was as they rowed quietly down against the tide that we had an opportunity to scan over with critical eye the composing elements of their admirable crew. It looked to us on the whole, a revival of the hereditary style of the great Cambridge crews of former days. There was the same lift from the feet, the same rapidity of feather, and, above all the same square drop of expanded shoulders, and the sharp clip of the compressed elbows downwards. We should select, as deserving especial honour, the strokesman (Mr. Hall), whose manner in hurling the water in a huge collected lump, right aft from his blade, proved him an oarsman of the greatest power. Mr. Fairbairn also, at 7, rowed in the cleanest, most precise manner possible, and the feathering of his oar, by an instantaneous conversion of the vertical into the horizontal position, struck us as worthy of the most accomplished waterman.

Oxford could not row down, else we are confident we should have seen the most finished and even style attainable in an eight oar. We must choose out of their number Mr. Wood at 6, and Mr. Arkell at 2, as matchless oarsmen. Though rowing at an incredible speed of stroke, greatly exceeding 40 per minute, they pulled through the whole area of water possible at every stroke, and tore the fluid to fragments. We still adhere to our fixed opinion recorded above, that during the week's rowing previous to the race, both crews performed in a manner never surpassed; and the wildness of time in the race itself can be quite accounted for by the mishaps happening to each and disorganising the unity and concert of their work. The steerers we may shelter on the same ground, of their being put off their balance by two such alarming misfortunes early in the race; and we extend our sincerest sympathy to the gallant Oxford crew and the friends who had so faithfully assisted them, on the melancholy accident which put it out of their power to make any longer a race of it.

The crews took luncheon after rowing with Mr. Phillips, the hospitable lord of the Cedars, at Mortlake, and dined afterwards together with the utmost friendship at the Albion Tavern, in London.

The match was attended by the renowned oarsmen of former years, in great numbers, and we were glad to see the noble science of rowing recognised as an institution belonging to our chief educational communities by the presence of some in the most exalted situations at Oxford and Eton. The cloud of horsemen on the towing path was like a legion of irregular calvary; but neither on the bank nor on the crowded river did any serious accident occur.

We give the time of the umpire's boat in running upwards with the flood to Putney;—over two separate miles they made more than 16 miles an hour, and two miles together where the tide was slack, were run in 7m. 28s.

So we have seen one more of those great aquatic spectacles; such as can be furnished forth by one country alone in the world, and in which the competitors can be none other than English gentlemen. And without disparagement to other rowing communities, we trust it may be said we must look to our two ancient Universities chiefly to send out for the admiration of the world such exemplars of manly youthful beauty, of science and speed, and of consummate training, as those whose prowess we now record. There is no task more grateful to the Editor of this journal to perform, than the annual chronicling of the great Easter race. For as rowing is one of the first and most highly scientific of all our national amusements, so the University match presents it in its very best type, and inaugurates each successive aquatic year by the chief contest of the season.

Whenever we start with this race, we consider rowing fairly set afloat for the long after months in the pride and beauty of the year, and the incitement given by it is a confident guarantee that we may expect many and great doings on the water. Regattas are the consequence of it, and not its substitutes; instead of compensating for the lack of it, when it unfortunately is wanting, owing to invincible difficulties in a frost-bound season, or the like, they themselves invariably suffer. When it is considered that those twin groups, under the dark and light blue flags, are the choicest representatives of thirty-five hundred men of the best blood in England, and that in each University the traditional science of rowing flourishes ever fresh and undefiled (and may it always flourish), we see abundant reason why the interest about this race should be so intense, and why it should exercise so predominating an influence on all that follows it.

In speaking of it this year we shall deviate, we trust not unacceptably, from the way in which we have usually ushered its record before the world, and shall draw attention rather to rowing itself than detail, as we have so often done, the history of all the great races hitherto rowed. We premise that only up to this time there have been fourteen challenge matches between Oxford and Cambridge, eight of which have been won by Cambridge, and six by her sister. Cambridge for a long time had the pre-eminence, and it was not until the year 1842 that Oxford fairly awoke from slumber, and emancipating herself from watermen's guidance, put forth all her strength, collected from within herself. Since then five victories have fallen to her, and four to Cambridge. There have been, in addition, six meetings between them, at the Thames and Henley Regattas, in which Oxford won four races and Cambridge two. These meetings, of course, are of inferior importance to the set challenge matches, generally it must be confessed that both crews have exhibited less perfect polish in the minor summer contests than at Easter. This may, perhaps, have been owing to the difficulty and distress

consequent on rowing the long distances necessary to the attainment of perfection under the heats of June. However, we ought honourably to except the Oxford summer crews of 1843 and 1848, which were admirable. Cambridge rows at that time under greater disadvantages than Oxford, owing to the earlier ending of its term, and hence, partly, perhaps, the latter has more often passed the winning post first at the regattas. It used to be thought at Oxford that Easter racing was unfavourable to getting the best available crew in the University, owing to the nearness of impending great-go examinations, but it has been abundantly proved that reading and training may amicably co-exist, and the number of first class men at each place of learning distinguished in the highest rank of oarsmanship demonstrates the perfect compatibility of the two.

It will be remembered by many of our aquatic friends that formerly, when this match was rowed over the famous Westminster course, there was a circumstance which formed a most happy adjunct to the meeting of the rival crews. In those days there was always an Oxford and a Cambridge Rooms eight, each nearly equal to the fresh team of its own University, and when in full training sometimes superior to it. The older men will well remember the glories of the London Cambridge eights and London Oxford fours, and how both clubs could, at a few days' notice, furnish forth a crew capable of a neck and neck race, for three miles with the best match boats. Thus a match was in effect rowed every day for a week before the great event, and most powerfully did such searching touchstones of speed stimulate the crowning efforts of the month's training, and elicit the stamina of the competitors from their very foundations. The steamboats below bridges have unhappily swept all this away long since; the crews can scarcely find a scratch eight of older men capable of rowing 200 yards with them, picked up, as they must be, at the spur of the moment, with nothing present to them in possession but their well-remembered form, which cannot alone carry them far. This is, perhaps, somewhat melancholy in retrospect of what has been, and, oh! that it might be again. We cannot but regret the extinction of two such noble institutions, the fraternal clubs of the Universities planted at Searle's upper and lower yards, and we desire thus to drop a passing tribute to the shades of the great departed—Selwyn, Brett, Shadwell, Maberly, and Powys.

We have spoken of things that were, we have now to speak of things that are; and in doing so we are conscious of a hearty satisfaction at the state of rowing politics. But we think it would be interesting to investigate matters a little more closely, and to gain from such reflection a clear idea of the condition of the science with which we are here engaged. From time to time there arise in the yachting world certain fluctuations of current opinion as to alleged great changes in style and in boat-building, and as to increase of speed consequent on such alterations and improvements. Into some of these points we will now enter, trusting that the discussion may be acceptable to our rowing friends, and assist rather than prejudice the advancement of the interests of the gentle craft so dear to them. First, then, touching that which stands first, and always must infinitely outweigh all other matters of detail,

rowing itself; are we to recognise in our great and perfect crews of the present time (and we may include, we are proud to say, in that category the crews of this week now present,) any distinctive departure in principle from the characteristics of their illustrious predecessors? Many who look on will have a lurking idea that there is some fundamental difference between that which has delighted them all in the past week, and that which they remember four or six years ago; they cannot exactly define this difference, but they think it must exist. Some will unhesitatingly say, "Yes, there is a radical change," and will proceed to define it and argue it boldly. Others will say, "No; there are differences of detail, but the constituting elements of excellence are the same, and that because they always must be the same." But we ourselves also say no, and are glad to be able to say it. Bad rowing differs from good fundamentally, but first-rate work is always indetical in the most important conditions. When a crew has been very good it was what it was because it fulfilled those conditions.

There is no such thing as Oxford style as opposed to Cambridge style, or this year's style in contra-distinction from last year's. A good style is good, because the proportions and dimensions of its work are true and in accordance with scientific deductions. Gazers are carried away by some point which powerfully attracts the eye, and such as a highly tossed feather, and they conclude that the exaggerated lofty curve of the blade in the air, such as for a season Oxford revelled in, constitutes a radical demarcation between two University rowing principles. Whereas such disposition of the oar at the time when it is doing no part of the work of propulsion is of infinitesimally small importance. Yet it is that one which most attracts the sight of all the motions that can be described by an oarsman. But if, on the contrary, it be taught as doctrine that men ought to be set 15, 16, 17 inches from their rowlocks, or that they must hang outwards towards the outside gunwale in throwing the body's weight backwards and the handle be tucked up under the ribs at the stroke's end, then indeed the conditions of work are altered, and the alphabet of science is reversed. To come more distinctly to the points, it must be insisted on that the particular motions which decide a man's and a whole crew's efficiency are the getting forward with a spring and to the whole extent of the reach, so that the concentrated weight of the frame impends over the oar's handle and as near to it as possible; the laying hold of the water by the blade at right angles to it, and with perfectly straightened arms; the sharp shave of the elbows past the ribs and the square drop of the back from the beginning of its motion backwards to the very end. Add to these that which is the result of them all combined, the little dip of the shoulders downwards when they have turned the perpendicular position little in point of space traversed, but most decisive to the practised eye, and we have the chief criteria of rowing in perfection. Now in these points we say all good crews have agreed, and always will agree. Some will criticise the Cambridge backs, and say they were laid too far down backwards; others those of Oxford, and pronounce them too upright and too near the perpendicular, and as each fancies a peculiar merit in the one or the other develop-

ment of form, will claim a decided difference, and a superiority in that difference for his favourites, and rear a proportionate theory of rowing. But all such criticism the man who has deeply studied rowing simply despises. He knows whether the fall of backs is of the right sort or not, without praising as infallible the exact measure of dip which he fancies most graceful, and perhaps if he happen to be a very impartial and calculating judge, though still a stout partisan of one crew, he would say that he has just seen two magnificent and highly polished sights, whose rowing infinitely delighted him, but would have pleased him a trifle better had Oxford dropped back on the whole a little more, and Cambridge a little less. On such differences of style, or form, or manner of work does not depend, but it does depend on the motions above described, and whether it was Stanley's crew of 1839, or Menzies' of 1843, or Chitty's of 1852, or any other superlative representative of all that was good, it is most certain in those main principles they all agreed, and that those of March 27th, 1858, agreed with one another, and like them, were properly taught and trained in the chief fundamental parts of their work, and hence delighted everybody who had eyes with which to see them.

Next comes the question of boat-building, and it is easily disposed of by similar reasoning. No new sound principle of laying down boats has been lately invented; no, nor have any great improvements been introduced for the first time. Why did any boat in any year carry its crew perfectly, and bear their weight with the whole application of their powers when their work was most uniform, and therefore, most calculated to bury the craft? The curves were properly designed, and the problem of displacement happily solved by the adjustment of length to width and of strength to pressure. It is quite true that very little actual knowledge of the laws by which this success has been from time to time achieved was arrived at, and remained fixed by way of principles to guide builders for the future. In that respect we are glad to believe that more has been accomplished, and that the nature of the curves requisite for floatage and speed is better understood and will be still more so.

We think boat-building in a fair way to become adequate to the rowing, but much more knowledge of fixed data must be arrived at before we can hope to see success made a certainty, as it undoubtedly ought to be. But, having got hold of one right principle, we must take care not to let slip others, in fact, must not allow builders empirically to play dangerous tricks with the rowing itself. They can greatly assist and promote rowing, but they can also ruin it. When men are not set at ridiculous distances from their work, and when a boat is fined away to nothing at the coxswain's seat, and when boats oscillate first forwards and then aft, with a plunge of the bows, and a compensating subsidence of the stern; when an immense lateral wave is thrown off at a great angle with the boat's run, and the water gushes up over the stern and strikes the yoke of a rudder eight inches high, with a jet in the air; when high backbones divide the heels of No. 8, and a coxswain is cramped till he cannot possibly keep his boat in trim by adjusting his pressure, and sits in excessive discomfort; then look to it, rowing men, that the

builder is forgetting what his boat has to do for you, and what you have to do in his boat. You must tie him down first, to give you all room to sit square, and to exercise an equal purchase from both feet resting close together and at the same height; also to provide sufficient superficies on the water by the adjustment of beam to length, and to obviate decisively all dipping or burying, so that you shall travel onwards with a gathered velocity at every stroke without a marked shoot, which is, in fact, simply the recovery of buoyancy after the bows are released from the depths below whither they never ought to have descended; lastly, to make the boat strong enough all over, so that she shall not rend her sides with the slightest rap, nor deflect under your greatest catch hold of the water. We apprehend that there is a great tendency to under-boat crews, and we know nothing more disastrous. Nor again do we believe it to be by any means established that rowing craft should have the greatest beam so near the bow as No. 3's thwart; on the contrary, scientific deductions from a vast series of experiments would seem to conclude the contrary, viz. that it would be best placed rather abaft midship, than before it. The analogy sought to be drawn from the prevalent type of round fishes' forms is surely nothing to the purpose, for how can it be reasoned that a body wholly immersed displaces water when in motion in the same way as a body partly immersed and partly emergent? The latter creates a wave, the wave of translation as it is called; the former none whatever. Again, it will be a question with many whether the speed of racing crews be not decisively superior to others of the last half-dozen years. Now we think there is no ground for supposing this. We judge rowing to be as good as ever, and Oxford and Cambridge never to have signalled themselves more decisively by what constitutes the glory of trained crews than they have just done in their past practice-week. But with the record of fifteen days' rowing of a former brilliant University crew before us now, as supplied by a friend from data taken carefully at the time, we find that its deeds were fully equal in speed to any of the most modern times.

PASSPORTS.

From Tuesday's Gazette, April 27th, 1858.

Foreign Office, April 21st.

Notice is hereby given that in order to facilitate still further the obtaining of passports by British subjects desiring to proceed to the Continent, passports will henceforth be issued to any British subject who shall produce or send to the Passport Department of the Foreign-office, or to any one of the undermentioned agents at the outports, a certificate of his identity, signed by any mayor, magistrate, justice of the peace,

minister of religion, physician, surgeon, solicitor, or notary resident in the United Kingdom. Every such certificate must bear the signature of the person on whose behalf it is granted; and when it is forwarded to the Foreign-office it must, if it be required that the passport should be sent by return of post to the person who granted the certificate, in order that he may deliver it to the applicant for the passport, be accompanied by a post-office order for the amount of the fee; or if forwarded by post to an agent at an outport the postage must be prepaid. But an agent at an outport will only deliver passports to persons applying for them there in pursuance of such certificate, and will not send them by post to any persons whatever. The application for the passport if addressed to "Her Majesty's Secretary of State, Foreign Office, London," should have the word "Passport" conspicuously written upon the cover. The names of the agents who have been appointed to issue Foreign-office passports at the undermentioned ports, are:—

At Dover	Samuel Metcalfe Latham, Esq.
Folkestone	Francis M. Faulkner, Esq.
Southampton	W. J. Le Feuvre, Esq.
Liverpool	Nathan Litherland, Esq.

The certificate of identity should be worded in the following form, and must be signed and sealed by the person giving it:—

(Date of place and day of the month.)

The Undersigned,

Mayor of
Magistrate for
Justice of the Peace for
Minister
Physician
Surgeon
Solicitor
Notary

Residing at

hereby certifies that *A. B.*, (*Christian and Surname to be written at length*) whose signature is written at foot, is a British subject

a naturalized British subject, and requires a passport to enable him to proceed to

to travel on the Continent (*accompanied as the case may be, by his wife and children, with their tutor, named C. D. (Christian and surname to be written at length), a British subject*

a naturalized British subject, and *governess, and* *maidservant [or servants,] and* *manservant [or servants], named E. F. a British subject [or subjects], and a courier, named G. H., a naturalized British subject.*

Signed ———

(with the usual signature)

(Seal)

Signature of the abovenamed ———

If the applicant for a passport be a naturalized British subject his naturalization, with his signature subscribed to the oath printed on the third page of it, must be forwarded to the Foreign-office, with the certificate of identity granted on his behalf; and his certificate of naturalization will be returned with the passport to the person who may have granted the certificate of identity, in order that he may cause such naturalized British subject, not being a servant included in his employer's passport to sign the passport in his presence. But the agents at the outports are not authorized to grant passports to naturalized British subjects, nor to citizens of the Ionian States.

The charge on the issue of a passport, whatever number of persons may be named in it, is for the present 6 shillings, and that sum is to be paid on the delivery of the passport; or if it is desired that the passport should be sent by post, then that sum must be forwarded with the application for the passport, by Post-office order made payable to the "Chief Clerk of the Foreign-office," at the Post Office, Charing Cross.

The necessary instructions upon this point have been sent by the General Post-office to every Money-order office throughout the kingdom. But any person whose certificate of identity has been received from the country may obtain his passport by calling for it at the Foreign-office on the day following the receipt of the application, either in person or by deputy, the deputy, in the latter case, exhibiting a signed authority from his principal, in order that the signature may be compared with the signature in the certificate; but in this case the words "Passport will be applied for at the Foreign-office" must be added to the certificate of identity.

The form of application heretofore adopted by banking firms will continue to be used by them.

The general regulations for passports as now amended are as follows:—

1.—Applications for Foreign-office passports must be made in writing, and enclosed in a cover addressed to "Her Majesty's Secretary of State, Foreign Office, London," or to an agent at one of the specified outports, with the word "Passport" conspicuously written on the cover.

2.—The charge on the issue of a passport, whatever number of persons may be named in it, is, for the present, 6s., which sum includes 5s. stamp duty.

3.—Foreign-office passports are granted only to British-born subjects, or to citizens of the Ionian States, or to such Foreigners as have become naturalized either by Act of Parliament or by a certificate of naturalization granted by the Secretary of State for the Home Department. When the party is a "naturalized British subject" he will be so desig-

nated in his passport ; and if his certificate of naturalization be dated subsequently to the 24th of August, 1850, his passport will be marked as good for one year only ; but this regulation will not preclude any person whom it affects from obtaining, at any future period, on his producing his old passport, a fresh passport for a further limited period of one year, without being required to pay a fresh charge. *

4.—Passports are issued at the Foreign-office, between the hours of 11 and 4, on the day following that on which the application for the passport has been received at the Foreign-office ; but the passport will be issued at the outports immediately on application, accompanied by the production of a certificate of identity, within such hours as may be fixed with regard to the convenience of persons desirous of embarking for the Continent.

5.—Passports are granted to all persons either known to the Secretary of State, or recommended to him by some person who is known to him, or upon the application of any *banking firm* established in London, or in any other part of the United Kingdom ; or upon the production of a certificate of identity, signed by any mayor, magistrate, justice of the peace, minister of religion, physician, surgeon, solicitor, or notary resident in the United Kingdom.

6.—A passport cannot be sent by the Foreign-office, or by an agent at an outport to a person already abroad ; such person should apply for one to the nearest British mission or Consulate.

7.—Foreign-office passports must be countersigned at the mission in London, or at some consulate in the United Kingdom, of the Government of the country which the bearer of the passport intends to visit.*

8.—A Foreign-office passport granted to a British born subject, or to a citizen of the Ionian States or to a "naturalized British subject" whose certificate of naturalization is dated previously to August 24th, 1850, if not limited in point of time, but is available for any time, or for any number of journeys to the Continent, *if countersigned afresh* by the Ministers or Consuls of the countries which the bearer intends to visit ; but a passport granted to a "naturalized British subject" whose certificate is dated subsequently to the 24th of August 1850, is only available for the period for which the passport was originally granted.

* It is requisite that the bearer of every passport granted by the Foreign-office should sign his passport before he sends it to be viséd at any foreign mission or consulate in England ; without such signature either the visa may be refused or the validity of the passport questioned abroad. And travellers who may have any intention of visiting the Austrian States at any time in the course of their travels on the Continent are particularly and earnestly advised not to quit England without having their passports viséd at the Austrian mission in London ; but there is no necessity for the visa to a Foreign-office passport of either the Prussian or Sardinian authorities in the United Kingdom.

List of the Principal Foreign Passport-offices in London, where Foreign-office Passports are to viséd.

Austrian Legation, Chandos-house, Cavendish-square.
 Bavarian Legation, 3, Hill-street, Berkeley-square,
 Belgian Consulate, 53, Gracechurch-street.
 French Consulate, 36, King William-street, City.
 Netherlands Consulate, 20½, Great St. Helens.
 Portuguese Consulate, 6, Jeffrey's Square.
 Russian Consulate, 32, Great Winchester-street.
 Sicilian Consulate, 15, Cambridge-street, Edgware Road.
 Spanish Legation, 17, Hereford-street, Park Lane.
 Turkish Embassy, 1, Bryanstone-square.

LINES ON THE WINDS.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
 As we're hastening on in our boundless flight'
 And over the mountains, and over the deep,
 Our broad invisible pinions sweep,
 Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
 And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we:
 Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
 Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms and power,
 And fell the forest, or fan the flower.
 When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
 When the tower's o'erthrown and the oak is rent,
 As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
 Or hurry its crew to a watery grave:
 And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
 The wandering winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,
 Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
 Our threatening fills the soul with fear,
 Or our gentle whisperings woo the air
 With music aerial, still 'tis we
 And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
 Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
 Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
 We come and we go at his command.
 Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
 His will is our guide, and we look not back;
 And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
 Or win us in gentlest air to play,
 Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
 Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds.—GOULD.

A NEW MODE OF TREATMENT FOR PERSONS APPARENTLY DROWNED.

THE following rules for the treatment of persons apparently drowned, have been pointed out to us by a correspondent. They are written from a work recently published, and entitled, "Prone and Postural Respiration in Drowning, and other Forms of Apnea or Suspended Respiration," by the late Marshall Hall, M.D., F.R.S.

Of this work, the "Lancet" says:—"This is one of the most interesting and important works of modern times—a work whose object is, to invite the attention of the profession to certain new views regarding the rationale of suspended respiration, as well as to the practical results which have arisen from the method pointed out."

The essentials, or the means to be adopted in every case :—

1. Send with all speed for medical aid, articles of clothing, blankets, &c., but—

2. Let not a moment of time be lost,—treat the patient on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest freely to the breeze (except in too cold weather.)

Then to excite respiration,—

3. Place the patient gently, and for a moment, on the face, to allow any fluids to flow from the mouth.

4. Then raise the patient into a sitting posture, and endeavour to excite respiration by irritating the nostrils by snuff, hartshorn, &c.,—by dashing hot and cold water alternately on the face and chest. If these means fail,—to imitate respiration.

5. Replace the patient on his face, his wrists under his forehead, and—

(1.) Turn the body gradually, but completely on the side, and a little more ; and then again on the face, alternately.

(2.) When replaced, apply pressure along the back and ribs, and then remove it, and proceed as before.

(3.) Let these measures be repeated gently, deliberately, but efficiently and perseveringly, sixteen times in the minute, only.

6. Continuing these measures, rub all the limbs upwards, making firm pressure, energetically.

7. Replace the wet clothes by such other covering, &c., as can be procured.

Omit the warm bath until respiration be established.

Note.—You will remark that it is next to impossible in a majority of cases, by applying and removing pressure to and from the sternum and ribs, to induce effectual expiration and inspiration, the body being in a supine position, for many causes of obstruction may remain in the mouth and passages, so as to obstruct the entrance into the windpipe, and these on examination, can best be removed when the body leans somewhat forward. Indeed, if attempts to induce respiration be made in the supine position, foreign bodies or other matter may be forced into the air passages. and thus destroy the patient.

In the prone position, the means now proposed to accomplish respiration, viz. :—The alternate pronation with dorsal pressure, and the removal of that pressure and rotation have never failed.

In the present state of our knowledge, then, alternate pronation and rotation, and pressure, as above explained, are equivalent to respiration, and respiration is the remedy for apnoea. But these measures must be administered on the spot, on the instant in the free air. All delays, and all other measures hitherto discovered and applied, are delays. Removal, the warm bath, galvanism—are homicidal! Postural appliances, as herein noted, sudden cold and sudden heat, and especially the two alternately, are on the contrary, excitants of respiration, and therefore remedies in the early stage of apnoea, or suspended respiration.

But, although a patient may be so far resuscitated from a suspended respiration as to be to all appearance safe, there is a hidden and remote danger from a tendency to relapse, even after many hours, into a condition of secondary apnoea. To escape this danger, it is strongly recommended that the patient should inhale, "dilute pure ammonia," frequently and freely, for a few hours duration.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—OPENING TRIP.

This club was the first to commence the season on Old Father Thames, on Thursday, April 1st, by a trip from Blackwall to Erith, and the following yachts appeared at the rendezvous,—Silver Cloud, Argonaut, Rover, Anglesea, Wanderer, &c. After embarking a host of the right sort of jolly fellows, the squadron, got underway, the Silver Cloud, bearing the pendant of the Commodore, R. Hewett Esq., in the van, closely followed by the others.

They arrived at the destined port without meeting with any disaster, and were welcomed by the aborigines, and several members who had been whirled through the air with lightning speed. The nauticals and landmen then adjourned to the Crown Inn, Mine Host of which had provided a plentiful store of "good things" to comfort and recruit the weary travellers.

The Commodore occupied the chair, and Vice-Commodore Knibbs, acted as croupier. It must have been highly gratifying to the caterer to find that his *cuisine* was appreciated by his guests.

The cloth withdrawn "Wine, rosy wine" appeared, and the Chief, ever up to his work, in very loyal phrases proposed "The Queen," "The Prince Consort, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." These toasts we need scarcely say were loudly and enthusiastically cheered. "The Army and Navy" followed, with some excellent singing, but

"The standing toast,
That pleased them most,"

was "Prosperity to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club." In proposing this toast the chairman said, He had had that pleasurable duty so often that he could scarcely find words to do justice to the subject. He then went on to describe

the rapid progress of the club, and that he scarcely remembered a foul day since had been at its helm,—the members always pulled together in the same boat, and while they continued to do that the club could not fail to keep its proud position. He knew they would all join with him in drinking prosperity to the club.

The cheering that followed this toast was *nearly* equal to the thunders at Sebastopol,—the birds forsook their resting places,—Old Thames awoke from his slumbers,—and, the finny tribe fled affrighted from the Kentish shore.

Order having been once more restored a certain celebrated "Medico," proposed the "Health of the Commodore," accompanied by such facetious remarks, that some of the company unable to bear the scintillation, were forced to hold their sides, being convulsed with laughter.

The Commodore in returning thanks assured them that he would ever use his utmost endeavours to promote the success of the body, and hoped he would always be worthy of their esteem.

Mr. Bartlett, in very egolistic terms proposed the "Health of the Vice-Commodore," which again called forth the applause of the company.

The worthy officer, in his usual quiet and gentlemanly manner returned thanks, saying if the little services he gave the club were of any value he would feel a pleasure in continuing them.

Mr. Legg rose to propose the "Health of the Treasurer, (Percival Turner Esq.), and the other Officers of the Club." In proposing the toast Mr. L. expiated on the benefits conferred on the club by the care bestowed on the funds by the Treasurer, and on whom he passed some well merited compliments.

The Treasurer returned thanks on behalf of his brother officers and himself, and he could assure the members of the club that he felt pleasure in knowing his conduct was appreciated by them.

The Vice-Commodore rose and said, All yachtsmen were engaged in one object, the promotion of the beautiful sport of yacht sailing and the art of yacht building; they all worked together for one aim, and consequently there should be but one fellow-feeling running through the whole great body. He concluded by proposing the "Royal Thames and other Yacht Clubs."

This meeting was a truly happy one, and the dial announced the "small hours" 'ere the company parted,—some to roost, some to return to town, and some to extend the voyage farther down the river.

YACHT CLUB MEMORANDA.

Royal London Yacht Club.—A. Arcedeckne, Esq., the Commodore, as usual presided over the monthly meeting on the 19th ult., at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, and a numerous company assembled.

After the previous minutes had been read and confirmed, and several new members elected, the Commodore proposed and Mr. Crockford seconded,

that Mr. Joseph G. Bennett, jun., of the New York Club, and Mr. Charles Clifford, become Honorary Members of the club. This was unanimously agreed to. We should observe that Mr. Crookford spoke of Mr. Clifford in the highest terms, and described his invention as a great boon to the maritime world. The club does itself infinite credit by adding Mr. Clifford's name to their list, and we hope every Yacht Club and other Society will also testify their approval of the disinterested conduct of this humane and excellent man, by electing him a member.

It was moved by the Commodore that the sum of £2 each be given to the Royal Life-boat Institution, the Shipwreck Mariners' Society, and the Dreadnought Hospital Ship: these sums were agreed to.

A long discussion ensued respecting passports, in which several gentlemen joined. The Secretary stated that he had written to the Consul-General of France, asking what plan should be adopted with respect to the members of the club, yacht owners, visiting French ports, to which the Consul-General replied that yacht owners had better take passports with them if they had an intention of landing. The men forming the crew of the yacht would not require passports, but would be treated as ordinary seamen.

Mr. Crookford remarked that very few gentlemen shipped men under articles, and adverted to the fact that a communication was going on with the Governments respecting passports. He suggested that the best course would be to leave it in the hands of the Commodore and Secretary. Mr. Eagles said it was an important matter, as affecting the club privileges, and should not be allowed to pass over without notice. The Commodore at once undertook to see the Consul-General upon the subject.

The following gentlemen were elected stewards for the matches—Messrs. Bartlett, E. Crossley, Osborne, Joy, Geach, Osgood, S. F. Oriel, C. Oriel, Ruhl, Powell, Philips, Stanbridge, and Captains Burgess and Robertson.

In the course of the evening Mr. Nixon, exhibited models, and explained the principle of his patented invention for the improved method of fitting rudders to vessels and boats of all descriptions, by which the rudder rises and falls in passing over obstructions without being unshipped. The invention has been approved of by the Admiralty, and no doubt it will come into general use.

Royal Canadian Yacht Club.—The annual meeting of this club in March last was well attended, and measures were taken to carry on the forthcoming season with spirit.

The following gentlemen were elected officers for the present year:—Commodore, E. M. Hodder, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, T. A. Begbe, Esq.; Captain, W. A. Campbell, Esq.; Treasurer, W. Wakefield, Esq.; Secretary, H. W. Fitton, Esq.; Assistant Secretary, W. Armstrong, Esq.

Several new yachts have been added to the club list, and a great addition has also been made to the members.

Clyde Model Yacht Club.—The usual monthly meeting was held at the Globe Hotel, Glasgow, on Monday the 6th ult., with John Ure, Esq., in the Chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, J. E. Reid, Esq., of the Diamond cutter, was elected Rear-Commodore. D. Buchanan, and A. Finlay, Esqrs. were added to the Committee.

T. Livingstone and J. McLean, Esqrs. were elected members, and W. Harley, jun., Esq., was proposed for election at the next meeting.

The sailing matches for the season were appointed, viz. at Gourock June 25th, at Rothesay July 23rd, at Largs, the Corinthian Match, August 13th, and at Dunoon, Challenge Cup, September 13th.

VARIATION OF THE COMPASS.

THE following information respecting the variation of the compass in the British Island and adjacent seas, is inserted to show the decrease of the variation, which in the last twenty years has amounted to one quarter of a point, and at present averages 6' annually.

From Shetland, the Orkneys, and Hebrides, to the Northern coasts of France, between Calais and Ushant, the present general direction of the lines of equal variation is S.S.W. and N.N.E., (true), ranging in amount from 21° to 28° Westerly.

Eastern Coast.

At Lerwick & Sumburgh Head 25° W.	At Flamborough Head.....22° W
Pentland and Moray Firths...25½	The Wash and Dudgeon.....22½
Buchanness and Fifeness.....24½	Leman and Ower, Yarmouth
Holy and Farn Islands.....24	& Orfordness.....21½
Shields, Sunderland & Hartlepool.....23½	River Thames.....21½

Southern Coast.

At North and South Forelands and Dungeness21° W.	At Start Point23° W.
Peechey Head21½	Lizard Point.....23½
St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight 22	Scilly Islands24½
Bill of Portland.....22½	Cork Harbour.....26
	Cape Clear.....26½

Western Coast.

At Valentia and the Blasquets 27½° W.	At Innistrahul Lighthouse.....27° W.
Arran Islands.....27½	Skerryvore Lighthouse.....27½
Achil Head.....28	Barra Head.....27½
Tory Island.....27½	Butt of Lewis.....28

Northern Coast.

At the Minch & Little Minch...27½° W.	At North Ronaldsha, Orkneys 25½° W.
Cape Wrath.....27	Foula Island, Shetland25½
Thurso.....26	Unst Island, Shetland.....25

Irish Sea and Bristol Channel.

At Mull of Cantire26½° W.	At Dublin.....25½° W.
Mull of Galloway.....25½	Smalls Lighthouse.....24½
Isle of Man25	Tuskar Lighthouse.....25½
Liverpool.....24	Lundy Island.....24
Holyhead.....24½	Bristol23

Northern Coast of France.

At Calais.....	20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ° W.	At Casquets, Alderney, and	
Havre.....	21	Guernsey.....	22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ° W.
Cape Barfleur.....	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ushant.....	23
Jersey	21 $\frac{1}{2}$		

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

A work bearing the above attractive title has been some short time before the public, and we have become possessed of a copy (not by the courtesy of the publisher but by purchase). The one before us is the "third edition;" and from its contents, we think the author or publisher, very fortunate. The work is "well got up," neatly printed on tinted paper, and bears an aristocratic appearance. We have marked a passage or two of the best portions for insertion. It will be necessary to observe that the author became acquainted with Prince Napoleon, who was in Iceland, with the steamer *Reine Hortense*, and our author availed himself of the offer to tow his schooner in search of the island of Jan Mayen, when after proceeding some 300 miles the Prince abandoned the object, which is thus described:—

"During the whole of that afternoon and the following night we made but little Northing at all, and the next day the ice seemed more pertinaciously in our way than ever; neither could we relieve the monotony of the hours by conversing with each other on the black boards, as the mist was too thick for us to distinguish from on board one ship anything that was passing on the deck of the other. Notwithstanding the great care and skill with which the steamer threaded her way among the loose floes, it was impossible sometimes to prevent fragments of ice striking us with considerable violence on the bows; and as we lay in bed at night, I confess that until we got accustomed to the noise, it was by no means a pleasant thing to hear the pieces angrily scraping along the ship's sides—within two inches of our ears. On the evening of the fourth day it came on to blow pretty hard, and at midnight it had freshened to half a gale; but by dint of standing well away to the eastward we had succeeded in reaching comparatively open water, and I had gone to bed in great hopes that at all events the breeze would brush off the fog, and enable us to see our way a little more clearly the next morning.

't five o'clock A.M. the officer of the watch jumped down into my cabin, awoke me with the news—"That the Frenchman was a-saying summat 'is black board!" Feeling by the motion that a very heavy sea must have been knocked up during the night, I began to be afraid that something have gone wrong with the towing-gear, or that a hawser might have me entangled in the corvette's screw—which was the catastrophe of
O. 5.—VOL. VII.

which I had always been most apprehensive; so slipping into a pair of fur boots, which I carefully kept by the bedside in case of an emergency, and throwing a fur cloak over—

“Le simple appareil

D'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil,”

I caught hold of a telescope, and tumbled up on deck. Anything more bitter and disagreeable than the icy blast, which caught me round the waist as I emerged from the companion—I never remember. With both hands occupied in levelling the telescope, I could not keep the wind from blowing the loose wrap quite off my shoulders, and except for the name of the thing, I might just as well have been standing in my shirt. Indeed, I was so irresistibly struck with my own resemblance to a coloured print I remember in youthful days,—representing that celebrated character “Puss in Boots,” with a purple robe of honour streaming far behind him on the wind, to express the velocity of his magical progress—that I laughed aloud while I shivered in the blast. What with the spray and mist, moreover, it was a good ten minutes before I could make out the writing, and when at last I did spell out the letters, their meaning was not very inspiring: “*Nous retournons a Reykjavik !*” So evidently they had given it up as a bad job, and had come to the conclusion that the island was inaccessible. Yet it seemed very hard to have to turn back, after coming so far! we had already made upwards of 300 miles since leaving Iceland: it could not be much above 120 or 130 more to Jan Mayen, and although things looked unpromising, there still seemed such a chance of success, that I could not find in my heart to give in; so—having run up a jack at the fore—(all writing on our board was out of the question, we were so deluged with spray)—I jumped down to wake Fitzgerald and Sigurdr, and tell them we were going to cast off, in case they had any letters to send home. In the mean time, I scribbled a line of thanks and good wishes to M. de la Ronciere, and another to you, and guied it with our mails on board the corvette—in a milk can.

“In the mean time all was bustle on board our decks, and I think every one was heartily pleased at the thoughts of getting the little schooner again under canvas. A couple of reefs were hauled down in the mainsail and staysail, and everything got ready for making sail.

“Is all clear for'ard for slipping, Mr. Wyse?”

“Ay, ay, Sir; all clear!”

“Let go the tow-ropes!”

“All gone, Sir!”

And down went the heavy hawsers into the sea, up fluttered the staysail, —then—poising for a moment on the waves with the startled hesitation of a bird suddenly set free,—the little creature spread her wings, thrice dipped her ensign in token of adieu—receiving in return a hearty cheer from French crew—and glided like a phantom into the North, while the *Ré Hortense* puffed back to Iceland.

Ten minutes more and we were the only denizens of that misty sea. confess I felt excessively sorry to have lost the society of such joyous cc

panions; they had received us always with such merry good nature: the Prince had shown himself so gracious and considerate, and he was surrounded by a staff of such clever, well-informed persons, that it was with the deepest regret I watched the fog close round the magnificent corvette, and bury her and all whom she contained—within its bosom. Our own situation, too, was not altogether without causing me a little anxiety. We had not seen the sun for two days; it was very thick, with a heavy sea, and dodging about as we had been among the ice, at the heels of the steamer, our dead reckoning was not very much to be depended upon. The best plan I thought would be to stretch away at once clear of the ice, then run up into the latitude of Jan Mayen, and—as soon as we should have reached the parallel of its northern extremity—bear down on the land. If there was any access at all to the island, it was very evident it would be on its northern or eastern side; and now that we were alone, to keep on knocking up through a hundred miles or so of ice in a thick fog—in our fragile schooner, would have been out of the question.

(To be continued.)

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

There are at present fitting out in Leith Docks the *Mavis*, schooner, 147 tons, G. Arbutnot Esq.; *Avenger*, cutter, 42 tons, H. McClean, Esq.; *Miranda*, schooner, 20 tons, H. H. Brown, Esq.; and in Granton Harbour, the *Stella*, cutter, 41 tons, recently bought by the Earl of Dalkeith, from C. T. Couper; Esq.

The *Lotus*, schooner, 60 tons, built last year by Fife, wintered at Leith, and has recently been taken through the Leith and Clyde Canal to Troon, where she is to be lengthened 10 feet amidships.

The *Satellite*, cutter, just bought by William Muir, Esq., Rear-Commodore of the Royal Eastern Yacht Club, from T. Dunlop Douglas, Esq., is soon expected on the Firth of Forth. We are glad to find that so spirited and experienced a yachtsman, as Mr. Muir, has become the owner of so fine a vessel.

Clyde.—Considerable activity prevails here in the building way. There is one 8-tonner, and two 6 tonners on at Fairlie, besides one 6-tonner in Glasgow for the Club. Fife has also some larger craft on, one 50, one 30, besides two or three for alteration.

Scott of Greenock has a 30-ton schooner just laid down.

We understand the *Sophia*, cutter 35 tons, belonging to the Royal Northern is for sale. She was built by Harvey, of Wivenhoe. Captain Helby, Secretary of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club has a cutter of about 40 tons for sale, which he had a bargain, as her owner is desirous of having a larger craft.

embroke Dock Royal Regatta.—The Regatta is announced to take place on the 25th, (being the anniversary of Her Majesty's Coronation,) and from the success attained last year will prove very attractive. We regret to hear that Mr. G. Arber, who so ably filled the duties of Hon. Sec. for the last two years is about to proceed to the Mauritius. The success of the past regattas is attributable to this gentleman. Mr. J. McLean, will officiate this year.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- May 22.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match for first and second class, from Erith to the Nore and back.
- June 1.—Wellington Yacht Club Match
- 5.—Birkendead Model Yacht Club Match
- 7.—Royal London Yacht Club Match, for first and second class, from Erith to the Nore and back. Entries close May 31.
- 22.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match, for first and second class, from Gravesend round the Mouse and back to Greenhithe. Entries close June 15.
- 22.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club
- 25.—Clyde Model Yacht Club Match at Gourock
- 28.—Pembroke Dock Regatta
- 29.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Match
- 30.—Tenby Regatta
- JULY 7.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match, for third and fourth class, from Erith to the Chapman and back. Entries close June 28.
- 13, 14.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MAY.

High Water		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.	
D. Lon. Bridge			
m. morn.	after		
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1 3 50	4 5	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23
2 4 20	4 35	Alderney.....	4 38
3 4 55	5 13	Bantry Bay.....	1 39
4 5 30	5 50	Bridlington.....	2 23
5 6 15	6 40	Carmarthen.....	4 3
6 7 5	7 35	Cork Harbour.....	2 23
7 8 15	9 0	Dartmouth.....	3 58
8 9 35	10 10	Dudgeon Light...	5 23
9 10 45	11 15	Eddystone.....	3 8
10 11 40		Exmouth Bar.....	4 18
11 0 5	0 30	Falmouth.....	3 8
12 0 50	1 10	Flamoro' Head...	2 23
13 1 35	1 55	Guernsey Pier...	4 23
14 2 15	2 40	Hartlepool.....	1 38
15 3 0	3 25	Humber Mouth...	3 23
16 3 50	4 10	Kinsale Harbour	2 23
17 4 35	5 5	Lands End.....	2 23
18 5 30	6 0	Leith Pier.....	0 15
19 6 25	7 0	Lynn Regis.....	4 38
20 7 30	8 10	Plymouth.....	3 26
21 8 45	9 25	Swansea.....	3 49
22 9 55	10 25	Torbay.....	3 58
23 10 55	11 25	Waterford.....	3 43
24 11 55		Weymouth.....	4 23
25 0 15	0 40	Whitby.....	1 38
26 1 0	1 20	Amsterdam.....	0 53
27 1 40	2 0	Antwerp.....	2 18
28 2 20	2 40	Bordeaux.....	4 45
29 2 55	3 10	Cherbourg.....	5 23
30 3 30	3 45	Hamburgh.....	3 53
31 4 5	4 25	Brest.....	1 39
		Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
		Aldborough.....	3 22
		Belfast.....	4 2
		Brighton.....	2 29
		Carnarvon.....	4 47
		Cowes.....	3 22
		Dublin Bar.....	2 55
		Dungeness.....	3 17
		Folkestone.....	3 37
		Foreland, North..	2 22
		Foreland, South...	2 47
		Gravesend.....	0 37
		Greenwich.....	0 20
		Harwich.....	2 37
		Howth Harbour...	2 59
		Ipswich.....	2 7
		Kentish Knock....	2 37
		Lowestoft.....	3 37
		Margate.....	2 2
		Nore Light.....	0 58
		Portsmouth.....	2 27
		Sheerness.....	1 28
		Southampton.....	2 27
		Spithead.....	4 37
		Yarmouth Roads..	5 27
		Calais.....	2 19
		Dieppe.....	3 2
		Havre de Grace...	4 1
		Ostende.....	1 1
		Honfleur.....	4 7
		New York.....	5 7

All communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, N.W., Lond n

HUNT, Printer, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N.W., London.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1858.

THE FORTHCOMING MATCHES.—No. 2.

MR. EDITOR.—To use a sporting phrase, we must try back as two important regattas were omitted in my last dispatch. The first was the Royal Mersey Yacht Club aquatic revels which will take place on the 22nd of June, for prizes of the Value of £50, £30, and £20 for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class yachts, and as the Merseyites occupy but one day in the season, it is always well attended; although on this occasion it will clash with the Thames Schooner Match, being held on the same day, and therefore it is most probable that the Mersey will lack the presence of some schooner owners.—The Commodore (T. Littledale, Esq.,) has purchased the Naiad, cutter, 70 tons, late the property of Mr. Mc Andrew.—The Coralie, cutter, 35 tons, late Mr. A. E. Byrne, has found a new owner in Mr. W. Sinclair, and the North Star, cutter, 26 tons, launched last year by Mr. G. Harrison is now the property of Mr. D. Gamble of St. Helens, but both still remain under the "*Liver*."

The other regatta I omitted was the Pembroke Royal Dock, this will occupy the 28th. of June, and from the beautiful harbour in which it takes place being possessed of all the excellencies required for sailing matches, it always commands the attention of yachtsmen, particularly those who desire to try the speed of their yachts where there is plenty of sea room. The contest for the Prince of Wales Cup last year was first-rate, and the merry Emmet carried off the prize, taking time from the renowned Mosquito. The Committee this year are determined to furnish the "sinews of war"—to ensure a full attendance of racing craft.

The 2nd of July will witness the second day's sport at Tenby, and on the 3rd the Birkenhead Model holds its second tournament this season;—the prize a cup of the value of £20.

On the 6th of July, the Royal Thames will celebrate their closing of aquatic sports on the river by matches for 3rd and 4th class yachts, when prizes of the value of £40, £30, and £10 will be given. There is a *proviso* in this case, namely, if four should start, but there is no apprehension of a dearth of the small fry, for they generally muster in numbers at this "wind up." If our memory serves us rightly, the Royal Thames closing match last year was a *scorcher*, accompanied by so *gentle* a breeze that we were exactly *eleven* hours on the water. I hope more congenial weather will be vouchsafed on this auspicious day.

On the 6th and 7th of July—Swansea regatta is appointed to come off, and I am assured by parties connected with the port that the utmost exertions on the part of the Committee of Management are being made to excel, if possible, the revels of last year. The Ladies' Challenge Cup of the value of £100, with £10 added was won in 1857, by the Vigilant, after a spirited contest with Cyclone, Vesper, Blue Belle and Leander. Should this match be renewed this year it will take an extraordinary good vessel to wrest the cup from the Vigilant, if there be anything like a breeze.

On the 8th of July, Father Thames will be enlivened by the presence of the clippers belonging to the Prince of Wales Club, to compete for the Challenge Cup won last year by the Little Mosquito; and I believe the Flirt, which won it in 1856 is expected to dispute its final possession. Should she succeed in defeating the Little Mosquito the prize will become the property of Rochfort Battley, Esq., who purchased her from the executors of the late A. J. Young.

Esq. On referring to your report, Mr. Editor, of that year, I find that there was only half a minute between these pretty little crafts. The Flirt taking the cup, and the Little Mosquito the second prize in the shape of a very useful yacht appendage—a telescope, presented by Mr. Burton, Optician, Pentonville.

July 13th and 14th—The Royal Cork regatta will be celebrated, and from the very excellent prizes offered for competition amounting to upwards of £200, besides the cup of the value of £100, presented by Her Majesty, added to the high character of the Oldest Yacht Club on record, two days of excellent sport may be expected—wind and weather permitting. This Club has received a great accession of yachts since last year, and under its present officers will assuredly maintain its proud position.

Since writing the above I have received the following slip respecting this Regatta.—

From inquiries made it is believed that some of the Thames clippers will make their first appearance on the Cork waters, and also from various other ports of England and Scotland. On the first day the Eglinton prize (£60), for yachts exceeding 50 tons, will be run for. In this race no time will be allowed, and after that a race for boats between 20 and 50 tons. On the second day the Queen's cup graciously given by her Majesty, value £100, will be run for. It will be open to all yachts of 20 tons and upwards belonging to royal clubs, as well as to New York Club, and will be a time race. A prize of £50 will be given for sea-going schooners, and it is expected there will be numerous entries for this race, in which no time will be allowed. There will also be a sweepstakes of five guineas, for gentleman rowers, to which £25 will be added, and numerous other races for small yachts, hookers, whaleboats, gigs and boats belonging to her Majesty's ships in the harbour, and the *finale* will be the ball. The great objection to strangers formerly visiting Queenstown was that the accommodation was miserable. That objection does not now exist, as first-rate hotels have been established, and fast steamers connected with the railway leave Queenstown every hour in the day.

King's Lynn Roastead regatta will be held on the 15th of July, and we hope the publicity given to it will cause a greater number of yachts to assemble there than were present last year. As regards

local attendance of sightseers there was no complaining; but other parties are required with their yachts to make it a complete affair.

On the 8th, there will be a rowing regatta at this place in the Eau Brink Cut.

The Kinsale regatta was announced to take place on the 8th of July, but at a Public Meeting held at the Court House, Kinsale, on the 20th. ult. (presided over by Capt. J. T. Cramer, owner of the Sybil cutter, and a Member of the Royal Cork,) it was decided that it would be better attended if postponed until after the regatta at Queenstown, and therefore the 16th. of July is finally appointed, which will allow a day to intervene. The yachts being in the neighbourhood will be beneficial to Kinsale and tend to give greater *celat* to the meeting. The chief prize will be a cup of the value of £20, with stakes of One Guinea each, open to all yachts of 5 to 50 tons, belonging to any Royal Club.

The Royal London intend bringing off their second and last match of the season, on the 20th of July, when the 3rd-class yachts will contend for prizes of £20, £10, and £5. There are several well known clippers in this club, and we may therefore expect, in the event of a good breeze, a spirited contest.

The 21st and 22nd of July will witness a grand display of bunting in Dublin Bay, in honour of the Royal St. George's regatta.

The prizes will be dispensed with that liberality which usually characterizes all the proceedings of this Club.

On the first day a purse of £100, for yachts belonging to royal clubs, whose tonnage ranges from 30 and upwards; the second prize of £30 embraces craft from under 30 and downwards; the third of £20, for the Mosquito fleet, from 15 tons to anything dignified by the title of yacht. It will, then, be seen that all and every class of vessel has a chance of trying her rate of sailing, without encountering disproportionate tonnage. The prizes themselves are the most liberal for one day's sailing ever given at any regatta, and the only thing to be hoped for is fine weather, plenty of wind, and a large attendance of yachts. The second day's sport includes, amongst other things, a splendid piece of plate, value 70 guineas, and it is but right to add, *good value* too, being the gift of the members of the Royal Irish Yacht Club to their brethren of the St George's—a compliment annually exchanged between the clubs,

according to which club gives the regatta. The gift in question is a silver tea-kettle and stand, tasteful and elegant in form and massive and solid in construction—an article required for daily use, equally indispensable for the cabin of the yacht or the table in my lady's drawing-room. The prizes further consist of Commodore, the Marquis of Conyngham's plate, for schooners belonging to the St. George's Club; a Challenge Cup, and money prizes.

The noble Marquis (Conyngham) one of our best yachtsmen is always at his post, ever ready to give countenance and support to any project, which will add to the prosperity of yachting. Several additions to the fleet have been made during the last few months, including the new cutter *Surge* of 50 tons, built by Fife of Fairlie, for E. T. Couper, Esq., the former owner of the well-known *Stella*, which now sails under the Royal Squadron banner, having been purchased by the Earl of Dalkeith. The *Surge* is expected to uphold the fame of her builder. The *Peri*, cutter, 80 tons, built by Ratsey, of Cowes, for J. Cannon, Esq., is also enrolled under the St. George's ensign; The *Mariquita* schooner, is now added to this Club, having been purchased and lengthened by Capt. R. J. Henry,—the former owner of *Waterkelpie*.

The Committee for carrying out the regatta are desirous to render every assistance and comfort to their visitors, and are using their best endeavours to be prepared for this auspicious meeting.

The Royal Southern Yacht Club regatta is registered for the 22nd of July, which I have reasons to believe will be on a very liberal scale. There has been some alteration in the management—viz: Admiral J. O'Bryen, promoted from Rear to Vice Commodore, vacant by death of the Right Hon. the Earl of Berkeley; Lieut. Col. Grimes, *Destiny* yacht, to be Rear Commodore; and W. Wise, R. N., to be Secretary. The only drawback to the full enjoyment of the races here is the want of means to follow the yachts; and I am certain that the hire of a steamer on these occasions would be beneficial, in a pecuniary sense, to the funds of the club, and would give greater pleasure to those who travel many miles to be present. The Piers certainly are some accommodation, but it is impossible among so many yachts flitting about to observe the tactics of the racers. I do really, Mr. Editor, hope the Committee will entertain the suggestion I have thrown out.

The Clyde Model will occupy the 23rd of July with their second regatta, which will be held at Rothesay.

July 27th and 28th.—Will be occupied by the Royal Thames National Regatta, which being so highly patronized by yachtsmen, I must request you to insert the following :—

Fourth Annual Report.—The committee, in laying their annual report before the patrons and subscribers of the Royal Thames National Regatta, deem it unnecessary to dwell on the gratification they must naturally feel in having by their donations and subscriptions been the means of upholding and establishing this national institution. The fact of its entrance on this, its fifth season, after the successful course it has hitherto run, must be taken as a far more convincing proof of its general estimation by the public than any eulogy that can be passed upon it; and the favourable opinions of the press on the beneficial results that have attended each annual exhibition, afford the highest testimony that can be given of the correctness of the principles on which it has been conducted, and which the committee are satisfied only require extended publicity to secure such an amount of encouragement by subscription as will maintain this grand aquatic gathering in the style in which it has hitherto been carried out, and which its national character demands for it. With this view the committee would once more remind the subscribers and the public that the principal objects of the regatta for which their aid is sought, are—Firstly, to foster and encourage rowing as a national sport, conducive to the physical and muscular development of our countrymen, as well amongst the numerous population of our coasts and rivers, by whom it is pursued as a means of livelihood, as the general public, who practise it for healthful exercise and recreation. Secondly, to give prizes to the best and most skilful rowers in their different grades and classes, and by thus exciting a spirit of emulation and bringing untutored strength in friendly contact with proficiency to lead to a general improvement of the art. Thirdly, to give an impetus to the various branches of trade connected with river navigation and aquatic amusements, and especially to promote the interests of watermen, boat builders, and mast and scull makers &c. And lastly, to furnish to the world at one and the same time a national and gratuitous aquatic entertainment such as no other country can boast; where the skill, the pluck, and the stamina of the

Englishman may be seen and appreciated, and before an assembly where all competitors, however humble, may be afforded an opportunity to enter the list and contend on a just and equal footing for honor and reward, and the successful receive a public recognition of the distinction he has fairly won. That thus, whilst claiming as we do the supremacy of the ocean, we show our determination to maintain our proud position in the tendency of our national sports, as well by the earnestness of the competition for honour, as the popularity of the entertainment and the liberal spirit with which it is supported. The late glorious deeds of our countrymen in the East have made every British heart thrill with emotion as post after post has accumulated tales of bravery and heroism in the struggle to preserve untarnished the honour of our name and country, while nations have looked on with wonder and admiration; and surely the effect of institutions such as these must be to show to the world, that, whether in the peaceful recreation of happier scenes in the homely sports of old England, or on the battle field, the same spirit of endurance, the same stamina, the same pride of place and honour are inherent in every Englishman. The daring spirit that with a scanty band of heroes dragged out the King of Delhi from his surrounding thousands won its first laurels in a boat race on the Cam. It is not to aid in the mere excitement of a boat race that the committee would earnestly recommend the institution to public support, but to stimulate the deeper feelings of emulation and courage such sports engender, and especially to testify their approbation and encouragement of the most useful, manly, healthful, and innocent of British recreations. For such objects the committee feel assured the helping and patriotic hand will not be solicited in vain. The regatta will take place at Putney.

The 28th of July is marked down for the second match of the Ranelagh. This is unfortunate as the day will be occupied also by the Thames National. However we suppose there is no help for it—it must be so.

July 28th and 29th,—The Isle of Man Regatta, in Douglas Bay, under the patronage of the *Fifteenth* is expected to eclipse all former years. Several of the clippers are sure to attend, and the champions of the rose and thistle will show their bunting and contest for the honor of their national emblems to vanquish the shamrock, and bear from this neutral ground the liberal prizes that will be given.

The regatta last year was, owing to the strong northerly gales; not so successful as those of former years. That of 1856 was a very brilliant affair, and tested the powers of such vessels as the *Mosquito*, *Coralie*, *Odalique*, &c., and it is fully expected that Douglas Bay will be studded by a numerous flotilla. The Royal Westerns of Ireland generally have the management here, and they certainly deserve the best thanks of the competitors for their valuable services.

On the 29th and 30th of July, the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta will come off. And from the noble Commodore's (Lord Londesborough) anxiety to promote the amusement for the million, we may anticipate it will be carried out in a liberal manner.

This completes at present the arrangement until August, which I will leave for some future time, as it will extend my remarks, Mr. Editor, to a greater length than you could consistently permit. My only object is to bring the different amusements more prominently before the aquatic world, and to give to every club, port, and place a chance of mustering in force the fleet of the pleasure navy.

Mr. Editor, I cannot part company with you this month without congratulating you on the adoption by those powerful and influential Clubs—the Royal Thames and the Royal London of the suggestion contained in your remarks on regatta Prizes in the April number. At the late matches on the Thames a portion of the prizes given were articles used by the Ladies, and therefore the more acceptable to the winners, especially if they were married. This is another step in the right direction, and we may by degrees bring yachting to perfection, a few more changes we require, such as measurement, timing, trimming ballast, and some minor affairs settled, yacht racing will be equal to any sport Old England can boast of. On trimming Ballast a late celebrated author and yachtsman wrote an article or two in "*Bell's Life*" some half dozen years ago, which I think would be read by your readers with much interest. I therefore enclose it.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

NORWAY, AND THE WAY TO IT.*

CHAPTER V.

"Betide me weel, betide me woe
 This day I'll leave the shore,
 For I will spend my white money
 "Mong Norraway dogs no more."

Sir Patrick Spens.

EARLY in the morning of Sunday, July 26th, we went on shore to make enquiries for a Medical Man, our invalid having been much worse during the previous night, his first and only walk on Norwegian ground having apparently disagreed with him. The first point was to find some one among the dozen or fifteen practitioners of which Bergen can boast, who knew something either of French or English, otherwise it would be hopeless without an interpreter for our sick friend to explain his symptoms or understand the Doctor's directions. An interpreter, always an inconvenient expedient, must between a patient and his Galen, be often a fatal one. Our first application was to Madame Suntom who keeps an Hotel, or rather Boarding Establishment, near the Custom House, and who speaks a little English.—She recommended Dr. Leman as one of the most extensively employed and skilful practitioners in Bergen; but she doubted whether he had the requisite qualification in point of language. We then bethought ourselves of applying to one of the two Apothecaries in the place—he of the "Lion,"—the other, bearing the insignia of the "Swan," speaking no English. In Norway the druggist shops sport the signs which in other countries only fall to the lot of Hotel Keepers:—*Cœur de Lion* luckily spoke English well, and he suggested a young Medical Man of the name of Martens; we accordingly left instructions with him to summons Dr. Martens and send him on board the yacht,—in the meantime we took a walk through the city until the Doctor could be found. Altho' Sunday, we found the Museum, exhibition of Pictures, &c., open, and intimations on the walls that performances were to take place in the theatre in the evening, showing that the Norwegians, are by no means so strict in their religious observances, as we at home consider it becoming in good Protestants to be.

Dr. Martens arrived shortly after our return to the yacht, and produced a most favorable impression by his gentlemanlike manners and freedom from the slightest approach to humbug.—His stock of English

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was not large certainly, but what was wanting he eked out with Latin, and he soon confirmed what we had before suspected, that the complaint our companion labored under was jaundice. He ordered some medicine and promised to call the next day, but added that the sooner our friend could get back to his own home the better, as the attacks would be liable to return for some time. In consequence of this advice, we resolved to abandon our intended visit to the Sogn Fiord and make the best of our way back to Scotland.

In the afternoon we attended service in the Cathedral, a hideous building fitted up more like an old fashioned Opera House, with tier above tier of boxes from the floor to the roof, all painted a dingy dirty white;—after service there was a baptism—the parties all stood in front of the altar, and when the officiating clergyman required water, an attendant beadle pulled down an allegorical figure the size of life, attired in white and gold drapery of a very scanty description, which hung suspended from the ceiling by the small of its back. This figure which might pass either for Fame or the angel Gabriel, held in one hand a trumpet; in the other a chaplet of flowers, and in the centre of the chaplet was a small receptacle for water, and from this when brought within reach of his hand, the priest took the lymph requisite for the performance of the sacred rite. These winged *Aquarii* seem common in Norway, for we saw another precisely similar in the newest and handsomest church in Bergen.

On Sunday night and Monday morning it rained in a manner, and with a determination, I had never seen evinced by rain in any other country. I have certainly never been in the tropics, but I am at a loss to conceive how rain, however tropical, could be heavier than that we now experienced; it was not rain, that would be a misnomer, every drop was a bucketful.

The Doctor paid us a visit again to day, and with a disinterestedness beyond all praise gave his patient liberty to depart as soon as he pleased. So we resolved to be off on the morrow, and devoted the day so far as it was practicable to do anything in such rain, to procuring coals, water, and such scanty supply of provisions as this miserable country could afford. The watering was a most inconvenient process, having to send the boat across the Fiord to Nyhavn some miles off, before we could get our breakers filled. Instead of coal we tried to get coke from the newly erected gas works, but failed to find any one who was willing to deal with us. They seemed at a loss to know what value to put on the coke, or what to do with it. We got some very good coal, but as might be expected not very cheap: coal is a thing

which if possible ought never to be admitted into a yacht, though many yacht hands have a great unwillingness to burn any thing else, doubtless a very short sighted policy, because altho' coke is more difficult to light and also more difficult to keep alive, it is so superior in cleanliness that it saves a world of trouble in keeping things in good order. Indeed a yacht in which coal is habitually used, is always in a mess both on deck and below. Coke however is not always to be got, and few vessels are able to carry a supply of fuel for more than a week or two. Could not some kind of artificial fuel, at once cleanly and portable, be invented for the use of yachts?

Our stay in Norway was too short to enable us to form a very accurate judgment of the country or the people. But with what we did see of both, we were disappointed. The seaboard of Norway far exceeds in barrenness what we anticipated, and altho' grand scenery is unquestionably to be found in the interior, it is met with only like angels visits at intervals, few and far between. The inhabitants again, fell even farther short of our preconceived idea, than their country. A Norwegian, we had been taught to believe, included in his own individual self all the virtues of the Heroic age, and we expected to find him a model of manliness, friendliness, and honesty. That in him at all events we would find no disposition to impose upon unwary travellers, and that our only difficulty would be to prevent him cheating himself. So far from this being the case, we found the charges for rooms, horses, provisions, &c., considering the quality, higher than in any other country we had visited, and the accounts rendered for some slight work done to the yacht, at least twice what would have been charged in a British port; and if the difference in wages and cost of material be kept in view, the price charged must be viewed at least four times as much as would have satisfied an English tradesman. Mr. Bayard Taylor, an accomplished American traveller, who visited Norway lately, and has published a very amusing account of his travels, complains sadly of the inclination to overcharge displayed by its inhabitants, and he attributes this to the corrupting effect of increasing intercourse with foreign visitors; but, I doubt this;—Old Sir Patrick Spens found this same self-seeking spirit rampant among them, in his day,—that is six hundred years ago.

“They had na been a month, a month
In Norrøway, but twae’

When that the lords o’ Norrøway

Began aloud to say :

Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s gowd,
And a’ our queene’s fee.”

How utterly untrue this inhospitable and niggardly speech was, we may learn from the gallant knight's reply.—

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
 Sae loud as I hear ye lie,
 For I've brought as much white monie
 As gave my men and me :
 And I brought a half peck o'gude red gowd
 Out ower the sea wi' me.”

The rude treatment of the Norwegians cost poor Sir Patrick and his crew their lives, galled to the quick by these cruel taunts he sailed immediately, tho' everything portended a coming storm ; and now

“Half ower, half ower to Aberdours
 Full fifty fathoms deep,
 Here lies the gude Sir Patrick Spens
 And the Scotch Lords at his feet.”

On Tuesday morning, July 28th, on application to the Pilot Alderman, we got a pilot for the Kōrs Fiord, the nearest channel leading to the open sea from Bergen. We left Bergen about eleven, and notwithstanding a head wind reached the Marsteen Beacon at the mouth of the Fiord about 4 p.m. As the wind was westerly with a heavy swell rolling in, the pilot, who altho' as usual, a very old man, was the most intelligent we had yet seen, wished us to come to anchor for the night, under one of the islands near the mouth of the Fiord. We resolved however to go to sea and trust to the wind favoring as we left the land. We therefore at the pilot's instigation hoisted a flag in the starboard rigging as a signal for a boat ; the people on shore were all working at their hay, and the commotion the sight of the flag made was astonishing:—a boat was soon in tow of the cutter and her crew of two men on board. The pilot accompanied us until we were outside of Marsteen Bø, a rock, the surface of which is just level with the sea, and on which the waves were on this occasion breaking as high as our truck. Indeed at the first glance I got of the large mass of white water in the air, I thought it was a large square rigged ship standing in. We made our pilot and his two myrmidons happy with schnaps, and parted on the most amiable terms. As good luck would have it we were soon able to send him a job which would save him the expense of a boat back to Bergen. Just after he left us a large lugger showing French colours bore down upon us, and running up almost alongside, the skipper a good looking Frenchman, jumped upon the starboard gunnel, took off his tarpauling hat, with the air of a D'Egville or a St. Leon, and begged that we would point out the nearest way to Bergen.—This we did by

telling him to follow the pilot boat, and to pick up the pilot as fast as he could.

Our course to Lerwick should have been W.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N.—but we could not lie within a couple of points of it. We had a fresh breeze and heavy sea all night. About 5 a.m. on the 29th, it fell calm for a couple of hours, when a strong breeze from W.S.W. set in, and enabled us, when close hauled to lie our course, which we now altered to W.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. There was a good deal of sea all day, and during the night it blew very fresh and we could only carry closed reefed mainsail, and for-sail, and third jib. One of our party was sicker than I had ever seen any one before or thought any one could be, and I don't think much sleep was got by any of the party, the little craft kicked about so; but she shipped little or no water, and we were as dry below as if we had been in our beds ashore.

The morning of the 30th, was very thick, with small rain all round. About 8 a.m. we passed two Dutch fishermen hove to, which proved we were not very far off the land. At 10 we sighted the Fair Isle on our weather bow, and shortly after Sumburgh close on our lee bow, we were thus again a little to the southward of our course but not much. The day cleared up and we had a fine run up Brassy Sound. We anchored in Lerwick Harbour before 2 p.m., having been absent on our Norwegian trip exactly one fortnight. The denizens of Lerwick were not a little surprised to see us so soon back again, and would hardly believe we had really been to the other side of the North Sea.

It is not my intension, Mr. Editor, at present at all events, to inflict the rest of my Cruise of 1857 upon your readers.—It consisted of an exploration of the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and subsequently of Lochs Ewe Big and Little, Lochs Brooms on the West Coast of Scotland, and Stornoway in the Lews. We returned home by the Pentland and Moray Firths, and reached Granton after nine weeks absence about the middle of September, much pleased with our summer's trip.

Within the last few days, I have had the good fortune to fall in with a very interesting little *Brochure*, called "The Good Yacht Cymba," containing an account by her worthy owner of a summer's cruise to the West Coast of Scotland and Norway, made in that well known racer. The work is published by Messrs. Mann Nephews, 39, Cornhill, London, and is well worth the persual of any yachtsman proposing a trip to Norway this summer. The Cymba is a competitor for the first prize given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club for the Season of 1858. To fit her for this I see she has got a new set of sails by that prince of sail-makers—Lapthorne. I only hope they are not so large as to prevent

her cruising again this season, and furnishing materials for another pleasant little Blue Book, more entertaining than Books of that colour usually are.

[The contest here alluded to is over, and the *Cymba*, was only second, let her try again, and we doubt not she will be first, all that is required, is another good breeze and a little more experience in her crew in working a cutter of her size and power in the narrow waters of the Thames.—*Ed.*]

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

You asked me, Mr. Editor, to spin a yarn about the match of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club on the 8th. ult. I now sit down to fulfil my promise, although I believe the standing position is the one generally adopted by all ordinary rope twisters:—Be this as it may however, I embarked on board the *Oread* to proceed to the scene of action at Erith which we reached about 12h.—The fleet consisted of the

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
521	Julia.....	cutter	8	F. Turner, Esq.
975	Valentine.....	cutter	7	J. Fradgely, Esq.
965	Undine.....	cutter	8	E. Searle, Esq.
280	Emily.....	sloop	8	R. Hewitt, Esq.
	Velocity.....	cutter	8	T. Bass, Esq.

The most of whom are well known to your readers. The two former are old and faithful servants of the public and have often ministered to their amusement;—the *Undine* and the *Emily* are almost new, having only made their *debüt* last summer. They are built upon totally different principles—the former on the long, narrow and deep principle—the latter on the short, broad and shallow one. Being both of the same tonnage an opportunity was apparently offered to try the respective merits of the two plans. But here many were disappointed, for the wind was at times baffling and came short, very frequently so, that it was observed that some of the vessels, the *Valentine* and *Julia* for instance, had repeatedly to bear away at least 4 points from their proper course to keep their sails full. In another point of view also there was disappointment—for whereas the *Undine* has a cabin about five feet in height with sofas and sleeping berths, the *Emily* appeared to us more like an open boat with really no accommodation whatever. It is questionable therefore whether this vessel comes under the true denomination of a yacht, and it appears that the Prince of Wales Yacht Club has lent its sanction to a form of vessel which has, in another

slight difference of shape, been forbidden in its matches—viz:—the centre-board boats.

I was informed by a gentleman on board, who seemed thoroughly versed in these maritime, or rather fluvial constructions, that the *Emily* is virtually neither more nor less than a centre-board boat, with the centre board fixed. Whether this be true or not, it was perfectly apparent that the club has entirely ignored some of its ancient and valuable principles, and now allows in its matches what must be confessed to be a true sailing machine and not a bonâ-fide yacht.

This vessel is of great beam and only about 22 ft. in length, painted white, with a very tall mast and sloop rigged:—the foresail and mainsail both laced to their booms.

The *Undine* is a long, waspish looking thing, very low in the water with a very raking stern, and carrying a large quantity of canvas. She draws nearly 7 ft. of water and has her ballast remarkably low down. It is evident therefore that she may be called a powerful vessel, but requires a breeze to elicit this power. I noticed that when there was wind, she gained considerably on the *Julia* and *Valentine*.

Well, the start took place about 12h. 10m.—the *Emily* having the best station being off first, followed by the *Valentine* and the *Julia*;—the *Undine* was all in a mess, the peak halliards had given way, and several minutes passed before she could be got to work, by which time the three first were a good half-mile ahead. The *Velocity* seemed to be entirely mis-named, or she concealed her power most effectually, as she kept entirely in the rear.

The *Julia* had been the favorite before starting, but the *Emily* had now got a smart lead and seemed to catch every lucky puff, and being excellently sailed by her gallant owner, she looked nearer the wind than any and gained rapidly on the whole fleet. The *Valentine* was also beautifully sailed the whole day and kept up her ancient reputation. The *Undine* as I before said crept up whenever there was a breeze, and the *Julia* seemed to most on board to go through the water faster than any, but fell off most unaccountably to leeward. She had started with a large working jib, but in Long Reach this was altered to a smaller one to the regret of many on board our steamer, who considered the wind would fall light. While this was doing, the *Undine*, who had shaken her feathers and woke up to her work, crept slowly up on her lee-quarter, and off Greenhithe passed her to windward. I see it observed in your contemporary "*Bell's Life*," that it is fortunate the *Undine* has never had much wind to encounter. From what was observed on board, the *Emily* seemed to be more crank than the *Undine*.

and it was evident that the latter after squatting down to a breeze never seemed to lie over more than at a certain angle. The Valentine and Julia—the latter especially, were very much obstructed by a large vessel outward bound and in tow of a steamer; and while the foremost boat was dancing along merrily, these lost a great deal of way in their course to Gravesend.

The wind being light and the tide having turned about 3 p.m., the Vice-Commodore instead of going on to the Chapman Head, wisely anchored the steamer off Thames Haven, and the fleet rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Emily.....	3	8	33	Undine.....	3	26	58
Valentine.....	3	25	0	Julia.....	3	31	25

Just before rounding, the Valentine hoisted a protest, having been fouled by the Undine, but the owner Mr. Fradgely, who was on board the club vessel, in a most open and yachtsman-like manner, said that he saw the slight collision was quite unintentional, if not unavoidable, and he would take no advantage of the circumstance.

There seems some fatality however about the Valentine in rounding in most of her matches, for this was the third time within our recollection that a similar occurrence has taken place.

Up square sails was now the order of the day, and the Emily was seen in the lessening distance with an enormous spread of muslin, while the Valentine and Julia followed, as in duty bound, the worthy Commodore's example. The Undine instead, set a large jib-topsail which drew beautifully and lugged her along, not fast enough however to prevent the Julia overtaking and passing her off Greenhithe, thus giving her tit for the other's tat in the morning. I believe at this moment the Undine's topmast went over her side, thus removing one of her last chances of winning.—The buoy at Erith was now passed thus:

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Emily, 1st prize.....	5	24	15	Julia.....	5	34	53
Valentine, 2nd prize.....	5	32	50				

The Valentine and Julia having thus gained their eight and twelve minutes respectively on the Emily on their run up.

The prizes were a handsome cake basket, value £20, (given by Mr. Benson, one of the members), and a large silver tankard (given by the club), for the second vessel.

In reviewing this match, Mr. Editor, some points more salient than others may be noticed.—The first is the speed with which the Emily walked to windward, thus distancing her competitors so greatly. This may be explained by her being built so lightly, being in fact as I have

beforesaid an open boat, and not a yacht in the true sense of the term, — by the wind being so light and by there being no sea on, which I believe would have crippled her materially. She has proved herself very fast to windward in light weather, and the commodore has shewn much spirit in producing such a craft, although now the experiment has been tried it is to be hoped it will for true yachting sake not be repeated.

The Valentine kept up her ancient reputation of being fast on every point of wind, and is a deserved favorite.

The Undine, I think, will do better yet—she has never had a proper chance, and had her start been better she would have taken the 2nd prize.

The Julia seemed to go as fast as any of them, but on a wind she fell off considerably. This must be from her having too little lateral resistance, and I believe nothing in the river would touch her.

Altogether, dear *Hunt*, our day was well spent, the weather was delightful, the ladies lovely—the champagne exquisite, and the vows of eternal friendship were registered by many a hearty grasp of the hand as we landed at Blackwall at an early hour in the evening.

The Prince of Wales Club deserve encouragement and gets it.—It affords an immense deal of sport, and has been the means of testing many varieties of rig and hull that otherwise might have lain in oblivion.

Your's truly,

PALINURUS.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE day appointed for the first match of the Royal Thames Club this season was on the 22nd ult., and none could have been selected more propitious for the occasion. The only fault that was found with it by the knowing old hands on board our steamer was that there was too much of a soldier's wind, in fact, that there were only two reaches in which the powers of the respective vessels in going to windward could well be tested—viz, in the Lower Hope and in St. Clements. This perhaps is true, but it is impossible to have every thing our own way, we submitted with good grace to the sparkling sunshine, and the whole-sale breeze from the S.W., every now and then coming with a fitful gust that laid the vessels over so that the bright copper glistened on their

sides as the dashing waves flew past them to turn into white foam in their wake. "Hold on good sticks!" was often the cry; "hold on every halliard and sheet!" and the appeal was not in vain, for unlike most matches we have seen, every thing stood well and nothing was carried away, in fact all was *couleur de rose*, except to the hindmost boats.

Well, the bay of Erith looked itself again, and was dotted with numerous yachts and sailing boats of all sizes, nearly all belongs to the favorite Club. There was the old Mosquito, alas! not to contend in the match, whose designer showed the way to build a yacht two years and more before the America here insolently asserted that form well aft, a long nose, little draught of water forward and much aft had not been thought of and put in practice long before she appeared in this country. There was also the beautiful Volante, her ancient antagonist, with a new suit of canvas, beautifully set. The charming little Zuleika was also there—winner of many a race, the Shadow, the Will o' the Wisp, a remarkably fast vessel in a breeze; the beautiful Whisper, and a host of others.

The match vessels were moored in two lines, the second class being a trifle lower down than the first.—

The First Class, exceeding 35 tons.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	46	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	49	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
62	Avalon.....	cutter	38	R. P. Monk, Esq.
205	Cymba.....	cutter	53	T. Brassey, Esq.

Second Class, under 35 tons.

756	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
276	Emmet.....	cutter	32	E. Gibson, Esq.

The preparatory gun was fired at 11h. 30m. and the start was effected at 11h. 35m.

The Emmet was first off, then the Amazon, Phantom, Avalon, Extravaganza, and followed, *longo intervallo* by the Cymba who seemed to have great difficulty in getting up her mainsail, evidently new and no doubt very heavy. Before she got way well on her she was a good half-mile astern of the leading boat, which was now the Amazon. The latter and the Extravaganza soon set jib-headed topsails, followed by the Avalon, while the bold Cymba set a large gaff-topsail which she would have been better without, as it was very frequently shaking

although the sheet of the mainsail was hauled in board too much so as to enable it to stand at all.

Off Grays the Amazon was still leading, followed by the Extravaganza, the Cymba having passed the Phantom and Emmet very fast to windward, while the old Avalon was ploughing along right merrily. Off Northfleet some heavy puffs laid the vessels well over, the Amazon's lee deck was thoroughly washed of the London dust, and the water on the lee side of the Phantom was smashing up against the lee rigging and the fore end of the cabin head till it rose in smoke over the quarter. The Cymba gradually overhauled the Extravaganza, and on coming up on her weather quarter, the jockeying commenced between them, and they luffed nearly across the river as if they were both about to run into Waite's hotel and order dinner for the fleet. After getting into the slack, however, and perhaps seeing that the Amazon was meanwhile fast increasing her distance ahead, and that the others were fast coming up astern, the Cymba passed the other to windward and thus became the second boat. Hurrah for the honor of Scotland and Wull Fife of Fairlie!—my brave Cymba remember thy former bright deeds in more northern waters and catch that Amazon that is now showing her heels in the distance.—Alas! thy ancient prowess is forgotten, the Amazon is not to be caught by a Clydesman! From our place on board the Prince of Wales, the club steamer of the day, we could not well observe the manœuvres of the sternmost vessels, but no doubt the race of the Emmet and Phantom was interesting. We hove to the southward of the Nore light and waited the advent of the vessels which were coming down at a wonderful speed with the wind on their starboard quarter. Having to round the Nore light to port, all had to jibe, and jibe they did with all standing—the wind blowing hard at the time.

The time was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Amazon.....	1	53	0	Avalon.....	2	0	30
Cymba.....	1	56	45	Emmet.....	2	9	0
Extravaganza.....	1	57	30	Phantom.....	2	4	0

The Cymba in our opinion, had kept too much to the south shore in Sea Reach, so much so as to be evidently in the slack, and the Volante and Mosquito, which of course were not in the match, kept up with her although without topsails.

Now came the tug of war—all had previously lowered topmasts and made snug, except the Cymba which kept hers up for a long time for no earthly reason that we could divine. The scene was here most enlivening, for there was enough sea on to set the craft dancing as the spray flew over them from stem to stern and every eye was strained for

the first half hour to see what prospects of change of place might be expected.—But no change did take place, the Amazon crept on ahead, although in the Lower Hope the Cymba seemed to be gaining on her ; but here again the Extravaganza gained rapidly on the Cymba and had the former not been badly sailed just above Coalhouse point, I believe would have passed her, for, instead of going about when the Cymba tacked on her weather with the intention of winding her, and which she effectually did nearly all the way up Gravesend Reach, she persisted in keeping under the Cymba's lee—the jib and foresail all shaking. I may here remark also that the Cymba's jib was too large and slovenly set, while her foresail was shaking all the way up and not a drop of water put in it although tons were splashed into the jib. Our facetious friend Eversfield, of Gravesend, said "It had got the ague."

It was now evident that barring accidents the race was won, and the vessels flew along to the goal at Erith, which they passed as follows:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Amazon, winner 1st class.....	5	20	30	Avalon.....	5	32	0
Cymba.....	5	28	0	Emmet, winner 2nd class.....	5	39	45
Extravaganza.....	5	29	0	Phantom.....	5	42	45

A protest was entered by the Avalon on the grounds that the Amazon had taken two hands on board after the first gun was fired in the morning, but it was decided that this could not be sustained, as they were on board before the *start* took place.

It is curious to see how closely yachts run their course one season with another.

In 1853, the Mosquito with a similar wind ran to the Nore in 2 hours and 18 minutes. The Amazon in 1856, 2 hours and 20 minutes, and this time in 2 hours and 18 minutes.

In 1856, the Extravaganza reached the Nore 5 minutes astern of the Amazon ; this year about $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

In 1856 at the close of the match at Erith she was 10 minutes astern ; this year she was 9 minutes.

The Amazon was beautifully handled all day by Pittock formerly of the Thought, and looked every inch a yacht. There is no vessel afloat of the same tonnage that can touch her ; she is magnificent on every point of sailing.

The Cymba is a fine sea-going looking vessel—hardly long enough to be a first-rate clipper, but a powerful antagonist. It is often remarked that everything finds its level in London ; every orator is great till he takes his seat in the Commons, and every yacht is fast till she comes into the Thames. It may be said that her mainsail was new but it sat

beautifully, her jib looked too heavy, and her foressail shook for the want of water. On another occasion she may retrieve her reputation, but she could hardly have had a better day to evince her powers.

The Extravaganza is a handsome vessel, but speed is yet to be got out of her.

The Avalon surprised us all ; considering that she is rather ancient, her speed was really extraordinary ; were she lengthened a few inches aft nothing of her size would come near her in a breeze. As it is she came in close on the heels of the Extravaganza, and was the second yacht by time.

The Emmet and Phantom were both beautifully sailed, and the latter lost by only 20 or 30 seconds. Had the day not been so heavy, the little Phantom would have been again A 1.

The prizes were a handsome tea service, value £100, and a tankard value £50, for the first of the second class. The company reached town in time to hear Titiens and Grisi, after spending a delightful day of health and recreation.

The officers of the club, Lord Alfred Paget, Mr. Green, Mr. Hutchons, Capt. Grant, and the Stewards, all exerted themselves to render the trip a most agreeable one.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE opening of the above bridge season took place on Saturday, the 29th ult., and those historically inclined were glad to associate with the cannon announcing the rounding of the craft, the restoration of the Stuart Family to the throne of Great Britain, two centuries ago. The weather was beautifully fine, and as the committee had chartered the River Queen to accompany the race, the fair sex had availed themselves of the opportunity to come together in full force to witness the sport, which was from Battersea bridge to a boat moored off the river Wandle, near Wandsworth meadows, and back to Battersea bridge, thrice repeated.

The following were the starters.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Cremorne.....	cutter	3	J. B. Burney, Esq.
Zouave.....	cutter	4	W. T. Sawyer, Esq.
Saucy Lass.....	cutter	4	C. W. Greaves, Esq.
Blue Belle.....	cutter	6	J. Ridgway, Esq.
Little Mosquito.....	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq., Vice Com.
President.....	cutter	3	S. Gambardella, Esq.

The *Atalanta*, 4, T. N. Talfourd, Esq ; and *Wellington*, 6, C. Greaves Esq., had been entered but did not make their appearance. The wind was very slight, S.W.b.W. being the quarter from which it came at the start, but during the greater part of the race it entirely died away. The *Little Mosquito* had been a great favourite, especially when it was seen that the wind for a few days before the race had been strong, knowing ones betting on her at great odds, because with the wind then blowing, she had walked right away. The *Zouave* was named for second best boat for the same reason, but when it was discovered that there was scarcely a capful of the moving element, many of those who had betted on the *Little Mosquito* began to pull long faces, for it became a matter of doubt whether the little ones would not leave her astern in the light breeze. The *Saucy Lass*, a centre-board boat, began to be liked, and directly she went away became a great favourite ; and we must certainly say in her credit that we never saw anything of her size sail in the manner she did.

But we are anticipating, and will come at once to the start, which took place at 1h. 22m. It was however, badly effected, for just after the gun had been fired to prepare, a salute was fired from *Alexander's*. All but the *Little Mosquito* and the *Blue Belle* took it for the starting signal, and went away, the *Zouave* leading well, followed by the *Saucy Lass*. The *Mosquito* and *Blue Belle*, left astern, could not for a moment understand it, then there was great excitement, and in the hurry to get away Mr. Bulmer unfortunately caught his foot in the warp, and, as the boat canted, went right under her, and but for the timely aid of one of his men, who jumped overboard after him he would inevitably have been drowned. The *Blue Belle* also was much put out, and drifted on to *Alexander's* causeway, where she remained about a quarter of an hour, and of course did not stand a chance. Off *Battersea Church* the *Little Mosquito* walked by the *Saucy Lass*, and ere long she tailed the *Zouave*, and on rounding the boat at the *Wandle* the *Saucy Lass* was second boat. Off the *Distillery*, coming back, the *Zouave* went ahead of everything again, but not for long. The *Saucy Lass* now began to make good way, and near *Spiller's* went ahead of *Mosquito*, rounding at *Battersea* a minute in advance. The *Mosquito* setting an enormous jib and topsail, went ahead again, and was never afterwards passed ; but the *Saucy Lass* stuck close to her all the way back the second time. Previous to this the *Zouave* went aground, but although she soon got off disappointed all her admirers. At rounding at *Battersea* the second time, the *Saucy Lass* was a minute behind the *Mosquito*, and there being a handicap of a minute, great excitement

prevailed as to whether she would come within her four minutes. On the return from Wandsworth to win, the *Mosquito* gained considerably, and rounded at Battersea with scarcely any wind. Just then a breeze sprung up, and catching the sails of the *Saucy Lass* brought her in the winner by a minute and a half. We may state that the *Cremorne* and *President* were No. 4 and 5 all the way, and never were at any time near winning. The race finished at Battersea as under:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Little Mosquito.....	4	3	30	Zouave.....	4	13	0
Saucy Lass.....	4	6	0				

The prizes were a silver cup, value £15, awarded to Mr. Greaves; and another, value £5, won by Mr. Bulmer. It may be stated that the winner, although put down as four tons, barely measures three.—*Era*.

WELLINGTON YACHT CLUB MATCH

THIS was the first match, of this recently established Club which came off on Tuesday, the 1st of June, and the weather being fine attracted a numerous company to witness the inauguration. The club was peculiarly fortunate on this occasion in having the invaluable services of several gentlemen who are excellent yachtsmen, and who materially assisted in giving an *eclat* to the gathering. Before we enter into the details of the racing, we must observe that Mr. Simpsom of the *Cremorne*, with extreme kindness placed the esplanade of the gardens at the disposal of the Committee for the accommodation of the members and their fair friends.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington (the patron of the club) and other noblemen and gentlemen honored the match with their presence, and took a lively interest in the proceedings.

There was one evil, which, if it is possible to prevent in future above bridge matches will be very acceptable to the crews of the sailing craft, we allude to the incessant firing of guns by parties on the shore not connected with the craft.

The boats were ranged in two lines the larger ones at Battersea bridge, and the smaller opposite the gardens. The wind unfortunately was very light, which was however in favour of the latter class, and whenever a puff came they were as active as bees.

The following were at their moorings and started at the signal being given:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Anglesey.....	cutter	4	W. Reid, Esq.
Wellington.....	cutter	6	C. Greaves, Esq.
Blue Belle.....	cutter	6	J. Ridgway, Esq.
President.....	cutter	3	S. Gambardella, Esq.
Zouave.....	cutter	4	W. T. Sayers, Esq.
Cremorne.....	cutter	3	J. B. Burney, Esq.
Belle.....	cutter	4	J. Leslie, Esq.
Emily.....	cutter	8	R. Hewitt, Esq.

The Saucy Lass was entered but did not make her appearance at the start.

The course was from Battersea bridge to a boat moored off Wandsworth meadows,—twice round.

At 2h. 54m. "they are off"—was shouted by the anxious multitude, and they were so active in setting their muslin that it was difficult to decide which was covered first; and having canted smartly, the Cremorne gallantly led the van followed by the Anglesey; the Zouave making good progress, attended by the Belle. The Emily, who was the favorite, led her portion of the fleet when the start was made, and soon passed the little centre-board, the President. At the Distillery, where the first board was made, she began to overhaul the other small craft, who had by this time got all together, the Cremorne and Zouave abreast, with the other two a few yards from each other, and the Blue Belle and Wellington bringing up the rear close astern. and the wind having fallen, they might all have been covered with a sheet, as they also might in other parts of the race. The Zouave presently lead slightly, and they reached the Wandle in the order before stated. After rounding there was a breath of wind, and the Emily profiting by it and her large sails, passed the Zouave after the latter had accidentally put her out. Towards Price's the Blue Belle had succeeded in passing everything but the Zouave, and the latter soon had to give way both to the Blue Belle and Cremorne. The Wellington now overhauled all the small craft but the Cremorne, and the boat at Battersea was rounded in that order, the rear being brought up by the Zouave, Anglesey, President, and Belle, who were all close together. In the run down to the Wandle and back, several changes took place. The Zouave began to lose way to the little Anglesey, who came along very smartly in the fourth place. The Blue Belle retained her position, the Zouave again gave the go-by to the Cremorne, and after rounding at Wandsworth the Anglesey became second boat, followed by the Blue Belle and Wellington. The Emily was by this time nearly half-a-mile ahead,

but the wind entirely left the scene of action when she was above Battersea Church, and she remained stationary while the little Anglesey crept stealthily along, by degrees nearing her opponent, who was drifting with the tide, and close to home went by her, amidst the surprise and cheers of the spectators. The turnings were timed as follows:—

Battersea, first time.				Battersea, finishing time.			
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Emily.....	4	3	18	Anglesey.....	5	7	0
Blue Belle.....	4	3	10	Emily.....	5	7	35
Cremorne.....	4	6	0	Blue Belle.....	5	8	0
Wellington.....	4	7	0	Wellington.....	5	9	0

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

It is a pleasant task to record a match when yachts of equal powers contend—when skilful handling, and nautical tactics engross the attention of the reporter, and call forth the remarks of the seaman and amateur; *but* to chronicle a match where the racer and the non-racer are the only competitors is a feat that no man delighteth in.—Such is the ungracious duty which now devolves on the poor fag who caters for the amusement of the million.

On the 7th inst., the above Club offered liberal prizes of £40, £20 and £10 for first class; £30, £10, and £5, for second class yachts belonging thereto, and the only craft which were induced to enter are thus

Numbered in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

FIRST CLASS.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
756	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
1346	Zillah.....	cutter	24	E. Knibbs, Esq.
425	Gnome.....	yawl	25	A. Arcedeckne Esq.

SECOND CLASS.

539	Kitten.....	cutter	15	R. Leach, Esq.
1053	Wanderer.....	cutter	10	G. Moss, Esq.
45	Argonaut.....	cutter	18	G. Legg, Esq.

The last yacht did not show at the moorings and we did not hear any reason assigned for her absence.

The Prince of Wales steamer was chartered on this occasion to accompany the match, and started shortly after 9 o'clock from the Ade-

laide pier with a good company of members and their fair friends, which on her arrival at the Blackwall pier was further increased. The weather was delightful with the wind at E.b.N. and of sufficient strength to induce us to believe there would be a good day's sport. After leaving Blackwall, where some time was lost in waiting for more company, we steamed pleasantly on, and arrived at Erith at 11h. 10m., and beheld Phantom, Zillah, Gnome, Kitten, and Wanderer waiting the signal to prepare for the forthcoming fray. Here much time was lost (being flood) in giving the final instructions to the yachts. When we say "time was lost"—it must not be taken as finding fault with the Sailing Committee, for we have no doubt they did use all the dispatch in their power—but it appeared a sad waste of the flood. The first gun (preparatory) belched forth at 11h. 50m. and the second (starting) at 11h. 53m. There seems some discrepancy in the newspaper accounts and our time, but we back Greenwich.

The excitement usually attendant on the start appeared to have lost its charm—for it was a very quiet gentlemanlike affair—none of that boisterous vulgar vociferation—of "The——— is off first!" "There goes the———," &c. &c., but the Kitten frisked up her whiskers, turned gently round, and showed us her tail, followed next by Phantom, then Zillah, Wanderer, and very tardily by Gnome.—Indeed it was doubtful if she meant to go down the course. In the meantime the saucy Kitten and Phantom were having a few turns by themselves, which was the prettiest part of the performance of the day. It was really diverting to see the pertinacity of the former, looking every inch a racer, dashing the spray over her bows, apparently burying herself, and at times showing the shining copper on her bottom. This of course could not long continue in a strong breeze, as the more powerful craft would stand against the full force and benefit by it, whilst the lesser vessel we observed in Northfleet Hope had a reef in her mainsail. Now we will notice the others, the Wanderer is disposed of in few words, she resembled the tortoise following the hare, and so will leave her for the present, and follow the other two lazy crafts.—The Zillah and Gnome started with topmasts erect, and the former when abreast of Erith pier set gaff topsail which example Gnome also followed. In Purfleet Reach Zillah struck topsail, which from its nervous action rather retarded her motion, and after the race on enquiring the cause of her Palinurus he informed us she carried away her cross-trees in Purfleet Reach and her gaff in St. Clements. These mishaps certainly accounted for the palsy in her topsail; but what could be amiss below—"Is this," we exclaimed "the dashing Zillah of Liverpool, or is it a counterfeit

that our worthy Vice of the Prince of Wales hath purchased?"—But alas! it was the veritable Zillah of by-gone days! However for the present we must leave her, and look to her companion mine *ancient* Gnome, which to the surprise of those who knew her kept on the even tenor of her way, with topsail all a-taunto, and contested tack by tack the course down. Whilst we were studying the navigation of the Thames by watching these two vessels the Phantom and Kitten were bowling along "right merrilie," and were by the devious track hidden from the sight of those on board the steamer; therefore it was necessary to hasten her speed or the leading vessels would have to wait for our arrival. We overhauled them somewhere about the Mucking Light, the Phantom leading considerably. The Kitten had met with a disaster, which we believed to be purely accidental, as the owner of the yacht causing the damage is too well known for a momentary thought to be entertained that it was intentional.—The facts are these, as we were informed, that in turning down Gravesend Reach the cutter Eclipse, caught with her bowsprit the topping-lift of the Kitten and brought her up all standing alongside, broke the lift and damaged the larboard channels. This necessarily retarded her progress, but the lift being knotted, away she flew in pursuit of her big compatriot.

The steamer puffed and fumed ahead until off Leigh when the order was given to let go the anchor, and wait the arrival of the larger class vessels. The Kitten being ordered to turn some distance nearer town. It was originally intended that the first class should round at the Nore and the second class off Southend. This it was necessary to alter owing to the chance of having the tide strong against them in returning back. The rounding was effected in the following order and time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	3	6	10	Gnome.....	3	53	20	Zillah.....	3	59	10

The Phantom as soon as she had rounded roused up her topmast and crowded on all sail: whilst at anchor we had leisure to notice the Gnome and Zillah, which appeared to be equally matched as they kept company throughout the day. The Zillah was loudly cheered on rounding. The Gnome rounded with topsail set which she afterwards shifted, and her consort after considerable labour and difficulty managed to get up her topsail again, which stood very badly owing to the accident before mentioned. Off the Mucking Light the Zillah passed her opponent, took in her jib, and set a large ballooner. At this period much excitement was manifest by the close sailing of the vessels, and speculation was rife which would receive the second prize. They were

well matched, and had the Phantom been of their calibre the race would have been very interesting.

After keeping company with these slow coaches some time it was necessary to look after *the racers*—Phantom and Kitten, as they had gone out of sight and would be waiting for the steamer. Fresh fuel heaped on, not in the American fashion (turpentine), and we picked out the Wanderer jogging quietly along by herself, so we left her, and on nearing Erith the clippers were observed cruising about waiting for the steamer.—The latter was immediately moored, and the Phantom bore down followed by the Kitten. The time was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	5	10	0	Zillah.....	6	17	30
Kitten.....	5	11	40	Gnome.....	6	20	0
Wanderer.....	6	10	0				

The prizes were delivered to the winners by the worthy commodore whose remarks elicited repeated cheers.

It is unnecessary to say anything further about Phantom than that she has won about forty prizes since she has been the property of Mr. Lane.

The Zillah was brought out by Mr. G. Harrison, of Liverpool, and was always considered a good sea boat with some speed in her; but Mr. Knibbs has reduced her spars and shortened her boom some six feet as he is more desirous of possessing a comfortable craft than a racer.

The Gnome is an old craft formerly belonging to Mr. Hulkes of Rochester: Commodore Arcedeckne after he had purchased, gave her a complete overhaul, and laid out a considerable sum to make her more convenient to entertain his friends. That she will ever be a racer is entirely out of the question.—She is apparently a stiff boat and therefore well adapted for a pleasure party.

The Kitten is too well known to need comment, and respecting her opponent the Wanderer we know nothing.

The day's excursion was enlivened by the strains of an excellent Military band, which, with the courtesy and kindness of the Commodore and officers of the club rendered the trip pleasant and enjoyable.

GLASGOW ROYAL REGATTA.

WILLING on all occasions to comply with the wishes of our readers at the request of several of our Northern friends we insert the following.

On the 29th ult. the morning was louring, but towards noon it

cleared up and a delightful afternoon under a pleasant balmy sky the sports came off.

First Race.—A Silk St. George's Ensign ; to be competed for in two-oared 27 feet gigs ; open to all.—First heat : 1, Blue Jacket—M'Donald, Milliken (stroke), Craig (cox). Walked over the course.—Second heat : 1, Perseverance—Clyde, Chivers (stroke), Ward (cox). 2, Jack's the Lad—Gunn, Bruce (stroke), Dart (cox). A capital race, won by half a boat's length.—*Final heat* : Perseverance 1, Blue Jacket 2. Won easily.

Second Race.—A beautiful Silk Flag, painted and presented to the club by a first-class artist of this city ; to be competed for in skiffs of any length ; open to all except those who have pulled for £20 and above that amount. First heat : Pirate (Park) 1, Confidence (Cassey) 2. Pirate beat Confidence easily. Second heat : Black Prince (Neil) 1. Young Shakspeare (Arroll) 2. At M'Neil's shed the two skiffs were level, when Young Shakspeare ran into Black Prince, and although Arroll came in first, he was on this account disqualified. *Final heat* : Pirate 1, Black Prince 2. An excellent race to the barge when Neil drew ahead, and at the buoys was first by a length. After turning, Park gradually come up on him and won. At this stage two steamers passed down the river from Mr. Seath's building yard, which delayed the proceedings for about half an hour.

Third Race.—A large Silk Union Jack ; to be competed for in four-oared 27 feet gigs ; open to all youths and for those who never pulled a race at a regatta (except stretch matches), committee to judge ; one heat. 1, Blue Bonnet, Scarlett, Macleod, Cameron, Grahame (stroke), M'Arthur (cox). 2, Blue Jacket, Park, M'Guire, Rooney, Turner, (stroke), Clark (cox). 3, Bold Attempt, Miller, Conally, Hills, M'Queen (stroke), M'Gregor (cox). After a good race, Blue Bonnet came in first. This is a new mahogany gig, built by M'Neill and Co., and a piece of the finest workmanship we have seen on the Clyde.

Fourth Race.—Splendid Photographs of the winning Crew and Coxswain, taken separately, in fine rosewood frames, value £4 4s, presented to the club by Mr. John Burne, photographic artist, Glasgow, to be competed for in four-oared 27 feet gigs ; open to all. First heat : 1 Perseverance, Chivers, Clyde, M'Allister, Mills, (stroke), Ward (cox) 2, Fleur de Marie, M'Ewan, Muir, Milliken, M'Donald (stroke), Craig (cox). 3, Blue Jacket, Park, M'Guire, Rooney, Turner, (stroke), Clark (cox). After three false starts the three gigs got well off, but immediately after the start Blue Jacket gave in. A most exciting race ensued between Perseverance and Fleur de Marie. They were bow and

bow at the barge, but *Fleur de Marie* turned the *Perseverance* buoy instead of their own and was drawn out. Second heat: 1, *Jack's the Lad*—Holt, Gunn, Docherty, Bruce (stroke), Dart (cox). 2, Young Shakspeare, Lock, Miller, M'Gilvery, Arroll, (stroke), M'Farland (cox). 3, *Blue Bonnet*, Scarlett, Macleod, Cameron, Grahame, (stroke), M'Arthur (cox). After a capital race *Jack's the Lad* came in first.—Trial heat: 1, *Perseverance*, 2, *Jack's the Lad*. The *Perseverance* crew pulled in the *Blue Bonnet*, and the crew of *Jack's the Lad* in the *Perseverance* boat. *Blue Bonnet* led the way, but after turning the buoys *Perseverance* drew up, and, after a most exciting race, came in the winner by a quarter of a length.

Fifth Race.—Complete Rowing Uniform for crew and coxswain, value £3 8s; presented to the club by Mr. W. Mays, Greenock; to be competed for in four-oared 27-foot gigs; open to all except the winner of the first race. First heat: 1, *Fleur de Marie*, M'Ewan, Mair, Milliken, M'Donald (stroke), Craig (cox). The *Perseverance* crew entered for this race, but was thrown out on account of winning the photographs, and *Fleur de Marie* walked over. Second heat: 1, *Blue Bonnet*, Scarlett, Macleod, Cameron, Grahame, (stroke), M'Arthur (cox). 2, *Blue Jacket*, Park, M'Guire, Rooney, Turner (stroke) Clark (cox). 3, *Jack's the Lad*, Holt, Gunn, Docherty, Bruce, (stroke), Dart (cox). A good start was effected, but *Jack's the Lad* stopped rowing on account of some misunderstanding, after having pulled a dozen strokes. The other two went on, and after a good race *Blue Bonnet* came in first. Final heat: *Fleur de Marie*, and *Blue Bonnet*. A splendid race took place from the starting point till near the barge, when the two boats closed together, and an oar of the *Fleur de Marie* was broken, and the rudder of the *Blue Bonnet*. The judges decided that the race should be run over again.

Sixth Race.—Silver Oar and Anchor Pins for first prize; Silver Oar Pins for second prize; being a scratch match, pulled by the members of the City of Glasgow Royal Regatta Club, and those who pull at this regatta. 1, *Falcon*, Briggs, Thompson, Bruce, Arroll (stroke), Clasper (cox). 2, *Hawk*, Miller, Rarery, Docherty, Banks (stroke) Kelly (cox). A very good race. Second heat: 1, *Cuckoo*, Cross, Clyde, M'Queen, Chivers (stroke), Wood (cox). 2, *Swallow*, Lion, Raeburn, Connaly, M'Allister (stroke), Taylor (cox). A capital race. Final heat: 1, *Cuckoo*, 2, *Falcon*. Won easily. The races terminated about nine o'clock, after a day's superior sport.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB. MATCH.

THE First Match of this prosperous club took place on the 5th of June, and was pronounced one of the best contested matches on record in the annals of Mersey yachting. The following yachts appeared at their moorings:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Meta.....	cutter	7½	St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.
Charm.....	cutter	7½	J. Pool, Esq.
Elfin.....	cutter	3½	A. Whitworth, Esq.
Snake.....	cutter	7½	G. Harrison, Esq.

The course was from Woodside Pier round a flag-boat stationed off Bromborough, thence to a flag-boat off the Dingle, back to Bromborough, again to the Dingle, returning to the flag-boat off Woodside Pier, back round Bromborough and the Dingle, returning the south of Woodside Pier, finishing between there and flag-boat.

The starting gun was fired at 2h. 9m., wind N.W. when the Elfin was the first to obey the order, but unfortunately in jibing she was caught by a sudden puff which so baffled her that the advantage in starting was lost, and she never recovered it. The wind being fair for running, booming was carried out to its fullest extent, the Snake proving her powers before the wind by sloping ahead, and passing Bromborough flag boat first as below. After passing, the Meta began to show her superior qualities, being able to sail much closer to the wind than her competitors. This advantage she, however, lost by an injudicious tack in the middle of the river, the others beating up in the slack tide on the Lancashire shore, and the Dingle flag-boat was rounded as below:—

<i>Bromborough, 1st round.</i>				<i>Dingle, 1st round.</i>			
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Snake.....	2	32	30	Charm.....	3	1	0
Charm.....	2	32	45	Meta.....	3	3	25
Meta.....	2	34	30	Snake.....	3	4	5
Elfin.....	2	35	40	Elfin.....	3	15	0

Thus far the race was according to the above times a very close and exciting affair, and it was impossible to select the winner. They now pushed on gallantly for Bromborough flag-boat which was rounded as below. The Charm the headmost boat tried for a slack tide on the Cheshire shore, but failing to find it, followed her rivals, who had stood straight across. The little-un being evidently out-paced was not again timed, but we must award praise to her spirited owner for his gallant

attempt against such a formidable antagonist, and the Dingle flag-boat was rounded as under:—

<i>Bromborough, 2nd round.</i>			<i>Dingle, 2nd round.</i>		
	<i>h.</i>	<i>m. s.</i>		<i>h.</i>	<i>m. s.</i>
Charm.....	3	11	0	Charm.....	3 43 30
Meta.....	3	12	45	Meta.....	3 43 35
Snake.....	3	15	0	Snake.....	3 46 30
Elfin.....	3	25	0	Elfin (not timed)	

In racing from the Bromborough flag-boat to the Dingle it will be seen the Meta gained 1m. 15s., and it was evident that barring accidents the Meta must win, from her weatherly qualities, and great admiration was expressed on board the steamer at the able way in which she was sailed. The Woodside flag-boat was passed as follows:—

<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>
Meta.....	4	29	5	Charm.....	4 35 0	Snake.....	4	37 20

Each of the trio had in turn assumed the first position. The Meta, after rounding, hoisted her topsail, but her rivals seemed careless on the matter, and ran before the wind with topmasts housed, the Bromborough boat, and Dingle were passed as under;—

<i>Bromborough, 3rd time.</i>			<i>Dingle, 3rd time.</i>		
	<i>h.</i>	<i>m. s.</i>		<i>h.</i>	<i>m. s.</i>
Meta.....	4	51	40	Meta.....	5 11 45
Charm.....	4	57	30	Charm.....	5 16 25
Snake.....	4	59	10	Snake.....	5 17 15

As it was clearly seen that the Meta must win, the attention of those on board of the steamer was turned to the struggle for second place, which the Snake, after several attempts, at length succeeded in taking; the full efforts of both crews having been called into play. The flag-boat at Woodside was rounded as under:—

<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>
Meta.....	5	46	0	Snake.....	5 54 15	Charm.....	5	59 39

The Meta was hailed the winner with loud cheers. This is the first deep keel boat which has successfully competed in the club. Her length is 33 feet, by 7 feet 7 inches beam, draught of water aft 5 feet 9 inches, and forward 2 feet 6 inches. She is hollow at both ends of the load line, and hollow in the cross section amidships, carries a great deal of ballast, and is cutter-rigged with heavy canvas. She was designed and built under the superintendence of her owner, Mr. St. C. J. Byrne. The Elfin, and Charm are centre-board boats, the latter having a long projecting overhanging bow. The Snake also is of similar build. Byrne, the winner, came on board the club steamer, and Mr. Harrison, the Vice-commodore, addressed him in complimentary terms, expressed the great satisfaction he and the members of the committee had experienced in witnessing the match, which had been admirable contested

The winning boat, the *Meta* was, he said, one of a new construction in this quarter, and, as had been shown in the result of the contest, it possessed excellent qualities. It was a trim and clever craft, and, above all, possessed the great merit of being safe. He hoped Mr. Byrne would continue still to favour them with such evidence of his skill in boat-building, and through that means excite a useful emulation among all the members. In conclusion, he begged to present him with the very handsome prize which he had so fully earned and so unquestionably won [cheers].—Mr. Byrne expressed his thanks for the congratulation bestowed on him, and observed that they would all admit that the race had been a fair and spirited one, and the prize won fairly [hear, hear, and cheers].

ON TRIMMING BALLAST.

Of all the disputed points in yachts racing, perhaps none has been more discussed than that of trimming ballast. For a long time I was decidedly opposed to allow ballast to be trimmed, and thought, with many others, that if it was forbidden we should have a fine fleet of yachts start in every race. This is not the case. Take *Cowes*, for instance ; there, by dint of stringent rules, there is nothing to prevent any gentleman from starting his vessel in a match, as though he were going out of his ordinary pleasure trip, but nothing will induce them to do so. On this ground, therefore, the rule of not trimming fails of its intent ; but by not trimming we prevent the vessel from being knocked about a good deal unless she is properly fitted for the purpose ; we also require fewer men. On the other hand we deprive many yachts from doing their best, and last but not least, we throw an apple of discord among the contending vessels, which is an ever fruitful source of dissension.

To the sailing committees I would say, " If you declare that there shall be no trimming ballast, you are bound to see that the rule is enforced." In the ordinary course of matches, away we all start, every one of us having our shot bags in the lockers, and each knowing that his neighbour has the means of trimming at his command. Perhaps A fancies that B's ship stands up like a tree—at any rate she is beating him—what power or what form of protestation will make A's mind easy ? Never mind ; wait till she goes about. How many hands are there on deck—only five. There she is down on her side, now she gets upright again, up come the two men from below. Is not A justified in

concluding that his rival is shifting his bags? Very likely B is an old shipmate, and A knows his man. Win or lose A will swear till his dying day that B trimmed on that occasion. Meanwhile precisely the same thing goes on aboard B; he fancies, and watches, and draws just the same conclusion from A's proceedings, and so on through the fleet. This is all perfectly natural. It is no answer to say that the owner or representative can be asked if ballast was trimmed in his vessel during the race. "Not to my knowledge," is the answer you get.

Once on a time, long past now, I sailed in a vessel neither as owner nor representing the owner. We won; and if the question had been duly put to the owner's representative, he would have answered, as I should have answered, with perfect truth, "Not to my knowledge." Two years afterwards I heard for the first time that on that occasion ballast was trimmed in our vessel. Yet we had a *spy* placed on board by the committee; and there were three of us constantly running in and out of the cabin. Here we were certainly free from blame. I say *we*, though I had nothing whatever to do in the matter; I was merely *amicus curiæ*. Would that owners were always blameless about such things.

On one occasion, where trimming was not permitted, one of the yachts got ashore. Some time afterwards, says Bill to Tom, who had sailed in the vessel, "Why, how came you to run your ship aground?" "Oh! I had nothing to do with it; I was down below getting our ballast over, for we had such a lot up that we couldn't go about till some of it was shifted." "Where was your master?" "Down lending me a hand." Now, brother yachtsman, I put it to you, if you were sailing against that man, would you feel *very* sure that he was dealing fairly by you, when you had heard the above little conversation? For my part, I would rather leave my vessel and go in his as spy! but I would rather not sail against him at all. I only give the conversation as I heard it, and sincerely trust that the charge is untrue. I always found the gentleman alluded to an honourable and straightforward opponent.

I shall never forget a little battle of words I once witnessed between a yacht owner and a sailor, wherein the gentleman accused the captain—who it appeared had formerly been in his service—of sailing unfairly. "Yes," said the former, "you broke the rules by trimming ballast in my vessel at——." "I know that," answered the skipper; "but didn't you stand at the companion and pass the word below when they were to shift every tack." This was pot and kettle with a vengeance.

I could give plenty of cases, if necessary, to show the utter folly of

forbidding the trimming of ballast unless stringent measures are taken to enforce the rule. But the sailing committees show great apathy about it. Once we sailed at the westward ; trimming was not permitted, but we had all our shot bags aboard, so we took them out of the lockers and put them on the platform amid ships ; of course we had a right to have our ballast where we thought proper. We then besought the committee to put a spy on board our vessel, stating the case, but we were roughly told that if we had no sinister intentions we should not have made such a request ! It so happened that throughout the day there was a very light air, so that no one could accuse us of shifting—but if I had been in any of the other vessels I should have been very suspicious, to say the least of it. It has been proposed, and the plan is occasionally adopted, of sealing the platforms down with the tape and sealing wax. This is quite useless. On one occasion a yacht took up her platform, put her heavy shot bags in the place of some iron pigs, replaced the boards, and then ranged the pigs on the platform. Of what use was it to tape and sealing wax these damp cold blocks of iron, and if she took the least list, the half hundreds would certainly slip, break the seals, and she forfeits her prize. Yet she is surely at liberty to have what ballast she thinks fit on board ; if you prevent her from trimming, she requires more weight. The crew could, were they so inclined, take any ballast they pleased from under the platform of nine vessels out of ten, seal them how you liked. I particularly object to this sealing because if from any accident one seal is broken you are liable to have a frivolous objection raised against your receiving the prize. The system of putting a spy on board each yacht is the only secure method of ensuring obedience to the rules ; but there is some repugnance manifested against the plan.

I have not much more to say on the subject, beyond suggesting that if the owners will only join heartily in preventing the men from trimming, all further difficulty is at an end. I would neither seal the platforms nor put a spy on board ; but I would make a rule, and put that rule rigidly in force, that the owner or his representative shall make it his business to see that no ballast be trimmed or shifted during a race on any pretence whatever. That before receiving the prize the question should be put by the chairman or commodore to the owner or owner's representative, " Was there any ballast trimmed in your vessel during the race ? " To which he shall answer distinctly " yes " or " no ; " any other answer to be deemed an evasion, and taken as affirmative. Let it be the business of the other competitors to prove if they can, at any future time, that ballast was trimmed in that vessel during such race,

and if it be convincingly brought home to the member, then let him be for ever disqualified from belonging to any yacht club or sailing in any match. By some such regulation it will be his business to see that no ballast is trimmed ; he can insist on having the lockers open to his inspection, and keep the men from going below. Let him bear in mind that his crew of this year will be spread about in different vessels next season, and the truth must come out sooner or later. I do not mean to say that trimming ballast ought to be discontinued ; that is a matter of opinion, and if five or six vessels are entered to start, all wishing to trim, surely they may do so ; but if other vessels are prevented from contending in the matches merely because they have no such ballast, or do not choose to knock their cabins to pieces, then an injustice is done to the cause of yachting by permitting the practice. If ten or more vessels enter for a match, then let there be no trimming, but if a few only are going to sail, depend upon it they are racers, and let them do their best.

P. M.

THE ROYAL THAMES *INTENDED* SCHOONER MATCH.

THIS much-talked of match, which was expected to eclipse all that was ever before known in yachting circles, has ended in smoke, and the cause, *that* least expected—a *deficiency of entries* ! Our readers will exclaim, is it possible that out of the fleet belonging to this club not *four* could be found to compete for the liberal prizes offered ? Surely there must be some very cogent reason for this ? The only one we can assign is that the Wildfire having been the first to enter, the owners of other schooners were *frightened*, except Mr. Otway of the Rara Avis which did enter, and Mr. Thomson of the Le Rêve, who was ready to make a fourth if a third could have been obtained.

Mr. Turner in coming forward deserves all praise, especially when we take into consideration the injustice he considers he received last year.

Mr. Marshall, the owner of the Vestal is abroad, or she would have been ready to enter the list against all comers, and the Aquiline, which has never failed entering, is not afloat this season yet.

Some hundreds will be disappointed, and “schooner races” on the Thames will become a by-word.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club, one of the richest ever known, must hoard their wealth for cutter sailing, and we do hope another first class will be given ere the season is over.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

THURSDAY, June 3rd.—Wind S.S.E.—This being the day for the weekly sailing of the R.C.Y.C. fleet, at 12h, the following yachts belonging to the Club hove to abreast of the club-house. Admiral of the day S. French, Esq. in the *Glimpse*:—*Harlequin*, 80 tons, C. Penrose, Esq; *Vigilant*, 33 tons, J. C. Atkins, Esq; *Gauntlet*, 30 tons, J. Lambkin, Esq; *Olivia*, 26 tons, M. Hayman, Esq; *Albatross*, 9 tons, J. Kendrick, Esq; *Elvira* 8 tons, F. Holmes, Esq; *Foam*, 25 tons, M. Longfield, Esq; *Rosina*, 34 tons, J. Arnott, Esq; *Kathleen*, 32 tons, Capt. Hodder; *Dream*, 32 tons, M. Hayes, Esq; *Fleak*, 10 tons, J. C. Harvey, Esq; *Iris*, 12 tons, A. Savage, Esq; *Prima Donna*, 27 tons, T. Hardy, Esq; *Cygnets*, 35, J. Daunt, Esq; *Glanca*, 36, Major Longfield; *Peri*, 80, J. Cannon, Esq. On the Admiral signalizing for *Barry's Head* (a distance of about ten miles from the harbour) they all got underway with a stiff breeze, and shortly after four o'clock they passed the point of *Spike Island*, presenting the most picturesque appearance. As the wind had somewhat lulled, they all carried their square-headed gaff topsails. The promenade quay connected with the Club-house was thronged with the *élite* from the city and other localities.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES.*

THE ship's course, therefore, having been shaped in accordance with this view, I stole back into bed and resumed my violated slumbers. Towards mid-day the weather began to moderate, and by four o'clock we were skimming along on a smooth sea, with all sails set. This state of prosperity continued for the next twenty-four hours; we had made about eighty knots since parting company with the Frenchman, and it was now time to run down West and pick up the land. Luckily the sky was pretty clear, and as we sailed on through open water I really began to think our prospects very brilliant. But about three o'clock on the second day, specks of ice began to flicker here and there on the horizon, then larger bulks came floating by in forms as picturesque as ever—(one, I particularly remember, a human hand thrust up out of the water with outstretched forefinger, as if to warn us against proceeding farther), until at last the whole sea became clouded with hummocks that seemed to gather on our path in magical multiplicity.

Up to this time we had seen nothing of the island, yet I knew we must be within a very few miles of it; and now, to make things quite pleasant, there descended upon us a thicker fog than I should have thought the atmosphere capable of sustaining; it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars. To say that you could not see your hand, ceased almost to be any longer figurative; even the ice was hid—except those fragments immediately adjacent, whose ghastly brilliancy the mist itself could not quite extinguish, as they glimmered round the vessel like a circle of luminous phantoms. The perfect stillness of the sea and sky added very

* By Lord Dufferin.—*London, Murray.—Second Notice.*

much to the solemnity of the scene; almost every breath of wind had fallen, scarcely a ripple tinkled against the copper sheathing, as the solitary little schooner glided along at the rate of half a knot or so an hour, and the only sound we heard was a distant wash of water, but whether on a great shore or along a belt of solid ice, it was impossible to say. In such weather,—as the original discoverers of Jan Mayen said under similar circumstances, “it was easier to hear land than to see it.” Thus, hour after hour passed by and brought no change. Fitz and Sigurdr—who had begun quite to disbelieve in the existence of the island—went to bed, while I remained pacing up and down the deck, anxiously questioning each quarter of the grey canopy that enveloped us. At last, about four in the morning, I fancied some change was about to take place; the heavy wreaths of vapour seemed to be imperceptibly separating, and in a few minutes more the solid roof of grey split asunder, and I beheld through the gap—thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky, a cone of illuminated snow.

You can imagine my delight. It was really that of an anchorite catching a glimpse of the seventh heaven. There at last was the long-sought-for mountain actually tumbling down upon our heads. Columbus could not have been more pleased when—after nights of watching—he saw the first fires of a new hemisphere dance upon the water; nor, indeed, scarcely less disappointed at their sudden disappearance than I was, when—after having gone below to wake Sigurdr, and tell him we had seen bona fide terra-firma, I found, on returning upon deck, that the roof of mist had closed again, and shut out all trace of the transient vision. However, I had got a clutch of the island, and no slight matter should make me let go my hold. In the mean time there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until the curtain lifted; and no child ever stared more eagerly at a green drop-scene in expectation of “the realm of dazzling splendour” promised in the bill, than I did at the motionless grey folds that hung round us. At last the hour of liberation came: a purer light seemed gradually to penetrate the atmosphere, brown turned to grey, and grey to white, and white to transparent blue, until the lost horizon entirely reappeared, except where in one direction an impenetrable veil of haze still hung suspended from the zenith to the sea. Behind that veil I knew must lie Jan Mayen.

A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hem first deepened to a violet tinge, then gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg dyed of the darkest purple; while obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapt its summit gently disengaged themselves, and left the mountain standing in all the magnificence of his 6,870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea! Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed.

Although—by reason of our having hit upon its side instead of its narrow end—the outline of Mount Beerenberg appeared to us more like a sugar-loaf than a spire—broader at the base and rounder at the top than I had ima-

gined,—in size, colour and effect, it far surpassed anything I had anticipated. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames—started down the side of a mountain,—bursting over every impediment,—whirled into a thousand eddies,—tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam,—then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded subsequently in approaching the spot where with a leap like that of Niagara one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea.—the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of grey-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel.

As soon as we had got a little over our first feelings of astonishment at the panorama thus suddenly revealed to us by the lifting of the fog, I began to consider what would be the best way of getting to the anchorage on the west—or Greenland side of the island. We were still seven or eight miles from the shore, and the northern extremity of the island, round which we should have to pass, lay about five leagues off, bearing West by North, while between us and the land stretched a continuous breadth of floating ice. The hummocks, however, seemed to be pretty loose with openings here and there, so that with careful sailing I thought we might pass through, and perhaps on the farther side of the island come into a freer sea. Alas! after having with some difficulty wound along until we were almost abreast of the cape, we were stopped dead short by a solid rampart of fixed ice, which in one direction leant upon the land, and in the other ran away as far as the eye could reach into the dusky North. Thus hopelessly cut off from all access to the western and better anchorage, it only remained to put about, and—running down along the land—attempt to reach a kind of open roadstead on the eastern side, a little to the south of the volcano described by Dr. Scoresby; but in this endeavour also we were doomed to be disappointed; for after sailing some considerable distance through a field of ice, which kept getting more closely packed as we pushed further into it, we came upon another barrier equally impenetrable, that stretched away from the island toward the southward and eastward. Under these circumstances, the only thing to be done was to get back to where the ice was looser, and attempt a landing wherever a favourable opening presented itself. But even to extricate ourselves from our present position, was now no longer of such easy performance. Within the last hour the wind had shifted into the N.W.; that is to say, it was now blowing right down the path along which we had picked our way; in order to return, therefore it would be necessary to work the ship to windward through a sea as thickly crammed with ice as a lady's

boudoir is with furniture. Moreover, it had become evident, from the obvious closing of the open spaces, that some considerable pressure was acting upon the outside of the field; but whether originating in a current or the change of wind, or another field being driven down upon it, I could not tell. Be that as it might, out we must get,—unless we wanted to be cracked like a walnut-shell between the drifting ice and the solid belt to leeward; so sending a steady hand to the helm,—for these unusual phenomena had begun to make some of my people lose their heads a little, no one on board having ever seen a bit of ice before,—I stationed myself in the bows, while Mr. Wyse conned the vessel from the square yard. There then began one of the prettiest and most exciting pieces of nautical manoeuvring that can be imagined. Every single soul on board was summoned upon deck; to all, their several stations and duties were assigned—always excepting the cook, who was merely directed to make himself generally useful. As soon as everybody was ready, down went the helm,—about went the ship,—and the critical part of the business commenced.

Of course, in order to wind and twist the schooner in and out among the devious channels left between the hummocks, it was necessary she should have considerable way on her; at the same time so narrow were some of the passages, and so sharp their turnings, that unless she had been the most handy vessel in the world, she would have had a very narrow squeak for it. I never saw anything so beautiful as her behaviour. Had she been a living creature, she could not have dodged, and wound, and doubled, with more conscious cunning and dexterity; and it was quite amusing to hear the encouraging way in which the people spoke to her, each time the nimble creature contrived to elude some more than usually threatening tongue of ice. Once or twice, in spite of all our exertions, it was impossible to save her from a collision; all that remained to be done, as soon as it became evident she could not clear some particular floe, or go about in time to avoid it,—was to haul the staysail sheet a-weather in order to deaden her way as much as possible,—and putting the helm down—let her go right at it, so that she should receive the blow on her stem, and not on the bluff of the bow, while all hands armed with spars and fenders, rushed forward to ease off the shock. And here I feel it just to pay a tribute of admiration to the cook, who on these occasions never failed to exhibit an immense amount of misdirected energy, breaking—I remember,—at the same moment; both the cabin skylight and an oar, in single combat with a large berg that was doing no particular harm to us, but against which he seemed suddenly to have conceived a violent spite. Luckily a considerable quantity of snow overlay the ice, which—acting as a buffer, in some measure mitigated the violence of the concussion; while the very fragility of her build diminishing the momentum, proved in the end the little schooner's greatest security. Nevertheless, I must confess that more than once, while leaning forward in expectation of the *surprise*, I knew must come, I have caught myself half murmuring to the fair face that seemed to gaze so serenely at the cold white mass we were approaching: "O Lady, is it not now fit thou shouldst befriend the good ship of which thou art the pride?"

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

THE Annual general meeting of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was held on the 24th of May at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street. There were present:—G. H. Ackers Esq., Commodore, in the chair; General Sir James Caldwell, G.C.B.; J. E. W. Rolls, Esq.; R. Arabin, Esq.; Sir John Burgoyne, Bart.; Sir Edward Johnson; C. J. Allan Maclean, Esq.; C. Deane, Esq.; H. Bousfield Esq.; R. W. Wheeler, Esq.; F. Peel, Esq.; E. J. Smith, Esq.; J. F. Franks, Esq.; H. S. Fearon, Esq.; J. Arden, Esq.; R. Pocklington, Esq.; T. P. Cook, Esq.; C. Lee, Esq.; H. J. Baxter, Esq.; T. A. B. Mostyn, Esq.; A. Arcedeckne, Esq.

The financial accounts of the Club for the year 1857 were presented to the Meeting, together with the Committee's Report thereon, shewing a steady progressive improvement highly satisfactory to the Meeting.

The time for holding the Regatta, viz: from the 6th to the 12th of August was agreed to. The Commodore stated that J. T. Turner, Esq., has intimated his intention to give a prize value £100 to be contended for, on the following terms:—"To be a Time race, half Ackers' scale, without any restriction upon the sailing power of the competing vessels, and open to sailing vessels of every class and tonnage, the property of Members of any Royal, or National Yacht Club". The usual business of appointing members to serve on the Committee in lieu of those who retire by rotation, and Auditors for the ensuing year, having been concluded, a vote of thanks to the Commodore for his obliging conduct in the chair terminated the meeting,

At a meeting of committee June 15th, the following was arranged for the Regatta, and will be announced, subject to some slight modifications.

Thursday, August 12th.—Sailing Match Club Prize for R.V.Y.C. schooners.

Friday 13th.—Boat Races and Club Dinner.

Saturday 14th.—Sailing Match Club Prize for R.V.Y.C. schooners. Sailing Match Cup, given by Thos. Broadwood, Esq., for R.V.Y.C. schooners.

Monday 16th.—Sailing Match—J. Turner Turner's Prize, open match for all Royal Yachts. Club Ball.

Tuesday 17th.—General Meeting.

Editor's Locker.

WHAT IS A YACHT?

MR. EDITOR.—I should feel much obliged by your giving a definition of a "yacht." In a match on the river at which I was present lately, a vessel won the prize against which four other vessels were most unequally pitted, for while the latter had cooking and sleeping accommodation for the owner

and friends in good size cabins, well sheltered from the weather, the winner was as shallow as a large butcher's tray—(it is really no exaggeration Mr. Editor, although you may laugh), with the crew sitting all round like mutton chops on end.

Pray enlighten the mind of

A LANDSMAN.

ON CENTRE-BOARD YACHTS.

SIR.—Your correspondent "Flying Dutchman," in his notice of forthcoming matches, speaking of the Wellington Yacht Club, says—"This club sanctions what all others condemn, namely, centre-boards." Permit me to state for his information that the Ranelagh, a club of much older date has always allowed them, and, if I am not mistaken was until very lately, the only club that did so.

E. S. B.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—In a late number I read a discourse, delivered at a meeting of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, regarding the measurement of yachts. It was there stated that the three principal clubs of the Thames, for all racing purposes, measured their yachts in the same manner, which was very well. Then why not let well alone? But the gentleman wished to introduce a more perfect way of measurement, by taking the length from a perpendicular from the load water line, which would be best in his opinion. Why, the raking stern-post, by cheating the tonnage, caused the alteration in the measurement, and the load water line makes bad worse; it not only gives a raking stern-post above the line of flotation, but a raking stem also, both of which may overhang the water, and gives real or fancied advantages to the yacht to be built on that principle, and may cause unpleasant feelings to the owners of those already afloat. Therefore, were I inclined to build a I would say, "Now, Mr. Builder, I want a yacht for racing purposes only the fastest you can build, taking the length from the fore part of the stem to the after part of the stern-post, and the width from the widest part—for the tonnage. Now, I do not restrict you in any manner, you can give me great beam or great length, as in your judgment may be best;" and when you give such latitude to an experienced builder, he will give you the best form he can, consistent with speed; but if gentlemen will give instructions, the builder has no alternative; and some will have their yachts cut away like a Dutch schuyt, with a fiddle head. One of your correspondents tells us of racing yachts being fit for no other purpose, of their being wet, unhandy, dangerous, and want of room, and, of course, comfort is out of the question; and yet I think the same gentleman speaks of the Mosquito, which vessel has seven feet height in her cabin, and fitted up in a most superior style, with plenty of room—as she is for sale, any one can see her in the East India Dock, and judge for themselves; also the Amazon is fitted

up in a similar manner; both were the fastest yachts of their time, and belonged, until his lamented death, to one owner. I hope I shall hear no more of their being fit for no other purpose. Why fast yachts were models for the navy. The *Waterwitch*, built by White, and the *Pantaloon*, at that time the fastest brigs in the navy, were enabled to carry guns, sail fast, and beat the experimental squadron, and with all had better accommodation for men and stores than others of their class—a further illustration of the necessity of fast vessels. I remember the first time I saw an American Baltimore clipper schooner pilot boat; she was the admiration of all on board, so graceful was her position on the water; like the *Nautilus*, it seemed her own element; and when I put my foot upon her deck I felt a pride I never felt since until I did the same on one of the fastest yachts of her tonnage, with which, her first season, I won three cups in six weeks. Neptune, preserve me from a slow coach, for I could never be content to see every fast yacht give me the go-by, and with a laugh from those on board at the great cauliflower which the slow one carried before her. The Americans having had for so many years, such fast pilot boats, which have to sail a distance of about eighty miles from Baltimore or Philadelphia, before they can get a ship, and then they have a race for her, of course the fastest gets her. No wonder, then, that the Americans should first build fast clipper ships of great tonnage, having no restraint, whilst we, until lately, were crippled by our tonnage laws. Those removed, we have now our clipper ships of immense tonnage to Australia, with very superior accommodation for passengers and cargo, and as expedition is the life and soul of business, they (the fast ones) have the preference of the best passengers, and the most valuable cargo, and soon realise a fortune, whilst the slow ones are beating about with a cargo of wool and tallow, or worse, are taken up as emigrant ships, and are, therefore, doubly dangerous. With the hopes that with fast and beautiful yachts we shall still improve and furnish models for every purpose, is the wish of

X. B.

Clapham Road.

MR. EDITOR.—I see by a late number of your paper that the great necessity for some uniform standard for ascertaining the size of yachts is strongly urged, and the opinion of yachtsmen on the subject is called for. Now, any man who has observed, and perhaps suffered the various plans concocted for the expression of measurement during the past twenty years, must fear that the supporters and proposers of such opposing systems can never settle down or agree on any scheme of their own, and that they must call in some weighty authority to decide the matter. At present the different clubs and committees have different notions and different rules; the result, in some cases, of wholesale experience and general conviction, in others of the crafty manoeuvring of some clever member, who persuades his fellows to use his eyes, though they are probably adapted to measure some *peculiar vessel* he has either built or bought. The only plan that could reconcile, or

rather control such different views, is to submit to law—not to any used statute or any cunningly devised dodge—but to the law now in force for the measurement of all the vessels of England except yachts, viz., 21 Sec. Merchant Shipping Act, 1854. This would give a uniform scale, and every yacht owner might then know the relative size of his craft, and not only know it himself, but be able to prove it to others, for he would hold a certificate from the Custom House of his port as to his tonnage, duly signed by the authorities, and giving his length, breadth, and depth at the time of measurement, so that if any alteration of her size were made a new certificate must be taken out. Again, the present legal system of measurement does not confine a builder by length or breadth, but allows him to mould his craft as he likes best, its numerous tests giving with certainty the size of the vessel whatever her shape. Lastly, if yachts are encouraged for the purpose of testing different shapes for the benefit of builders in general, they should submit to the same standard which regulates the vessels whose models they would improve.

JOSEPH FRANCIS.

Lynn, Norfolk.

MR. EDITOR.—It would seem a truism to assert that in classing yachts for racing purposes it should be the aim of the law makers to arrive at some calculation of their powers of speed, not of carrying cargo; yet in nearly all discussions on this subject it is erroneously assumed that certain measurements of length and breadth of hull are sufficient, without any reference to the yacht's upper half, whence alone she derives power of locomotion; and all club laws of measurement have the radical fault of being mere modifications of those invented for ascertaining the capacity of vessels of burden. This old measurement may have answered as long as the size of the hull represented, more or less correctly, the power of carrying sail; but since some yachtsmen have availed themselves of every artifice by which this rule of proportion can be evaded, clubs have been engaged in attempting to restrict within reasonable limits the devices of their more reckless members, who, first by shifting ballast, then by raking sternposts, and, latterly by an extravagant amount of lead ballast, have sought, regardless of all other considerations, to obtain the speed of larger vessels by placing the spars and sails of these latter in a hull one-third smaller, which is then endowed with artificial stability by the toy-shop device of a lump of lead on or near the keel. To name examples of this school would be invidious, or I could show that many of our most successful racers owe a large portion of their sail-carrying, and, consequently, sailing powers to this expedient, the unchecked abuse of which is prejudicial to the true interests of the very pursuit they would seem to serve, match sailing. It would assuredly be absurd that in a trial of speed between steamers, two vessels of the same dimensions should be classed as a fair match where one had engines of 50, the other of 70 horse-power; yet there is a perfect analogy between such a case and the present system of yacht racing. Give rival builders an equal amount of propelling power, steam or sail, allowing each to add the form of hull he may think best adapted for speed, and leaving to his ingenuity the fullest liberty

consistent with the absence of trickery, the results will then be of real value in determining principles of ship building, at the same time affording honest and honourable cause of triumph to the successful designer, by indicating the attainment of art, not artifice. The following modern instances still show at what perfection the last named science has arrived, and its probable influence in promoting sport. Two vessels, one of iron, the other of wood, are built professedly for racing. The builder of the former ingeniously imagining a device, practicable in iron alone, makes the garboard plates of extreme thickness, adding an iron keel of four times the size necessary for strength, thus placing some five or six tons of weight at a depth unattainable in ordinary wooden vessels, and thereby obtaining artificial stability enabling him to carry a fifth more canvas than his opponent, who retires at the end of the season to meditate alterations. Next year wood is victorious, having added a keel some four feet deep, and weighted with as many tons of lead. We will next imagine these two to be engaged in a match with a third yacht of equal old measurement size, but constructed on less extravagant principles, and, consequently, out-sailed by her rivals. The owner of this vessel discovers that unless he add some ten tons of lead ballast, part on a keel three or four feet in depth, and increase her spars and sails in proportion, he can have no chance in matches, and not being prepared to incur the attending risks and penalties, increase of crew; straining and uneasiness of the vessel in rough weather, difficulty in entering harbours, with the certainty that once ashore and on her side she will never get up again, he probably quits racing, although his vessel may be, as a model, be superior in all respects to the cup hunters, such a trial affording no test as to lines best adapted for speed, the means furnished to each for obtaining that quality being unequal. The builder having done his best, it is left to the captain to overload the vessel to the top of his bent, and he who goes the greatest lengths (and depths) will sail and lead, will probably prove the winner of the season. Such is the principle adopted in many of our recent improvements on the *America*, a vessel devoid of all trickery, and constructed with a completeness of artistic design unapproached as yet by any imitator. Give her a eight ton, four feet, leaded keel, with some 500 extra yards of canvas, so increasing her speed in regatta sailing, and still by no existing club rule of measurement will she be larger or more formidable than before.

In proof of the evil influence exercised by the followers of this school in discouraging match-sailing, it would be easy to cite numerous instances where prizes have gone begging from the refusals to enter against the "artful dodger" of the season; owners of yachts, nominally larger, refusing to give time to one in all racing qualities of length, depth, and amount of sail, superior to themselves. To squabbles about "time" and "no time" is to be attributed the fact of the want of entries for four out of the seven prizes offered last season by the two island clubs! Of the matches which did take place two were for the royal gifts annually presented to the R. Y. S. and usually disposed of with the well-bred absence of all contention which distinguishes that Club afloat; the third, at Hyde, being for the £100 prize, open to all clubs, with half Ackers' time for tonnage, an innovation partaking much of the character of a lottery, but successful in bringing to the post fourteen of the fastest vessels of the day, so proving (without solving the "measurement" difficulty) that where each has, or thinks he has, a fair chance, entries will not be wanting. From the above

examples of the present system of its working, I would deduce, first, that the unchecked abuse of artificial ballast gives an unfair advantage to those who are prepared to sacrifice all other qualities for the one of speed; second, that this is the chief cause of the failures in getting entries at regattas; that as no present system of English measurement pretends to meet the former difficulty some such measure is much wanted, I shall endeavour to shew in a subsequent and briefer communication.—Yours, &c.,

A NON-RACER.

MR. EDITOR:—In the preceding letter I have traced the failure in obtaining entries at regattas to the imperfect system by which yachts are measured (i. e., matched) in estimating their powers of speed by dimensions of length and breadth, but failing to meet the artifice by which the body immersed is reduced in beam and “resistance” in order to get “time for tonnage,” while its power of carrying sail is retained by a system of artificial stability, acquired by an excessive amount of lead ballast so placed as to be injurious to the vessel’s sea-going qualities, thus tempting yachtsmen to sacrifice all other considerations to the one of winning prizes. I imagine a Dover galley and a racing outrigger equally manned, and time allowed the *latter* on the plea of offering *less* resistance than the broader boat, and we have a sample of the logic displayed in the combined systems of “old measurement” and “time for tonnage.” I have said that no club rule of measurement provides against this abuse, but its presence has been recognised and a remedy proposed by the attempted inauguration of a system of handicapping, by assigning to each yacht a fictitious tonnage, calculated according to her supposed powers of speed and artificial appliances for its attainment, upon which principal the R.Y.S. open match for £100 was sailed in 1856, when about a dozen vessels were thus assessed in proportions varying from 12 to 40 per cent over their o. m. size, the Arrow (free from artificial expedients save a raking post) being taxed at about the former, the Mosquito at the latter rate. The result of this match (won by Glance, 85 tons, arriving nearly half an hour after the Arrow) did not, it would appear, justify a repetition of the experiment; for in 1857 we find the same club offering a prize of £50, on the novel conditions that the competitors should not know how they were handicapped until the race was over—terms unanimously rejected by those entered. Now, in these attempts of the R.Y.S. we have a plain indication of what is wanted—a fair classification and test of the sailing powers of racing yachts; and it may be safely asserted that none of the various systems of hull measurement proposed for the attainment of this end is comparable for simplicity of application or truthfulness of test to the one adopted in America, of measuring the vessel’s power by area of canvas, so giving unlimited liberty as to form of hull, but discouraging, by taxing, the excess in sail and ballast, now so frequently obtained in proportion and under conditions endangering the very safety of the vessel, and subversive of all principles of art in yacht building. To this system of measurement the most plausible objection hitherto started is, the difficulty and trouble involved in ascertaining correctly the amount of canvas carried by each vessel, a difficulty to be obviated by obliging owners to furnish a sailmaker’s certificate, giving the number of yards in the working sails (allowing ballooning *ad libitum*), together with the length of

sars, the owner declaring such measurements to be, according to his belief, correct. So much has already appeared in the columns of *Bell's Life* from abler advocates than myself in praise of the above measurement, that I content myself with referring those unacquainted with its working details to *Hunt's Magazine* for November. It remains for the authorities of the yachting world to provide a remedy for the existing state of confusion, clubs being avowedly at sea on this subject. Thus the Thames measures length and raking posts, allowing any amount of canvas, counter-ballasted by any artifice, applying thereto a modification of Ackers' Scale of time, a system apparently shelved in the author's own clubs, after numerous refusals from racers to submit to it. Committees are in helpless confusion, dictated to by the recipients of their bounties as to the terms upon which their plates and purses will be accepted, and clubs are rendered ridiculous and their funds wasted in advertising matches that never come off. We have proof that where a fair chance is afforded to all, as in the Squadron and Victoria open matches before referred to, there will be no lack of entries; and that these favourable results were arrived at by completely throwing overboard the *a.m.* system. Whether this is to be replaced by fresh enactments against the evasion of that law, prescribing limits to the depth and position of ballast, or by the more simple rule of testing the hull's capacity for speed by measurement of the propelling power employed to move it, is now the question for yacht legislators.

A NON RACER.

HUNT'S UNIVERSAL YACHT LIST FOR 1858.

As it might by some be deemed egotism if we said anything in favour of our own works, we have quoted the following from *Bell's Life* June 13th:—"The eleventh annual number of this well-known list has just been published, and for yachtsmen no more is required from us than to announce its publication. Some additions, however, have been made this year. Besides the usual list of nearly 800 yachts, their tonnage, owners, clubs, and builders, and the list of yacht owners, the list of yacht clubs, their stations, secretaries, &c., there are lists of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the Netherlands Yacht Club, and the New York Yacht Club, with respect to the last of which we would call attention to the fact that the yachts appear to be already classed according to the number of square feet of canvas they carry, thus—first class, carrying 3,300 feet of canvas and upwards; second class, carrying 2,300 feet and upwards; third class, carrying less than 2,300 feet. It is to be regretted that though this system was first propounded in England, the English clubs should have allowed the Americans to precede us in adopting it, and there is now a fine opportunity for any English Club to distinguish itself by being first in England to adopt this the only rational system of classing or timing. To return to *Hunt's List*, it contains, besides a list of Lights and Distances along the coast, which would almost render the channel pilot unnecessary, Ackers' Graduated Time Tables, a list of winners of 1857; and everything, in short, to render the work not only a list, but a yachting

annual and record. Next to the *Chart and Channel Pilot*, this is the most necessary work for a yacht's cabin; and we trust that yacht owners will furnish their vessels with it, and at the same time encourage Mr. Hunt to persevere in his useful undertaking.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

JUNE 21, 22.—Henley-on-Thames Royal Regatta

22.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, classes, for prizes of £50, £30, £20.

25.—Clyde Model Yacht Club Match at Gourock

28.—Pembroke Dock Regatta

29.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Match

30.—Tenby Regatta, first day

JULY 2.—“ second day

3.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Sailing Match

7.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match, for third and fourth class, from Erith to the Chapman and back. Entries close June 28.

6, 7.—Swansea Regatta

8.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Challenge Cup

8.—King's Lynn Regatta, in Eau Brink Cut

13, 14.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta

15.—King's Lynn Roadstead Regatta

16.—Kinsale Regatta

20.—Royal London Yacht Club Sailing Match, Third Class, from Erith to Coal House Point and back to Greenwich. Entries close July 12th.

21, 22.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Dublin Bay Regatta

22.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta

23.—Clyde Model Yacht Club Regatta at Rothsay

27, 28.—Royal Thames National Regatta

28.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Sailing Match

28, 29.—Isle of Man Regatta, Douglas Bay

29, 30.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta

AUG. 2.—Royal Yacht Squadron—Prince Consort's Cup

2.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta

2, 3.—Barrow Regatta; Piel of Foudray; Morecambe Bay

4.—Royal Yacht Squadron—Her Majesty's Cup

6.—Royal Yacht Squadron—Emperor Napoleon's Cup

12.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta commences

13.—Clyde Model Yacht Club Corinthian Match at Largs

20.—Torbay Royal Regatta

25, 26.—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta

26, 27.—Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta on the Clyde

27, 28.—City of Glasgow Royal Flag Regatta

All communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, N.W., London

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1858.

THE FORTHCOMING MATCHES.—No. 3.

MR. EDITOR.—Before I proceed with the various regattas and matches allow me to observe that the greatest disappointment was felt on the 22nd ult. not only on the Thames but the Mersey also—the *former* because the *terrible* Wildfire announced her coming to retrieve her lost laurels of last year; and the *latter* because there were not a sufficient number of first class yachts to make a match; but I do not think the *white feather* had anything to do with the Mersey. That the plume was hoisted in the Royal Thames no reasonable man will doubt. It appears your contemporary "*Old Dermio*" and yourself are of the same opinion, that it was *fright* which deterred the yachts from entering. It is much to be regretted, as in future attempts to get up a Schooner match, gentlemen will be averse to undertake a long journey where there exists a chance of disappointment. On overhauling the Royal Thames Yacht Club List of schooners I find they amount to about 36 or 38 vessels of various tonnage, and certainly none of them with the exception of Vestal, Aquiline, and Shark, belonging to the first class, can show

dently given for the purpose of promoting yachting in general, therefore should be thrown open to vessels of all Royal Clubs. I do not select this club individually, for I contend that all prizes offered by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort are so many premiums for yacht building, therefore all yacht owners should be at liberty to enter, subject of course to the rules and regulations of the club selected as almoners of royalty; and these rules ought not to be so stringent as we have seen them in one club at least.

August 12th, the Royal Victoria will begin its regatta at Ryde, and an excellent bill of fare is offered, extending over five days. On the *first day* there will be a sailing match by schooners belonging to the club for prizes of £50 and £10; *second day*, boat racing, for various sums; *third day* cutter match for vessels belonging to the club, £50 and £10; and a schooner match for a handsome cup given by T. Broadwood, Esq. (the owner of the Dawn,) time race, half Ackers' scale, vessels may carry any kind of sail, and the number of hands unlimited. *Fourth day*, Monday, August 16th, the owner of the Constance, (J. Turner, Esq.), gives a cup of the value of £100, open to all classes of vessels belonging to a royal or national club, time race, half Ackers' scale, without any restriction upon the sailing powers of the competing yachts. Here's a chance, Mr. Editor, for the Pleasure Navy to show whether we have good yachts afloat or not, what amount of canvas they can carry, and also to ascertain what number of hands are required to work them successfully. Both Mr. Broadwood's and Mr. Turner's offers are the most liberal we have met with for many many years. The Emperor of the French has signified his intention to become a Patron to the club. So another year I suppose we may expect a cup in this club also.

The Clyde Model Yacht Club will hold its third match on the 13th of August, at Largs. This is styled the Corinthian race, and if we may judge by the antecedents of the club will bring out fresh clippers.

On the 20th of the same month the Torbay Royal Regatta will be held. Last year some good matches came off between the cracks of the day, viz.—Phantom, Thought, Glance, Vampire, Ethel, Lulworth, and several others, and should the weather be propitious we may expect a strong muster of bunting in the bay.

August 25th and 26th.—The Royal Western Yacht Club of

England, will hold its annual regatta at Plymouth. The prizes at this place are usually good in amount, and draw many competitors together. Last year there was some slight difference respecting the placing of one of the mark-boats, which was commented on at the time, and it will doubtless be avoided on the present occasion.

The Criccieth regatta, Carmarthenshire, is appointed for the 25th of August, and I would strongly recommend all admirers of beautiful and picturesque scenery to pay a visit thereto. More attractive views Wales cannot boast of. To the Yachtsman also it affords a fine expanse of water, unattended by any of those tidal influences that are met with in most bays, and which frequently place their vessels in danger. One visit from the tourist or the nautical will assuredly be so gratifying that he will seek another at the earliest period.

On the 26th and 27th the Royal Northern Yacht Club offers exceeding good prizes for all classes of yachts; which will bring some of the Southerners to vanquish, if possible the Clyde clippers. The celebrated Oithona has changed her quarters, and shifted her flag—sailing now under the Mersey banner. Mr. G. Harrison, her present owner will ere this regatta takes place have tried her speed at the Irish regattas.—Such being the determination of this gentleman when in London.

I am rather surprised, Mr Editor, that we are not to revel at Lowestoft this year: some time since a meeting was held there, which from the attendance of many influential persons, and the promises of producing the “sinews of war,” we were led to believe it was a certainty. Perhaps you will endeavour to enlighten us by ascertaining why it is put off?

I have only one more remark to make which is relating to the late Royal London Yacht Club. I perfectly agree with the owner of the Eclipse that persons on board a steamer *some distance off* cannot know the exact incidents that occur, and I also agree with your observations (page 219), that the collision was accidental. The following letter appeared in *Bell's Life*, June 20th, which will explain to your readers the reason of my noticing the affair.

MR. EDITOR:—You state in your paper of last Sunday, giving an account of the match of the Royal London Yacht Club, that the Eclipse fouled the Kitten, and made some strong remarks upon it. I beg to state for your information the facts of the case, which are totally opposed to your statement.

The Kitten was sailing over the course by herself, no vessel of her class, being in the match, the Eclipse was to leeward of her and close by the Kent shore, in Gravesend Reach. We hailed the Kitten three times to go about, as we were compelled either to tack or to go ashore with an ebb tide running: the Kitten would not tack, no doubt supposing they would go clear of us. I believe we did not tear her mainsail at all, nor do I think her top and lift were cut, but even if it were so it was entirely her own fault. My sailing master is perfectly willing to leave it to the pilot of the Kitten to say whose fault the collision was. Before people on board a steamer some distance off make such statements as appeared in your paper against the sailing of a vessel they should know the facts of the case. I have sailed in company with racing vessels for many years, and never allow my vessel to get in their way in the least. Begging your insertion of this letter in your next paper,—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

THE OWNER OF THE ECLIPSE.

Reform Club, June 16th, 1858.

My yarn being spun out, I bid you adieu, Mr. Editor, hoping we shall meet at the several regattas.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AND MEASUREMENT.

IF we may presume to form an opinion, it is the intention of the R.Y.S. to gratify the inhabitants of Cherbourg with a sight of English yachts winning a French prize. The Cowes authority—the best at the Isle of Wight, states that on the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to our beloved Sovereign at Osborne last year, his Majesty was so gratified with the *jour de fete*, which then happened to be on the day of the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta, that he signified his intention of presenting to the noble Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron a cup to be sailed for at the forthcoming regatta. Although nothing has as yet been fixed beyond naming the day on which the match is appointed to come off, it is the impression that the course will be from Cowes Roads through the Needles Passage to Cherbourg, round the breakwater and back to Cowes; but more probably the match will terminate at a station-vessel moored inside the breakwater at Cherbourg, in order to give our allies the opportunity of witnessing an interesting race. No doubt a fleet of yachts of various yacht clubs will accompany the

competing vessels, and the *coup d'œil* in the channel, should the weather prove clear, will be brilliant in the extreme, and probably be as exciting as was the case in the match between the America and the Titania in 1851. To such of our nautical amateurs who may be interested in the course and distance to Cherbourg from the various places at which some of the yachts may probably find themselves about the period, we subjoin the same for their guidance:—

From the Nab light, S.W. 66 miles;

St. Catherine's, S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., 56 miles;

Needles, S.S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., 60 miles;

Start Point, S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S., 85 miles;

Beachey Head, W.S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., 90 miles.

We believe it is the intention of the Royal Yacht Squadron to make it a time race, according to each vessels area of canvas, instead of the tonnage, as heretofore. This system appears to have answered satisfactorily in the United States, at the New York Yacht Club regattas, and the Sailing Committee of the R.Y.S. have written to the New York Club for information, as will be seen by the annexed letter:—

R. Y. S. Castle, Cowes, June 26th, 1858,

SIR.—For the information of your numerous readers who take an interest in yachting, I am desired by the Sailing Committee of the R.Y.S. to write to you to let you know that it is their intention, in the race for the cup presented by his Majesty the Emperor of the French, to try the system of a time race according to each vessel's area of canvas, instead of tonnage, as heretofore. This system appears to have answered most satisfactorily in America, and the Sailing Committee are in communication with the New York Yacht Club, to beg that they will be kind enough to give them any information on the subject which they think may be useful; and, as soon as their answer arrives, I shall be able to give you further particulars.

Yours, &c.,

W. C. BROWNE, *Secretary.*

With the cruise to Cherbourg, every one must be pleased, as it shews a good feeling on the part of the R.Y.S., and will no doubt be much appreciated by our allies. But, we do protest against the application to our American brethren for information on the subject, and it really does appear rather strange the members of the R.Y.S. should not know that the system of timing yachts by the area of sails originated with an Englishman, who proposed it to yachtsmen in *Ball's Life*, January 4th, 1852, giving a table of time for the differ-

ence in the area of sails, which table has been further extended in his work, *Yachts and Yacht Building*. As many of our readers may not be in possession of the paper so many years back we will give an extract therefrom :—

“ I have already proved that the registered tonnage of a yacht is no longer measure of her capabilities, either for speed or accommodation. How then can any allowance of time be equitably made if it is grounded on this measure? Again, the allowance of time as meted out at present is an arbitrary time wholly independent of the duration of a match or the length of the course. Can it be expected that the Mosquito is to beat the Secret as much in going thirty miles as if they sailed double that distance? or, if they sail a certain distance in four hours with a breeze, is the same time to be allowed as though there were a light wind and it took twice that time? The thing is absurd in the extreme; and its patent absurdity has disgusted many from entering or sailing their yachts in the various matches. To remedy this defect, and establish a more just system, I propose to commence with the measurement, and substitute the area of sail for the registered tonnage. I need not dwell on this point here, having already pointed out its probable advantages.

“ In the next place, I would regulate the allowance of time on the duration of the match, or on the time that the first vessel is doing the distance. I regret that more data than are at my command are required to establish a good scale for this end; but I have drawn out the following,* and, imperfect as it is, I think it would be fairer than the present plan; if it were adopted, a very few matches sailed on these principles would show to what extent it should be altered and modified. In constructing the scale, I have taken four or five racing yachts, of different sizes, and calculated the area of their sails, I have, then, from my experience (the result of nearly forty matches, in which I have taken part in the last few years,) established as starting places how much these vessels can afford to give each other in an eight hours' match—then, again, in six hours. I then filled up the spaces at graduated intervals of every 100 square feet. An example will show how this would work.

“ Let us assume the area of the *Volante* taken by the second method proposed as between 3,800 and 3,900 square feet; that of the *Cygnets* between 3,000 and 3,100 square feet—then in seven hours

* See *Yachts and Yacht Building*, by P. R. Mareth.—London, Hunt.

and a half the former will allow the latter $10\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; but if the *Volante* sailed over the course under six hours, she would only give the *Cygnét* seven minutes: or if the *Secret's* area is under 2,400 square feet, then in six hours the *Cygnét* would give her $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and in eight hours $14\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. But supposing all these vessels start, and the *Volante* comes in first, having accomplished the distance under seven hours and a half, then the time for the whole fleet is to be taken from the seven hours and a half hour column; for although the arrivals are as follows—

	h.	m.	
<i>Volante</i>	6	27	p.m. having started at 11 a.m.
<i>Cygnét</i>	6	35	
<i>Secret</i>	6	58	

then the *Cygnét* only gives the *Secret* $10\frac{1}{2}$ and not $12\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, as the time depends on how long the *first* vessel is going round the course.

"I am perfectly aware of the great objections that would be made against the introduction of this or any other novel mode of measurement, and most justly would the owners of the present racing yachts exclaim, "We have built at a great expense to sail by your present regulations, and now our vessels are disqualified." What can be urged against this argument? All that can be said is "My good sir, if you found your new vessel did not realise your expectations, would you not either lengthen her or build another? Now, if by our plan you find your vessel does not win, lengthen her, or alter her till she answers your wishes. We have done nothing to place you in a worse position than you were before the introduction of our plan. All we offer you is increased accommodation and comfort. We take you from a wet, crank, unseaworthy craft, and put you into a vessel where you can enjoy yourself, and keep at sea when your original ship would be under water."

"It will be evident that this latter way of measuring a yacht is open to the objection that it may be evaded by giving a very wide headed mainsail; and, therefore, I should be inclined to substitute the the following, except that the results are not so near the actual areas: Take the mean of the lengths of gaff and boom, and proceed as before, only substituting this length for the length of boom. I wish it to be understood that these ideas of measurement are not to be taken as a complete thing. Should any yacht club think it worth

their while to adopt the scheme here proposed, it will be a matter for future consideration to what extent they may be corrected or modified.

"Having thrown out these hints for improving the measurement of yachts, and for timing them in matches, there remain a few points for consideration:—1st. As to limiting the number of men on board. I must say that if you allow no time, but make all sail on an equal footing, at least, in common justice, you ought to allow an equal number of men to every vessel. It is only on account of the large sails, in proportion to tonnage, that the *Secret* and *Heroine*, &c., perform such miracles. Virtually, by giving them no time, and limiting the hands according to tonnage, you say 'You are, by reason of an equal spread of sail, on even terms with the old fashioned yachts of double your tonnage, but we shall not allow you men enough to work those sails; we will allow no time for tonnage, but shall allow men for tonnage.' This is absurd, and unjust in the extreme. It does not give a fair chance to the racing craft to develop all her power. I have often known the time when sails would be shifted, if we had but strength enough on board; and sometimes when all hands had been wet through to the skin, and hard worked for eight or nine hours, they really cannot muster strength to shift a jib if the wind freshened. On the other hand, by leaving the owners at liberty to carry any number of men they think proper, an enormous expense is incurred for no purpose. Of course the men should be proportioned to the work they have to do, or the area of sails they have to set. Assuming the yachts to be measured by the second plan proposed, I would limit the hands to one man for every 400 square feet besides the captain. I should say nothing about the pilot, as some hands carry no pilot, and this gives such vessels an extra hand."

The date of the foregoing proves that the R.Y.S. have, unwittingly we believe, given a great scope to our Transatlantic brethren to *imagine* the suggestion is due to them, whereas we claim it for the late Mr. P. R. Marett; and to strengthen our position we have received the following letter from a gentleman who was intimately connected with the author, and who has also advocated the plan.

MR. EDITOR.—Your readers were probably somewhat surprised to learn from the letter of Capt. Browne, that the R.Y.S. had thought it desirable or necessary to make inquiries of the New York Yacht Club as to the system

of measurement by area of sail, thereby giving our worthy rivals excellent grounds for asserting that the system is of their invention. They have no doubt introduced many good things into yacht sailing, and have the honour of being the first actually to adopt this system, but it is not of their invention, and must be claimed by England. I have no time to search your files to ascertain the exact date, but I know that the system was first propounded by the late Mr. P. R. Marett, some eight or nine years ago. He continued to write on the subject in *Bell's Life*, and in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, and I have occasionally addressed communications to *Bell* and *Hunt* on the same subject. With these exceptions I felt confident that until the last year or so the system has never been advocated in print, and as he certainly did not derive the idea from any one else, the conclusion seems irresistible that the Americans took the idea from *Bell* or *Hunt*. I may add, that a complete scheme of this system, all ready for use, is to be found at p. 80 of *Yachts and Yacht Building*, and that for the last year it has been usually called 'Marett's plan,' and why the R.Y.S. should think it necessary to give the Americans the claim to originality, your readers and the Americans too will probably find it difficult to understand, though our rivals will not be slow in taking the hint.

London, July 1858.

C. M.

We are pleased that the system is about to undergo a trial, which if properly conducted, according to Mr. Marett's instructions will perhaps be the means of setting the measurement question at rest. But as we have before observed, good or bad, we will not concede more to the New Yorkers than the credit of putting in practice the suggestion of our countryman. In the case of the America the claim of originality was disputed, but here can be no misunderstanding.

We had just concluded this article when the the Hon. Secretary of the Clyde Model Yacht Club favoured us with the following notice, by which it appears that "Marett's plan," is to be tried at their next regatta; and other clubs would do well to give it a fair chance. We are promised a report of this race and also that of the R.Y.S., our readers therefore will be able to judge of the utility of the plan both in large and small vessels.

Clyde Model Yacht Club.—At the monthly meeting, held at the Globe Hotel, on Wednesday the 7th inst., James Easton, Esq., in the Chair. The following gentlemen were proposed as members, Vaughan H. Lee, Francis Murray, and Hugh Boag, Esqrs.

On the motion of Mr. Kennedy it was agreed that a race be arranged to take place at Bothesay, on Saturday, 24th July, the measurement to be taken by canvas instead of hull for yachts of 8 tons and under. Being merely an experiment it was agreed that no balloon sails be used, but that all yachts

be required to carry only their usual working mainsail, foresail, and jib; and that it be remitted to the Committee to make the necessary arrangements and give such an allowance of time as they may think requisite.

ST. GEORGE'S ENSIGN.

FOR some few years past the hoisting of this flag by the Royal Western of Ireland has been a grievance to the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the first appearance of the sheet of club flags in *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*, remonstrance was made to the proprietor on the presumption of applying the St. George's Ensign to any club but the R.Y.S., when it was proved others were authorised by warrant to use that flag, inserting in the cross a crown surrounded by the shamrock. Here the affair dropped, and we did think the Royal Westerns would be allowed to enjoy their privilege; but it appears it only slumbered for a time, as at the commencement of this year we were surprised by information received that an application would be made to the Admiralty to rescind the grant; and by the subjoined letter our readers will find that such application has been successful. We have no reason to dispute the right of the R.Y.S. to hoist exclusively the St. George's ensign; but we hope some of our readers will enlighten us more fully on the subject.

Admiralty, 25th June, 1858.

MY LORD.—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint your Lordship, that my Lords having received some recent applications from Yacht Clubs for permission to wear the White Ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, have considered that they had to choose between the alternative of reverting to the principle established in the year 1842, whereby that privilege was restricted to the Royal Yacht Squadron, or to extend still further the concession which was made in this respect to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, in the year 1853, and they have decided on the former alternative. They have accordingly cancelled the Warrants authorizing the vessels of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland to wear the White Ensign, and this privilege is for the future to be enjoyed by the Royal Yacht Squadron only.

I am, My Lord, your most obedient servant,
To the Earl of Willon.

(Signed) H. CORRY.

THE QUEEN'S SQUADRON FOR CHERBOURG.

PORTSMOUTH.—Orders have been promulgated by the Lords of the Admiralty, on the command of the Queen, for the assembling of a squadron forthwith at this port to attend Her Majesty at Cherbourg, on the forthcoming visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French, at that great naval rendezvous. This squadron will consist of six sail of the line, six frigates, and a flotilla of the Queen's and the Admiralty's steam yachts, comprising the following, the whole under the command of Admiral Lord Lyons, with Rear-Admiral Sir C. H. Fremantle as second in command :—

Royal Albert, 121, Captain the Hon. Francis Egerton, flag of Vice-Admiral of the White; the Rt. Hon. Edmund Lord Lyons, Commander-in-Chief; Hannibal, 91, Captain H. Chada, flag of Rear-Admiral of the Red Sir Charles Howe Fremantle. Brunswick, 81, Captain Ommaney; Orion, 91, Captain D'Eyncourt; Renown, 91, Captain Forbes; Caesar, 91, Captain Frederick; the Euryalus, 51, Captain Tarleton, c.B.; the Arrogant, 47, Captain Heath, c.B.; the Diadem, 32, Captain Moorson, c.B.; the Curacoa, 31, Captain T. M. Mason; the Racoon, 22, Captain Paynter; the Terrible, 21, Captain Glasse, c.B.; the Valorous, 16, Captain Aldham; the Victoria and Albert, Captain the Hon. J. Denman; the Fairy Royal tender, M. D. N. Welch, master, R.N.; the Elfin Royal tender, Mr. A. Balliston, master, R.N.; the Osborne Admiralty yacht, Mr. G. H. K. Bower, master, R.N.; the Black Eagle Admiralty yacht, Mr. J. E. Petley, master, R.N.; the Fire Queen Admiralty yacht, Mr. W. F. Paul, master, R.N.; the Sprightly steam tender, Mr. George Allen, acting master, R.N.

It is by Her Majesty's express wish and command that Admiral Lord Lyons commands in chief this squadron of honour, for which duty the Royal Albert will carry his Lordship's flag.

CHANGING YACHTS' NAMES.

THE law allows yacht owners the privilege of altering the names of their vessels *ad libitum*; but every yacht club should have a rule, and a very stringent one too, that when yachts' names are altered, or sold, it should be imperative on them to give information to the Secretaries, otherwise the club list shows yachts that do not exist in name.

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.*

CAPE HORN is situated on an island at the southern extremity of Tierra del Fuego. It is in lat $55^{\circ} 59' S.$, and long. $67^{\circ} 16' W.$, is at its south-western part 500 feet high, and can be seen at a distance of 40 to 50 miles. On the 17th. December, 1774, Captain Cook examined the coast in this neighbourhood, and on the 20th anchored in a place which he named Christmas Sound. He describes the land as desolate in the extreme. Scanty vegetation, and rocky mountains terminating in horrible precipices, with their summits towering to a vast height, were the principal features presented to the view. Similar to this is the description given by later voyagers.

Darwin the naturalist, in this "Notes," gives us much valuable information. He says: "On December 21st, 1832, the 'Beagle,' from the eastward, at about three P.M., doubled the weather-beaten Cape Horn. The evening was calm and bright, and we enjoyed a fine view of the surrounding isles. Cape Horn, however, demanded his tribute, and before night sent us a gale of wind directly in our teeth. We stood out to sea, and on the second day again made the land; when we saw on our weather bow this notorious promontory in its proper form, veiled in a mist, and its dim outline surrounded by a storm of wind and water. Great black clouds were rolling across the heavens, and squalls of rain with hail swept by us with such extreme violence that the captain determined to run into Wigwam Cove. This is a snug little harbour, not being far from Cape Horn, and here, at Christmas eve, we anchored in smooth water. We were detained here several days by the bad weather. The climate is certainly wretched. The summer solstice was now past, yet every day snow fell on the hills, and in the valleys there was rain accompanied by sleet. Every valley is filled with streams of ice descending to the coast, and every arm of the sea is determined by tremendous and astonishing glaciers. In Eyre Sound, about fifty icebergs were seen all at one time floating outwards to sea. Some of the icebergs were loaded with blocks of no inconsiderable size, of granite and other rocks, different from the clay slate of the surrounding mountains."

My own experience of Cape Horn has been varied. In March, 1836, I was in a vessel homeward bound, when we passed it in sight, and with beautiful weather. I remember the circumstance well; for my post at the time was at the helm, when, just before sunset, land was discovered; and the Cape stood forth to our view; and thus, under all sail, did we go by this dreaded promontory. Six years later I was again passing

* Cruise of the Yacht Allen Gardiner.

it, but under far worse circumstances. It was in the depth of winter; and, referring to my old log, it appears that we suffered rather severely. The following extracts will give some idea of this: "June 3rd. Northerly wind, with fine clear weather. Freezing hard last night. 4th. At noon the wind changed in a heavy snow-storm to the S.W.; bitter cold; men almost frozen; occasionally very thick snow-storms. 5th. Wind again from N.W. 6th, 7th, and 8th. Easterly winds; ship going to the southward; caught seven Cape pigeons. 9th. Northerly wind, and very cold. 10th. Calms, and thick foggy weather, with a very high cross sea. 11th and 12th. Westerly and north-west winds; many whales in sight. 13th. Nearly calm, with a thick mist. 14th. In the longitude of the Horn; no icebergs seen; weather very severe and cold; wind from S. to E.; occasionally heavy squalls; ice hanging about the belayingpins and rigging, and the ropes so stiff as to be hardly able to bend them; decks very slippery; one of the men, while attempting to furl the fore-topgallant sail, got so benumbed with the cold as to be unable to help himself, and, consequently, had to be lowered down on deck, where for a long time, he lay nearly motionless; finally, he recovered, and the next day was again on duty."

In December, 1853, I was again off the Horn, in blowing weather. But, in truth, I may say there is hardly a voyage in this direction that does not give account of some kind of bad weather hereabouts. It may not be exactly at the Horn, but assuredly it is not far off: and I could mention many cases of disaster occurring here. One subject in reference to it I considered to be so interesting, as to induce me to lay it before the reader. It is the account of an ascent to the summit of the Cape as performed by Captain, now Admiral Fitzroy, who has kindly permitted me to thus quote from his published narrative. He says:—

"The next morning I arranged for a visit to Cape Horn, a memorial having been previously prepared, and securely enclosed in a stone jar. After taking observations at noon for latitude, we set out, carrying five days' provisions, a good chronometer, and other instruments. We landed before dark, hauled our boat up in safety on the north-east side, and established ourselves for the night on Horn Island. At daybreak we commenced our walk across the island, each carrying his load; and by the time the sun was high enough for observing, were near the summit, and exactly in its meridian; so we stopped while I took two sets of sights and a round of angles. Soon afterwards we reached the highest point of the Cape, and immediately began our work; I and my coxswain with the instruments, and Lieut. Kempe with the boat's crew raising a pile of stones over the memorial. At first the Diego Ramirez

Islands were seen, but before I could get the theodolite fixed and adjusted, the horizon became hazy. At noon, satisfactory sets of circum-meridional altitudes were obtained with two good sextants. A round of angles, compass bearings for variation, and good afternoon sights for time completed our success. The pile made over our memorial was eight feet high, and in it were stones which required the united exertions of all seven men to raise to the top. We drank the health of his Majesty King George the Fourth, and gave three hearty cheers, standing round the Union Jack. Directly all was finished, we travelled towards our boat as fast as possible ; but darkness surrounded us before we were more than halfway. Those who had loads which would not be hurt by tumbling about among bushes, travelled on ; but, having the chronometer and a sextant to take care of, I waited till one of the men returned with a lantern. All reached the boat before nine o'clock without losing or injuring anything ; but the cargo of stones, for specimens, which each brought back, delayed our returning progress materially. At daylight we launched and stowed our boat, and set out on our return. We reached the ship that afternoon, well laden with fragments of Cape Horn."

I now again turn to our position in the schooner upon the afternoon of the 14th of November, 1855, when we were vainly endeavouring to get up to windward still nearer the Horn. But at length, seeing it to be hopeless, and the wind fast increasing, I took a hasty outline sketch, and then got the vessel ready for bad weather.

It was now about four P.M., and as I could see every appearance of another gale from the westward, I gave up all thought of trying to do more in the present quarter, and determined to make a retrograde movement by running to the eastward. But, before doing this, I naturally felt desirous of bringing the Horn behind us, or, in other words, to pass it sufficiently far so as to say we had "doubled" it. I therefore held on until, at half-past five, the Cape bore eastward of north about five miles off ; and then, hoisting the national colours at the main and the mission colours at the fore, we all gave an excusable and hearty cheer, as I put the helm up and stood away before the wind.

Yes, the little schooner had fairly doubled the celebrated Horn ! She had gone safely from her native land through the pathless ocean, among wild scenes and untamed men, even close to, and past, though only just past, that mighty southern Cape ; and now she was about to make a return movement. But she was not to do this, it appeared, without the usual tribute being paid to the mighty spirit of the place. Already the gale had increased to something heavy, and the sea was becoming too

high for us not to be greatly on our guard. The flags had been hauled down almost as soon as hoisted, and the next thing done was to secure boats, stow away chain cables, and put extra lashings on our anchors.

By this time it was blowing very hard, and the huge seas, like rolling alps, with broad and deep valleys of a quarter of a mile breadth between came in an almost unbroken meridional line towards us. I soon found that we could run on no longer. In the hollow of the seas we were almost becalmed, while on their summit the wind caught us as though about to lift ship and men into the air and send all to instant destruction. The wild sound was flying fast; the sea-birds swept round and round us, each time narrowing their circle, as these birds almost always do when a severe gale is approaching. The high and ragged land on our left was capped in clouds, and everything had within the past hour assumed a threatening and a gloomy look. Yet I felt in far less danger there than in some of the places where we had latterly been; for though the wind, sea, and weather might be so very bad as to prevent even our taking advantage of a breeze that was blowing from the right quarter, still we could heave to, as I believed, in safety; and this at dusk I did. Taking in all sail but a close reefed foresail and reefed storm staysail, I brought the ship's head round to the S.S.W. and hove her to. More snug she could not be; for I had kept down the topmasts and topsail-yard we had struck in Middle Cove; and therefore she was now with no top hamper to make her heavy up above. Nevertheless it turned out to be a fearful night! At eight P.M. it was blowing very hard; and the sea had increased in height and fury. The hatches were battened down, lest any water should get below; and preventer tackles seen to at the helm.

What I was most afraid of, however was any large vessel running before the wind, as a large vessel could perhaps do, when we dare not; and should one come in the line of our drift, there would be but little chance for us on such a terrific night. We could neither see nor be seen until too late to avoid disaster: and then it would indeed be "God have mercy upon us!"

At midnight there was a thorough Cape Horn gale, and so unpleasant was the tossing about of the ship, that all of us, with one or two exceptions, were sick. For myself, I obtained only a few snatches of sleep, being on deck frequently. About two a.m. a heavy sea struck us abaft, and tried the vessel's strength; doing, however, no damage, except throwing the helmsman over the wheel, and deluging the decks fore and aft. Not even a portion of our bulwarks was washed away, and only a loose port and a few trifling articles were carried overboard. At

three a.m. the gale was at its height; and so heavy was it that I felt rather serious concerning our position.

In a small vessel one feels the unpleasant effects of a storm much more in some respects than in a large ship, though in other things the latter has a disadvantage. In our case the tumbling about was so annoying as to make me, at first, as cross and irritable as a peevish old dame, when out of humour; and afterwards, from want of sleep, as gloomy and foreboding as the night itself. Now in a ship of greater tonnage, the evil would not have been less, and consequently my bones would have escaped the many knocks they so often received by such sudden and quick thumps against the bulwarks, skylights, or whatever else might be near.

On the particular night of which I am speaking I was fatigued, and sore, and cross, and desponding. If I attempted to rouse myself and take a few spasmodic steps along the deck, a sudden lift of the sea would send me flying in a frantic manner, and with burstnig force, against some fixture of the ship. If I held fast by the rigging or the bulwark rail, and glanced upon that wild mysterious sea, with its dark masses and snowy crests rolling terrifically on towards us, a sheet of spray, some hundred yards in length, would dash forward, and all but send me, as it did the little vessel, heeling over to the other side. Turn which way I would, look how I might, be stationary or be moving, it was all the same; and, no matter what the ship, or what the voyage, or what the skill, or what the advantages possessed, I will say that such an awful night as we had off Cape Horn, and such as hundreds and hundreds similarly experience, is a night as full of darkling terrors, ghostly and real, as any one can possibly conceive. Every sea that came, seemed like a huge water-mountain ready to leap upon us; and though its main body passed beneath our hull, yet in many instances perfect cataracts of water came pouring down upon us; and streamed across our decks. Where the men got to I know not, for I could neither see nor hear them at such particular moments. All I could do,—all I thought to do, was to hold my breath,—to gaze as if with fascinated look, and watch with an all but awful fear, hoping that the mighty mass of briny element would pass us scathless or without much damage. And as it passed, with the thunder roar of wind and sea alike sounding in my ear, I stood as if entranced while I pierced the darkness to try and see if all were right and well. But satisfy myself I could not till in frequent demands I had made the inquiry; receiving for reply, "All right sir! nothing gone, except a bit of the spare stuff to leeward!" and so on; only to be on the *qui vive* for the next giant wave, and to sing out, as I often did, when I saw it approach, "Look out there, men! *Look out!* Hold on every one of you! Hold on!"

And thus the night passed on, and thus Cape Horn demanded of us its tribute! It was cold, too; it was wretchedly uncomfortable; and fancy made me see before my eyes, even amidst that fearful darkness, a tempting and a dawning homestead picture, where, around the parlour fire, sweet smiling faces and dear friends were congregated, as I really think in no one spot on earth but where the Anglo-Saxon dwells it is found in all its great enchantment. Truly did I feel its vainly wished for pleasure now; but truly might I wish, and wish in vain, for nothing, save the dark clouds of heaven and the fierce tempest, with the mighty uplifted ocean, was likely to meet my view.

But now, as I gradually dozed with my head upon the weather rail, and my arms twisted for a hold in some well-fastened rope, a sensible lessening of the wind in its great strength was felt. After some wild and startling blast, a hollowness, amounting to nearly a faint echo of that wild blast, succeeded it; and soon these became more and frequent, until their frequency assured me that the gale had broke. And as it broke, so did morning break; and when at last the bright sun arose to chase away the gloomy phantoms of the night,—to drive from me the morbid, sickly phantasies that had, from sheer fatigue and over-excitement, taken possession of my brain,—the Cape Horn gale had in its most powerful strength departed, leaving instead, still a strong breeze but a far less heavy one, and withal a breeze to which we could carry sail. To it therefore sail was set; and as it was necessary to get in nearer the land, to be out of such a sea, we stood away to the northward, having drifted during the night some thirty odd miles.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB MATCH.

Tuesday, June 22nd.—This was a very brilliant affair, altho' three of the yachts out of the seven that entered did not come to the start. The weather was all that could be wished for, with a fine light breeze from the N.N.W. and N.

It was intended to have had matches for three classes of yachts, but owing to the 1st and 2nd not filling the races were confined to the 3rd only; and a very pretty sight they afforded to the company on board the *Storm King*, the steamer engaged by the club, at the masthead of which the Commodore's flag was hoisted. There was a numerous company assembled on the deck, among whom

The sparkling eye, the dimpled cheek,
The pouting lip so ruby red,
With pearly teeth and mien so meek,
Shone forth the lovely maid.

The steamer proceeded to the marine station, Rock Ferry, where the following were found riding at their moorings, but impatient to cleave the waters with their razor-like bows:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tonn.	Owners.
Charm.....	cutter	7½	J. Poole, Esq.
Meta.....	cutter	7½	St. J. O. Byrne, Esq.
Victoria.....	cutter	15	H. Melling, Esq.
Nelly.....	yawl	12	J. Paley, Esq.

The course was down channel to the Crosby light-ship, back as far as No. 5, C., buoy, round the light-ship again. Twice over and return to Rock Ferry.

Shortly before 12 a.m., after preparatory signals, one gun was fired from the steamer, under the orders of the Commodore, and the yachts canted round to the wind and were off in an instant, the Charm being the first to feel the light breeze, closely followed by the Meta and Victoria: the Nelly did not work so smart, was last. The wind was light throughout the day, only occasionally varied by a little more freshness, and it became evident that the day was in favour of the Charm and Meta. They kept in pretty near the same position in which they started down the Channel. As the wind lightened the Victoria fell more in the rear, being a heavier vessel, without the extra canvas of her opponents, sailing under her usual canvas of two sails. The Nelly, wanting a heavier breeze to drive her through the water, lost ground every tack. The Meta had some disadvantage, it was stated, in the river, by coming slightly in the way of a screw-steamer. The Charm also had some grief to state, in carrying away her gaff-jaws, as well as her chain bobstay, which was smartly repaired. The Charm was the first to round the Crosby light-vessel at 1h. 50m., the Meta close upon her heels, some 22 seconds.

There was some very interesting sailing between these two yachts, and may be considered as good a contest as we remember to have seen. The first being a centre-board boat, and the other a regular little English cutter, the two principles of construction were fairly tested.

The second time after rounding the light-ship, the Meta got ahead of the Charm, and seemed likely to become the winner for a considerable time, without the allowance of tonnage which she had to claim. As the breeze freshened it was evident that she was the more weatherly vessel in deep water. The Victoria shortened her distance as the wind increased, and took her place nearer the leading yachts. The Charm as the wind lightened, and off the wind, became the headmost vessel once more.

The yachts had a long and dreary beat up to the light-ship again against both wind and tide, and it was here that the light centre-board boat had the decided advantage, being able to make short boards in the slack of the tide on the Formby shore; while the Meta had to keep out more in the strength of the tide. Ultimately the Charm was enabled to round the light-ship for the last time, and was off the wind, with a good tide, homeward bound, while the Meta had to make several tacks against the tide. Minutes now became almost hours in favour of the Charm, and she increased her distance considerably every moment, arriving at the flag-boat shortly after 8 p.m.

The steamer, with her party on board kept close in company with the yachts during the day, which from its extreme fineness afforded every enjoyment. An excellent band added to the pleasures of the votaries of the waltz.

The Commodore awarded the prize to Mr. James Poole, the owner of the Charm, and spoke in praise of the manner in which she had been sailed, and alluded to the felicity the club enjoyed by their sailing matches being sailed in such amiable spirit, a protest or dispute seldom or never occurring.

Mr. Poole, replied in suitable terms, and stated that he had begun in a small craft, but he hoped to have a vessel of somewhat larger tonnage to keep up the sport.

The cup was liberally filled, and replenished by the winner with champagne, and handed round by the stewards to the ladies and gentlemen present. It is but justice to state that the yachts were skilfully handled throughout the race.

Several yachts of the club were cruising about the Channel;—the Oithona, 80 tons, G. Harrison, Esq., the North Star, D. Gamble, Esq., and several other vessels of lesser tonnage, were sailing about, and added much to the gay appearance of the scene, as seen by the inhabitants of New Brighton and the Waterloo shores.

The company landed from the steamer at George's pier head, after being much pleased with the day's excursion, and we were glad to see several of the yachting men, who seemed to have formed a reunion on the Mersey this season, from several parts of the neighbouring counties, all much gratified by the circumstance of meeting together once again in harmony.

PEMBROKE ROYAL DOCK REGATTA.

SOME three or four years ago a few of the principals of the Dockyard proposed the establishment of aquatics here, and by indefatigable exertions it has prospered even beyond their most sanguine expectations. Year after year we see perceptible improvement, and whilst those exertions are continued there will be no lack of canvas to carry out to the fullest extent the wishes of the Regatta Committees.

In speaking of the present affair the *Milford Telegraph* says:—This regatta, which year by year becomes more popular and successful, came off under favourable auspices on Monday, June 28th. The day was beautifully fine but not too bright. The direct rays of old Sol were intercepted by masses of fleecy clouds which throughout the day tempered the heat so as to make it agreeably pleasant. A slight breeze from the westward too cooled the air and curled the surface of the Haven into tiny wavelets, which wavelets were conjured by the strong imagination of some friends from inland into "horrant waves." Our nautical friends thought in the early morning that it would be no regatta day, especially for those who love "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," as the atmosphere was unusually sluggish. As noon approached, however, the wind increased until before 12 o'clock it was blowing a fine stiff breeze, promising good races and fine sport to all lovers of aquatics. These we should opine increase in numbers yearly as on no former regatta at Pembroke Dock do we remember seeing such a large and eager concourse of excited spectators as on this occasion. Visitors from all the surrounding districts were present, and every available means of transit seem to have been brought into requisition from railway trains to impromptu vehicles which would have been despised in the purlieus of Long Acre. An excursion train from Swansea brought down numerous sight-seers from the trading capital of Glamorganshire and the towns lying between it and the banks of the Haven. It was composed of fourteen carriages well filled with passengers. The Haven itself was the most busy and exciting part of the scene. It was thickly dotted with craft of every rig and of all sizes from the stately ship of war to the Langum dredging boat and the tiny cockle-shell. The yachts presented the liveliest and prettiest sight, and to see them gracefully cleaving the yielding waves or driving the resisting waters in heaps before them was a sufficient compensation even for a journey from Swansea. But as if to add to the attractions of the bill of fare for the day some beneficent benefactors of the people had provided an amusement of a totally different, if not of

an antagonistic character, and "fields sports" were advertised for the gratification of those who saw no delight in a regatta.

The regatta both this year and last was under distinguished patronage, the Queen and the Prince of Wales condescended to patronise it, and it could boast for its local patrons, The Earl of Cawdor, Capt. Ramsay, R.N., and T. Meyrick, Esq. To the Stewards, the Treasurer, and the Secretary, however, we are chiefly indebted for the success and pleasure of the day. The Stewards, John Adams, Esq., Captain Jackson, and Captain Cocks were indefatigable in their efforts to promote the comfort of the visitors, while the Treasurer, Dr. Thomas, and the Secretary, Mr. James McLean, even excelled them in their labors and efforts for the prosperity of the regatta. "Honor to whom honor," and we think it due to Stewards, Treasurer, and Secretary specially to thank them for their urbanity and kindness, and to award them the praise they merit for their labors.

The first race on the card was for the Prince of Wales Cup, 50 guineas, for cutter and schooner yachts of £25 tons and upwards, belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. Time race; half a minute per ton up to 50 tons, and a quarter of a minute above that. Usual allowance to schooners. Entrance £2 10s.

There were only two entries up to the 26th, viz:—the Wildfire and the Rara Avis, but in consequence of some misunderstanding respecting the Wildfire, the entries were declared void. On the morning of the regatta, three other yachts were entered, as competitors for the cup.

Numbered in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir Percy Shelley
427	Glace	cutter	35	Major Longfield
1026	Vigilant.....	cutter	33	J. C. Atkins, Esq.

The course was from the starting vessel at Hobb's Point round the Lewis buoy at the harbour's mouth, back round a vessel moored off Pembroke Ferry, thence down round the Stack Rock, and back to the starting vessel.

This was the great race of the day, and considerable excitement was manifested by the backers of the different yachts.

About 11 o'clock the signal for starting was quickly obeyed by the Extravaganza taking the lead, followed next by Vigilant, and the Glance. The former showing slightly the most alacrity in getting under canvas. The breeze at this time was blowing fresh from W.S.W., and not one

of the vessels could complain that it was not suited to her power of bringing out what speed she might possess. Here we had before us three yachts that had gained celebrity in the annals of racing, and were now pitted against each other not merely for the purpose of winning a cup, but for a far greater desire to uphold that honourable position which they had obtained in former contests.

The Extravaganza as we before observed started with the lead, and kept it throughout, altho' hard pushed by Vigilant, the Glance though not idle could not alter her position, and each round was finished as follows:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Extravaganza.....	2	19	0	4	49	25
Vigilant.....	2	20	0	4	55	53
Glance.....	2	21	0			

The Vigilant, according to tonnage, was allowed $6\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and consequently won the race by two seconds exactly. A dispute, however arose as to her measurement, and she was measured again after the race, when being found correct, the prize was awarded to her. The Extravaganza and the Vigilant were built by Wanhill, and the Glance by Hatcher (*not Hanson as stated in Hunt's Yacht List*, in which there is also an error as regards her rig, for *schooner* read *cutter*.)

The next race was for the Pembroke Dock Cup, value 25 guineas, for yachts of 25 tons and under, belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. Time race; three-quarters of a minute per ton. Entrance £1 5s.

The following entered:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Flirt	cutter	19	H. H. O'Brien, Esq.
Vesper.....	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.

The course from the starting vessel twice round the Stack Rock. These two beautiful yachts according to the opinions of the knowing ones, were well matched. A good and exciting race was therefore expected. They started at 11h. 45m., and for an hour the contest was gallantly maintained. Unfortunately, however, in rounding Llanstadwell point the Flirt took the ground, and as it was low water at the time, she was forced to lie for some time embedded in the soft ooze off the point. When released from her uncongenial harbourage by the flux of the tide, it was of course too late to do anything in the race. The Vesper consequently had it all her own way. She made good sailing, and came in five minutes past two.

The third race for a Cup value £10 for sailing boats, open, half-decked, or decked, of 8 tons and not exceeding 15 tons. Time race of one minute and a half per ton. The following started:—Arrow, 10 tons, R. Lewis; Fairy, 9 tons, G. Thomas; and Imp, 10 tons, Morris.

This was decidedly the most exciting and the most gallantly contested race of the day; the Arrow and the Fairy being old opponents.

The boats started in admirable order, and considerable dexterity and skill were evinced by the crews of each yacht in raising sail in the sharp breeze which rattled through their cordage. They started exactly at fourteen minutes after twelve o'clock, and came round the first time in the following order:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Arrow	2	38	30	Fairy.....	2	39	30	Imp	2	58	15

The second course the Fairy rapidly shot a-head of her two opponents, and gallantly won the best contested race of the day, beating her most formidable competitor, the Arrow, by a few minutes.

A sweepstakes for sailing boats.—Mr. Phillip's Sylph, beat Gipsy, Capt. Bloomfield; Wee Pet, Mr. White; Alfred & George, Mr. Smith; Syca, Mr. G. Bees. The boats were allowed one minute per foot tonnage measurement at water line. An exceedingly well contested race.

A match for a prize of three guineas came next by open sailing boats. Time race, one-minute-and-a-half per foot. Distance from starting vessel, twice round the Eagle ship-of-war, moored off the Wear Point. The following started:—1 Margaret Louise, Mr. J. George; 2 Forrester, Mr. I. Nicholas; 3 Maid of Cleddau, Mr. Anderson; 4 Betsy, Mr. W. Edwards; 5 John and Sally, Mr. W. George; 6 Rockett, Mr. Chawner. This start was effected in beautiful order, and as usual, where local boats are concerned, much interested the spectators, each craft having its supporters. After an exceedingly well contested race the Betsy came in the winner.

A rowing match by cutters, ten oars and under, prize five guineas, Saturn, Captain Ramsey, 1; Lightning, Mr. Brace. The Saturn, with a Langum crew, won as she pleased. The Volunteer, Eclipse, and Orlando, entered for this race, but the flash of Lightning came like a clap of thunder on the nerves of the declining trio, frightening them from their propriety.

Four oared gigs, to be rowed by gentlemen amateurs, and not to exceed 30 feet in length. Prize Cup, value ten guineas. 1, the Mistletoe, Sweeny, Hogg, Mitton, Stanley (stroke,) Hancock (cox.) 2, Blue Belle, M'Martin, Cozens, Briggs, Gewley (stroke), Morris, (cox.)

The Blue Belle raced for a lead, which she soon established; but Mr.

Newby's stretcher giving way four times told a sad tale. Nothing daunted, however, her crew pulled a steady good oar, but her casualties told a sad tale; and, despite their every exertion, the Mistletoe gallantly pulled, was proclaimed the victor of a hard fought field, amidst the applauding cheers of her admirers. Mr. Stanley rowed stroke to Cambridge University in a match with Oxford in 1839.

Cutters, ten oars, to be rowed by youths from 14 to 16 years of age. prize 3 guineas. Entrance 3s. Saturn 1, Eagleton 2, Volunteer 3.

The Saturn's boys were the heaviest mettle, and, pulling a stronger oar won with ease.

Open Sailing boats of 25 feet and under. Time race; one minute and-a-half per foot. Prize, three guineas. Entrance 3s. 1, Dauntless, Mr. Thomas; Traviata, Mr. Boom. The Dauntless had it all her own way, beating the Traviata as she pleased.

Six oared gigs, rowed by mechanics only, not to exceed 35 feet in length. Prize, five guineas, entrance 5s. 1, Blue Belle, Mr. M'Murtree; Mistletoe, Mr. G. Evans. The operations in Blue Belle were never in doubt for a moment, and the pulling against a much heavier crew shewed what pluck and skill could do, when matched against ponderosity alone.

Four oared gigs, not to exceed 30 feet in length. Prize, £3 10s., entrance 3s. 6d. 1, Saturn, Captain Ramsey; 2, Zephyr, Mr. Sanders. This was one of the best races of the day—scarcely a length separating the boats from the start to the finish. "The Oyster Village" furnishing the Saturn crew. The matter was never in a doubt.

Dredge boat race, one man and two women. 1, Robert, J. Bowen; 2, Thomas, T. Morgan; 3, James, W. Llewellyn. This was a capitally contested race, the youth and beauty of the Robert were however in the ascendancy, and the fair occupants were received with a regular ovation on throwing up their oars.

Punt or duck race—the duck in this race, not satisfied with the beverage which cheers but not inebriates, had comforted his inner man with divers potations of heavy wet, rendering himself totally inadequate to wage war for fifteen minutes, the time stipulated for his contest, and became the captive of his pursuers in less than half that time.

The arrangements of the committee were admirably conceived, and in the hands of Captain Ivey, commander of the Quail (kindly lent by the Captain Superintendent of her Majesty's Dockyard) were carried out to the letter.

John Adams, Esq., of Holyland, was the acting steward on this occasion, as on all others, his courtesy was conspicuous to every one on board,

and Mr. McLean, on whose back the responsibilities of the day rested, proved himself "a tower of strength," in their due performance.

The committee were not unmindful of providing amusements for those who preferred land to water, and a vast concourse of people assembled in a field near Hobb's Point to participate in pedestrianism, pony and donkey racing, hurdle racing, &c.

The amusements of the day concluded with a dinner at the Victoria Hotel, which was one of the most *recherche* kind, and laid out in Mrs. Jenkin's very best style, notwithstanding the crowded state of that establishment on the occasion, arising from the numerous guests staying there.

The repast was served precisely at eight o'clock, Doctor Thomas presiding, and Captain Jackson ably assisting as Vice.

The usual national toasts, prefaced by apt and appropriate addresses by the chairman, were responded to with every demonstration of loyalty and patriotism, and the Prince of Wales Cup, was presented to Mr. Atkins. Numerous toasts were drank, and the company did not break up till near 12 o'clock, the greatest good humour and harmony prevailing the whole time, and thus terminated the most successful and important regatta ever known at Pembroke Dock.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE first regatta this season of the above club took place at Gourrock, on Friday, 25th of June, under very favourable circumstances, there being a splendid breeze from the W.S.W., which afforded ample opportunities for testing the weatherly qualities of the smart little craft. The veteran Commodore, James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, hoisted his flag on board his yacht Wave, and in the most handsome manner placed her at the disposal of the club, for the accommodation of the members and their friends, among whom we observed Commodore Boys, H.M.S. Athol, Capt. M. Keane, R.N.Y.C., R. Hart, Esq., J. Ure, Esq., R. Walker, Esq., D. Buchanan, Esq., C. Batt, Esq., &c.

An immense number of yachts were assembled in the bay, among which were the Destiny schooner, 108 tons, Lieut.-Col. Grimes, Rear-Commodore R.S.Y.C., Water Lily, 30 tons, G. Mulholland, Esq., R. W.Y.C., Amina, 35 tons, G. Coats, Esq., R.N.Y.C., Georgiana, 6 tons, Captain Hay, R.N., &c.

The course was from the commodore's yacht, moored in Gourrock Bay, round Roseneath shoal buoy to flag-boat moored off Ashton, round again

to Roseneath and Ashton, then back to Gourock Bay, passing between commodore's yacht and flag-boat moored a little further outside. This course was admirably adapted to test the sailing qualities of the yachts; as, after running one and a half miles dead to leeward, they had to close haul and beat four miles to windward, against a strong breeze and a heavy sea for such little craft; however, almost every boat was managed to perfection, and all got safely to the end without any accident. The only complaint we heard made was about the shortness of the course, the distance being only about thirteen miles, and, as will be seen from the following description of the races, they were finished very soon:—Precisely at 11h. 30m. a.m. the commodore hoisted the preparatory signal, when the following took their stations to compete for the

First prize, a piece of silver plate, value £15, by yachts of 8 tons and under:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Bella	cutter	8	R. Walker, Esq.
Armada	cutter	8	J. Dickie, Esq.
Meander	cutter	7	Commander Boys
Fairy Queen	cutter	8	Jas. Grant, jun., Esq.
Maud	cutter	8	A. Kennedy, Esq.

The start took place at 12h., and at once head sails were up and off they went. The Maud was smartest at getting underway and had a good lead; the Bella and Fairy Queen lost a few minutes at starting, the former by running foul of the commodore's yacht, and the latter by fouling her moorings. In the run to the buoy there was not much change of position, the Maud rounding first, followed by the Fairy Queen, Armada, Meander, and Bella; but as soon as they came on the wind the Armada and Fairy Queen showed their weatherly qualities, and in a very few minutes they improved their lead so much that it was quite evident the race lay only with them. They all stood on the same tack, the Fairy Queen leading closely followed by the Armada, and the flag-boat at Ashton was rounded the first time as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairy Queen	12 41 50	Bella	12 50 10
Armada	12 43 50	Maud	12 52 0

The Meander gave up, and was not timed, and the Maud fouled the flag-boat and hauled down her flag, so that the race was now left to the three eight tonners, and as the Bella was so far behind the whole interest of the match was between the Fairy Queen and Armada, both of whom did their utmost, and the manner in which they were handled reflected

great credit on their crews. In the second round the Armada kept the Fairy Queen very hard pressed, and held her own very well indeed. However it was evident she could not now overhaul the Fairy, and on rounding the flag-boat the second time she sprung her rudder, so it was with great difficulty they got her worked into the bay, and, unfortunately, just when she got within a few yards of the commodore she ran foul of the Water Lily cutter, and carried away a part of her star-board bulwark. Of course this threw her out of the race, which was concluded as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairy Queen.....	1 38 29	Bella	1 54 0
Armada.....	1 41 34		

At a quarter past twelve o'clock the following took their stations to compete for the Second Race, for yachts of 6 tons and under, to start at 12h. 30m. p.m., prize, silver plate, value £12.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Clutha	cutter	5	Jas. Spencer, Esq.
Excelsior	cutter	6	Thomas Steven, Esq.
Wee Pet.....	cutter	6	J. Ferguson, Esq.
Leda	cutter	6	A. Findlay, Esq.
Pearl	cutter	4½	Hon. G. F. Boyle

At half-past twelve the starting gun was fired, and they all got well away together, the Excelsior slightly leading. The greatest interest was taken in this race between the Excelsior and the Wee Pet, both being new boats and not yet tried. The former was built by Boag of Fairlie and the latter by Morris and Arbuthnot of Glasgow from a model and under inspection of her spirited owners. A great difference of opinion was expressed as to the capabilities of the two boats, some affirming that the Glasgow boat could not carry her canvas in a stiff breeze, while others were of opinion that she was the most likely to carry her canvas well; and the result of the race has proved that the latter were correct, as we understand she behaved nobly, and scarcely shipped a drop of water. As to the race, they all kept well together to the Roseneath Buoy, which was rounded first by the Excelsior, closely followed by the Clutha, Pet, Pearl, Leda. Immediately after they got on the wind the Pet began to improve her position, and shortly afterwards crept to windward of the Excelsior, thus getting the lead; and the Ashton flag-boat was rounded as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wee Pet	1 16 10	Clutha.....	1 24 40
Excelsior.....	1 19 0	Leda.....	1 26 0
Pearl.....	1 21 25		

The buoy of Roseneath was turned in the same order, and in the beat to windward the Pearl, Clutha, and Leda gave in, thus leaving the race to the Pet and Excelsior, the former of whom continued to increase her lead, and finished an easy winner, as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wee Pet	2 16 30	Excelsior.....	2 24 0

After rounding the buoy the second time the Excelsior sprang the hook of her throat halliards, and lost a little time in putting it right.

At a quarter to one, the gun was fired to prepare, and the following yachts took their places to compete for the third race, for yachts of 4 tons and under, to start at one o'clock; prize a silver claret jug, value £8:—

Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Mayflower.....	cutter	3½	Wm. Miller, Esq.
Coquette.....	cutter	3	C. Ract, Esq.
Banshee.....	cutter	4	J. Munn, Esq.
Lily.....	cutter	3½	John Ure, Esq.

They all got well away at the starting gun, except the Banshee, which fouled her buoy and lost about three minutes. This was perhaps the most exciting race of the day, especially with the Mayflower, Coquette, and Banshee. After hauling their wind they all stood on the same tack for a short distance, when the Coquette and Mayflower put about, while the Lily and Banshee stood a little further on; the Lily had a good lead, which she kept well, and, on rounding the flag-boat at Ashton, the time was as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lily.....	2 0 10	Banshee	2 3 10
Mayflower.....	2 2 50	Coquette.....	2 3 20

All well round and away again for Roseneath Buoy, which was rounded in the same position, the Lily still increasing her lead a little, and standing well away down on the starboard tack, while the other three took short tacks towards the weather shore. They kept well together and it was certainly a fine sight to see such little craft carrying on so well. On nearing the Battery Point the Banshee overhauled the Mayflower, and was likely to be second boat, but unfortunately stood too close in shore and got into the tide, and lost all chance, as the Mayflower and Coquette stood out and again got a good lead. After rounding the flag-boat at Ashton, which was done by the Lily, five or six minutes in advance of the Mayflower and Coquette, Banshee took the ground, and lost six or seven minutes, and a beautiful race for second

place lay between the Mayflower and Coquette. The race was finished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lily.....	3	10	0	Mayflower.....	3	16	45
Coquette.....	3	16	30	Banshee.....	3	27	0

The winner of this was also modelled and built by the same parties as the Pet, the winner of the six ton race, and reflects the greatest credit on their skill and taste, and we are sure they have reason to be proud of both of them, as they were universally admired.

A fourth race, for open boats, was also announced, but only two having come forward no race could be made, as the rules of the club stipulate three boats or no race.

The proceedings of the day terminated by the commodore presenting the prizes to the several winners, which he did in his usual happy manner, and to which they replied in suitable terms.

We cannot conclude, without awarding a cordial vote of thanks to the worthy commodore, for the able manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of the day, and trust he may yet be long spared to take an active part in the interest of the club, for which he is so well qualified.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta, ever welcome, has again been celebrated, and that for the twentieth successive season! When we look back to the announcement, early in the spring of 1839, and read that a numerous and influential meeting of the inhabitants of Henley and its neighbourhood was held at the town hall, for the purpose of “establishing an annual regatta on the beautiful reach of water, of which Henley has so much cause to be proud, though she has so long neglected the advantages which might have been derived from it,” and even when we find subsequently that the maiden effort was crowned with the most complete success, producing as it did no fewer than six entries for the Grand Challenge Cup, it is easy to conceive that the most sanguine of its promoters never shadowed forth a dream of its steady progress or the brilliancy of its uninterrupted career; still less would he have imagined that it was to become at once and for ever the waters of amateur championship, obliterating in an instant the former value and importance of the Wingfield sculls, and possessing allurement sufficient at times to interfere even with the Oxford and Cambridge match on the London waters.

Amateur rowing is still continued experimentally at other places, and sometimes with temporary success; but there is an ebb and a flow—an

instability which everywhere marks in those places its variable nature. From the first establishment of Henley, gentlemen at once acknowledged that a fit arena for their rowing had been found, and such it must ever remain. There are many ways in which this may be accounted for, and perhaps one of the principal is the distance from London, which causes it to be unattended by that bustle, noise, and confusion, to say nothing of matters more objectionable, which are unfortunately inseparable from all sporting matters in the neighbourhood of London, and which prevent gentlemen drawing that free breath of unalloyed amusement so necessary to the real enjoyment of all their sports. Then, again, Henley reposes under the sheltering wing of Oxford; and though it has frequently been a matter of complaint that the University has not shown greater anxiety for her *protégé*, yet, if the annals are referred to, it will be seen that she has played an important part, and at times may almost be said to have formed the regatta entirely. Every entry, too, from Oxford is fraught with provocation to the sister University, and Cambridge has certainly evinced a high-souled allegiance to Henley, and to rowing, by the manner in which she has so often faced great difficulties, in accepting the proffered challenge. And as the sole ground upon which they may try their strength against their brother oarsmen of the Universities, clubs of all kinds have been at wonderful pains, trouble, and expense, to show themselves in the best form here; witness the gallant struggles of Leander, St. George's, Chester, and, since its existence, of the now great London Rowing Club, whose spirited doings on the water are well calculated to shed additional lustre on the regatta, and increase its claims to chiefdom. Another advantage possessed by Henley is its own surpassing loveliness, reposing at the base of a cluster of hills, all richly wooded, in one of the most splendid windings of the silvery Thames, which here expands to a great width, and landlocked, presents the appearance almost of a lake, whose broad clear bosom and deep still waters recal involuntarily the lines of the poet—

“Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'er flowing full.”

When added to such scenery, the time of year at which, on account of the Oxford Term, this regatta must necessarily fall, is taken into consideration, the last sweet remnant of spring or the earliest days of summer, when—

“The grass is wet with shining dews;
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly.”

When all this is considered, it is no easy matter of surprise that rowing men should have made this their peculiar regatta, or that spectators should revel in its delights, forgetful for two short days of the toils and troubles elsewhere.

But this regatta, in common with all other sublunary arrangements, is of course subject to the chapter of accidents, and depends much upon the health, and the avocations and other calls made upon those who would engage in it, and thus the prospect which early in this season was little short of the magnificent, was considerably changed before the time of coming to the post; and the misfortunes, chiefly falling upon the University of Oxford, not only prevented the appearance of the University crew, which after the Easter race was eagerly looked for by all, but Balliol was so much crippled that it was uncertain, up to a very late period, whether their boat would be able to row.

In the pair-oars Mr. Warre was deprived of the services of his partner, Mr. Arkell, who rowed in the Easter race, and in the place of whom he was compelled to put Mr. Lonsdale, who had been long out of pair-oar practice. At the eleventh hour Mr. Catty was found wanting from among the ranks of the Londoners, and though the powerful assistance of Mr. Nottidge was ready at hand, it may safely be concluded that a change at such a time must be disadvantageous, as, though the individual substituted may be as good, or even better, the want of practice with the rest must naturally be felt to some extent.

The London Rowing Club has no competitors for the Stewards' Cup, the four-oared prize of which they are the holders, neither did any one come forward to try his powers against Mr. Casamajor, the champion sculler, the latter case mainly attributable to the present great dearth, if not positive non-existence, of scullers of any merit, while the former was perhaps owing to the various engagements of those who would otherwise most probably have rowed. To make matters more aggravating, on the morning of the first day, at the meeting of the stewards and committee, Exeter, the holders of the Ladies' Plate, and the only other boat entered beside Balliol, positively declared that they would draw unless their race were fixed for the first day; their demands were however resisted by Mr. Lane, acting as chairman for Lord Camoys, and it appears that they did not carry into execution a plan so unreasonable.

All who have ever been engaged at Henley regatta, must feel well assured that every possible trouble is taken by those in authority to arrange matters as comfortably as possible, without favour or partiality, and surely it should be the duty of competitors on their part also to smooth the way as much as they can.

This summer will, no doubt, long be remembered for its splendour, and of its days the 21st and 22nd ult. cannot be surpassed in their exceeding beauty—brilliant in sunshine, and yet tempered with a delightful air. The Grand Stand was filled with beauty and fashion, and the excellent arrangements made for keeping off all objectionable characters enabled the ladies to enjoy a promenade in the meadows.

Monday, June 21st.—At a meeting of the stewards at the Town Hall this morning it was decided that, owing to the scarcity of sport, the races should not commence till three o'clock, and, accordingly, shortly before that time the umpire's boat came dashing down through the bridge, manned by 1 J. Mackinney, 2 R. Coombes, 3 R. Newell, 4 J. Phelps, 5 T. Mackinney, 6 W. Pocock, 7 T. White, 8 J. Messenger, and proceeded at once to the Island, and the race commenced with the first heat of the

Grand Challenge Cup.

Cambridge University Boat Club.....				Leander.....			
		s.	lb.			s.	lb.
1—G. A. Paley, St. John's ...	11	3		1—J. Wright.....	11	2	
2—A. L. Smith, Trinity.....	11	2		2—P. Pearson	11	3	
3—W. T. Havert, St. John's.....	11	2		3—T. Craster	12	8	
4—D. Darroch, Trinity.....	13	2		4—H. Farrie.....	13	10	
5—A. Fairburn, Trinity.....	11	13		5—E. Courage.....	12	4	
6—R. L. Lloyd, Magdalen	11	13		6—A. B. Locke.....	13	0	
7—N. Royds, Trinity.....	10	0		7—A. O. Lloyd.....	10	10	
8—J. Hall, Magdalen.....	10	3		8—A. P. Lonsdale.....	12	7	
J. T. Moreland (cox).....	8	4		E. Prior (cox).....	8	5	

It may be as well to state that, with the exception of Mr. Prior, all the Leander crew are University men, who have in former times more or less distinguished themselves; having failed in a scheme for reviving the Oxford and Cambridge Subscription Rooms, they wisely resolved to join the time-honoured club whose name they here bear, but with the understanding that having begun to practice, and almost to train, their so formed crew should not be interfered with. Fortune smiled upon them as far as the start, having given them the Berks shore, and like old experienced hands they determined to make the most of it, so jumping off with a lead of about twenty feet almost at the first stroke, they seemed to bid fair for a race, and a very good race they did make till some way beyond Remenham, where Cambridge began to show she was steadily coming up; soon after this they were even, but only for the moment of transit, and shortly after Cambridge rowed clear, took their water, and passed the winning post three lengths in advance, rowing within themselves. Time 7m. 43s.

Town Challenge Cup.—Which is a race for four-oared boats, only one crew was entered, but in order to afford something like amusement to the spectators, another four was organized by some of the residents, and the show of a race was made, the Henley Boat Club coming in first.

Stewards Challenge Cup.—For this cup there was no disputants, and the London Rowing Club went over the distance, and remain the holders.

The Silver Goblets.

London—Playford and Casamajor...1 | Oxford—Warre and Lonsdale.....0

In justice to the Oxford pair we must again call to mind that Mr. Warre came to the scene of action minus his partner, Mr. Arkell, of Pembroke College, one of the late University crew that rowed against Cambridge at Easter, and that Mr. Lonsdale pluckily joined him (although by no means fit for pair-oared rowing) to contend against two of the most formidable men of the day. The race turned out better than could have been expected. London had the Berks station, and both made a most capital start, but they had not rowed many strokes when Mr. Casamajor's oar caught in the stem of a water lily, and very nearly capsized them. Warre and Lonsdale observing the mishap put on the steam, and obtained no despicable lead, and it was some time before they were overhauled. In their desperate efforts to accomplish this, Playford and Casamajor lost their good steering, and went quite over the river, followed in their wildness by their opponents. However the Londoners recovered first, and came out clear ahead, a position which they maintained to the finish, though they never got very far away; but whether owing to kindness, prudence, or impossibility, it is for none to declare.

Visitors' Challenge Cup.

Cambridge—Black Prince—Trinity...1	Oxford—Pemb. College—Pemb. C....0
1—N. Royds	1—Pauli
2—A. L. Smith	2—Cheytell
3—D. Darroch	3—Lascelles
4—Wyatt	4—Phipps
J. T. Moreland (cox)	Portal (cox)

If Mr. Arkell's absence was a great loss to a pair-oar it was absolutely ruination to his college four; and regrets were universal. However, no spells could conjure him up; they might as well have telegraphed *via* Agamemnon and Niagara for his illustrious predecessor, whose memory is ever inseparable from the names of Pembroke and Oxford; therefore all honour to Pembroke, undeterred by the frowns of Fortune from fulfilling those engagements on which they had once entered! At the start Oxford took the lead, but it was scarcely more than the first shoot of the boat, and then Cambridge began to forge ahead, at Remenham was clear, and after that won easily. The Black Prince showed to great advantage in this four, and Mr. Wyatt was excellent. After this Mr. Casamajor rowed over the course to entitle him to hold the sculls till next year; and this was the last of the aquatic sports for the day. The arrangements of the Great Western Railway Company appear to have been very complete, enabling people to come from almost any distance and return the same evening, by means of an extra train, which at Twyford met with several ups and downs, but not with any accident.

Tuesday.—The weather was even more glorious than on the previous day, sun hotter, breeze stronger N.b.W., river quite full, and no stream running all day. The company was not quite so numerous, but of the first order, and added thereto were her Majesty's 10th Hussar's halting on their march

from Birmingham to Aldershot. There certainly was a greater influx of Oxonians, brought on coaches, drags, carts, and vehicles of all sorts. The races should have commenced at two o'clock, but owing to an accident which happened to the umpire's boat soon after starting, which had to be repaired, there was at least half an hour's delay. Then came off the race for the

Ladies Challenge Plate.

Oxford—Balliol College.....1			Oxford—Exeter College.....0		
	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1—Hon. E. L. Stanley.....	11	1	1—A. R. Flamstead.....	9	9
2—A. V. Hammich.....	10	6	2—G. B. Baker.....	9	3
3—E. Lane.....	11	12	3—J. Turner.....	9	9
4—A. P. Lonsdale.....	12	5	4—J. C. Thynne.....	10	11
5—G. Morrison.....	18	5	5—F. Flower.....	10	4
6—E. Warre.....	12	12	6—J. D. Atkinson.....	10	5
7—H. A. Hills.....	10	2	7—J. G. Sydenham.....	10	8
8—H. S. Walpole.....	9	2	8—R. W. Risley.....	10	13
J. M. Freshfield (cox).....	8	10	G. Graham, (cox).....	8	13

Exeter and Balliol are respectively the first and second boats on the Isis. Owing to the wind blowing a little fresh, the steerers found some difficulty in getting their boats into position, and at last, when the word was given, it was discovered that Exeter's line was foul of her yoke. Balliol, perceiving that something was amiss, with great gallantry ceased rowing, and having ascertained the cause, expressed a willingness to start again. This time they got away together, and Exeter took the lead slightly, although having the worst station, being to leeward. A very good race now took place, and more than half the distance was rowed before Balliol got well ahead, and although they took the inside berth before reaching the corner, they never got well away, coming in only three lengths clear. Time, 7m. 51s.

Grand Challenge Cup.—Final Heat.

Cambridge University Boat Club.....1			London Rowing Club.....0		
	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1—G. A. Paley.....			1—L. Paine.....	10	3
2—A. L. Smith.....			2—F. Potter.....	10	0
3—W. T. Havart.....			3—C. Schlötel.....	10	11
4—D. Darroch.....			4—J. Nottidge.....	11	0
5—A. Fairbairn.....			5—W. Farrar.....	12	2
6—R. L. Lloyd.....			6—J. Paine.....	12	5
7—N. Royds.....			7—A. Cassamajor.....	11	0
8—J. Hall.....			8—H. Playford.....	10	4
J. T. Moreland (cox).....			H. Weston (cox).....	6	0

This race appears to have been quite decided in the minds of the public before it was rowed, or if not of all, the minority was very small, and odds on London in most places went begging. Still, after London had issued forth from the bridge, and proceeded down the reach, followed by the umpire's crew, who had strengthened their hands especially for this race, by accepting the services of Francis and Hammerton in the place of two veterans, there was manifestly a great curiosity to obtain the first glimpse of Cambridge, and as she came down with a slow majestic sweep of the oars—the music of many as of one—we think they must have assured any one

capable of forming a judgment that the race that day would not be given away. There was the greater chance too of this, seeing that on the very morning of this race the Londoners, as before stated, found themselves short of a man, viz. Mr. Catty, their No. 3, who for some cause or other, as yet unexplained, without notice by letter or telegraph, entirely absented himself. Fortunately, Mr. Nottidge was on the spot, always tolerably fit to row, and without doubt when in condition a better man, but then being only able to row on the starboard side, Mr. Schlotel was obliged to be shifted from No. 4 to No. 3, and the crew necessarily much inconvenienced and annoyed. Such a matter will of course be inquired into by the club, but it is not quite clear whether it should not be more openly explained. Of the Cambridge crew it will be seen that six were of those who rowed against Oxford at Easter, and that the steerer, and Nos. 1 and 7, were fresh hands, and we doubt not they must have felt not a little anxious in having to supply the places of those who had been so victorious, since defeat would naturally first point the finger at them.

On arriving at the island, Cambridge took up her berth on the Berkshire side, and London on the Oxfordshire shore, with the watermen's crew about two lengths in advance, under shelter of the trees. London had some little difficulty in getting into position, in consequence of taking their line aboard to leeward instead of to windward, which caused it to get several times foul of the yoke; and even when all was clear, they lay with their head too much pointed to the Oxfordshire shore. The Cambridge boat was managed with great dexterity. All being at length in readiness, the word "off" was pronounced, and the great struggle of the day commenced. The Cambridge oars were, if anything, into the water first, though the London boat (we fancy, from her great excellence) was first fairly under way—indeed, she seemed almost to attain her speed with the third stroke—yet Cambridge had a trifle the advantage, chiefly on account of London starting, as we have said, diagonally. Eight stout hearts and bodies in full swing soon, however, brought about the expected result, and, although Cambridge was rowing at an almost unexampled speed, on, on shot London—now up even, then quickly with a lead, and, soon after Remenham, three quarters of their length ahead. Thus they continued till past the half-way post, both rowing most manfully; and on arriving within a short distance of the corner, Mr. Playford, whose exertions had been beyond all praise, increased his efforts to a splendid spurt, and then the length of London was soon completely clear. Immediately afterwards an attempt was made to cross the Cambridge bows, but Mr. Moreland called upon his crew, and they answering with a spurt, their boat shot up, and London was compelled to give way. The corner was now reached. London then made another tremendous effort, and again getting clear, renewed the attempt to cross, but Mr. Moreland's eye was upon them; he made another demand upon his men, which was nobly answered, and this time London, in again giving way, was sheered out so abruptly that the rudder had to be put hard on again to put them straight; this brought up Cambridge in an instant nearly level; the awful din of

screams and shouting from thousands on the bank plainly showed what was happening. Mr. Hall put on the most superhuman of spurts, which was rowed by all his crew with the most wonderful and machine-like accuracy, and Cambridge shot past the post the winners by nearly half a length, having rowed the most remarkable stern wagger ever seen on this or perhaps on any other course. The Londoners made the most terrible efforts to repair what had been lost by the error of their coxswain, but those who know what it is to feel the rudder at so critical a moment will easily understand how fruitless were the attempts—the form of their rowing was gone, the race decided. This was one of the matches in which a man may be proud, whether he rowed with the winners or the losers, and we feel sure that the London Rowing Club, having got over the first mortification which all brave men necessarily feel at defeat, will soon see that they have, notwithstanding, done themselves infinite credit. The race was rowed in 7 min. 26 sec.

District Pair Oars.

Staines—Foster and Morton.....1 | Henley—Giles and Byles.....0

This race, for a silver cup, was contended for during that period of apparent torpor and stupefaction which invariably succeeds so thrilling an event as that just recorded. The Staines pair at once took the lead, and kept it to the end. A protest was entered previous to the presentation of the prizes, on the ground of their not residing within the prescribed distance of Henley, and the decision of the stewards was reserved.

Wyfold Challenge Cup.

Cambridge (Black Prince).....1 | London—London Rowing Club.....0

Soon after the great race for the Challenge Cup, Mr. Paine sent to the Cambridge crew stating that, owing to the absence of Mr. Catty, and the over fatigue of his brother, Mr. Leeds Paine, it was their wish to withdraw; but that as it was not agreeable to the spirit of the L. R. C. to withdraw merely to save defeat, they would go down and make the best race they could should Cambridge desire it; it is needless to say that Cambridge expressed their willingness to concur in what suited London, and, we doubt not, were glad enough not to have to enter so soon on another struggle with so determined an adversary. For the sake of show, however, another four was got up, and they made a race of it till the finish.

Waterman's Four-oared Race.

Messenger's Crew.....1	White's Crew.....0
1—J. Phelps	1—R. Coombes
2—T. Mackinney	2—T. Hammerton
3—W. Pocock	3—J. Mackinney
4—J. Messenger	4—T. White
J. T. Moreland, Esq. (cox)	C. E. Smith, Esq. (cox)

This race is rowed by the eight watermen who compose the umpire's crew, and the reward of their labours is a purse collected by voluntary subscription. The crews are steered by gentlemen, and the distance rowed is a

little more than half the regatta course. On this occasion Hammerton (*Messenger's* apprentice), rowed in the place of the veteran Newell. After a capital and fast race, which the Cambridge crew, who carried the umpire, could scarcely keep pace with, *Messenger's* crew won by a length.

The band of the Dragoons then struck up the National Anthem, and all wended their way to the Town Hall, where, in presence of a densely-packed crowd, Lord Camoys presented the prizes to the successful. The Cambridge crew were loudly cheered, as was also Mr. Playford, and his excellent rowing and unflinching game loudly demanded the ovation. After three cheers for the ever-popular Lord Camoys, the meeting separated, and thus ended Henley Regatta, 1858.

TENBY REGATTA.

THE first day of the Tenby Regatta, June 30th, the town presented an unusually gay and animated appearance, and by eleven o'clock, a.m., when the first race was to take place, every point where a good view of the day's sport could be obtained was thronged with spectators. Early in the morning the surface of the sea was one unbroken calm, and sad fears were entertained that there would be "no wind for the yachts;" happily the "weather prophets" who indulged in such dismal forebodings turned out to be false ones, and by the time for starting a tolerably fresh breeze had sprung up, which freshened so much that before the first race was ended the cutters had to change their topsails.

We were pleased to observe that the Tenby Regatta had gained in popularity since last year, there being twice the number of yachts present on this than on the former occasion. The Bay studded with these model craft in holiday dress—the numberless boats, from the tiny punt with its single occupant to the four-oared gig, laden with spectators, swiftly glancing over the "briny flood,"—the grassy slope of the Castle Hill, "like one vast amphitheatre," teeming with anxious "lookers-on," its summit crowned by the remains of its once formidable Castle,—St. Catherine's Rock, bold and prominent, tenanted by the more hardy and adventurous,—even the rocky basement of the Castle Hill with its eager numbers,—all conjoined to make the scene at once picturesque and unique. On the Castle Hill the "wants of the creature," were attended to by Mrs. F. W. Rolland with her usual manner, in a spacious marquee erected for the occasion, while a very tolerable band whiled away the time with selections from favourite operas.

Some little idea of the interest excited by the coming races may be gathered from the fact that the daily occupants of the bathing machines

had entirely forsaken their nymph-like pastime, and now promenaded in all the developed proportions of crinolines. We must, however, proceed to describe the day's Regatta under the patronage of Sir John Owen, Bart., Lord Lieutenant; Stewards—N. J. Dunn, J. L. G. P. Lewis, Richard Fothergill, and Alex. Edwards, Esqs., Captains Glynn and Tatham, R.N., and Captain Macqueen, 91st Regiment. A. S. Reed, Esq., Honorary Secretary.

First Race.—A Prize of £70, open to all yachts of any Royal Yacht Club, being not less than 40 tons register. Time race.

The following were entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Fig.	Tons.	Owners
26	Amazon.....	cutter	46	T. H. Johnson, Esq.
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	49	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.
1087	Wildfire.....	schooner	59	J. Turner Turner, Esq.

Course, from the starting vessel moored in the Tenby Roads, abreast of the Castle Hill, round a vessel anchored off Pendine, thence keeping outside of the Woolhouse rocks round Caldy and St. Margaret's Island, and returning through the Sound abreast of Giltar Point (keeping outside the Sker Rock) to the starting vessel. Twice round.

The greatest interest prevailed with respect to this race, owing to the well-known capabilities of the yachts. The Amazon having been twice the winner of the Thames cup, the Extravaganza, among other winnings, having won Prince Albert's cup in 1856, at the R.Y.S. Regatta, and the Wildfire carried off the prize at the last Tenby Regatta.

The signal for sailing was fired at 11h. 50m., when off they swept like "things of life," the crew of the Amazon displaying the greatest activity in spreading sail; the Amazon went off with a slight lead, which she continued to improve. They rounded the starting vessel each time in the following order :—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Amazon.....	2	2	0	4	50	0
Extravaganza.....	2	5	0	4	50	30
Wildfire.....	2	19	0	5	3	0

The Amazon was thus a winner by about 2 minutes; $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes being allowed by the Extravaganza. The Wildfire on going the second round stuck on a bank of sand (known as the White Bank) for about 10 minutes, the Amazon also grazed the same bank. The victor was hailed

with loud cheers, the band at the same time struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes." From whatever cause we know not, but one thing is very clear, the Wildfire did not sail as well this year as last.

Second Race.—A Silver Cup, or Purse of Sovereigns, value £10, for four-oared gigs, not exceeding 30 feet in length, to be rowed by gentlemen amateurs. For this race there were no entries as was apprehended before.

Third Race.—A Prize of £5 for four-oared gigs, not to exceed 25 feet in length. For this race the three following started:—Falcon, George Stubbs, coxswain; Elizabeth, William Johns, coxswain; Lucy, John Jones, coxswain. This was a very good race, the Elizabeth going off with a slight lead, but the crew of the Falcon put on a little extra steam, passed her, and held the lead to the end.

Fourth Race.—A Prize of £4 for Seine boats, rowed by the crews who have fished in them during the season. The following boats started for this race, and came in the following order:—Conqueror, G. Stubbs, coxswain; Mystery, T. Parsell, coxswain; Red, White, and Blue, D. Williams, coxswain. The Conqueror at once went off with the lead, closely followed by the Mystery, the crew of the latter boat pulling in the most plucky manner, but all to no purpose.

The day's proceedings terminated with a duck hunt, fifteen minutes being allowed to catch the duck. Prize 10s. This of course fell to the share of the Mystery; the duck, however, much to the amusement of the spectators, entirely baffled his pursuers, and after dodging them about for the required time, the gun fired—the duck won the prize—the day's sport was ended, and the spectators returned to their homes. The Regatta gave great satisfaction.

An Ordinary was held at the Cobourg Hotel on the evening of the the Regatta, and was well attended. A Regatta Ball came off the same night; dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late hour.

The second day, Friday, the 2nd July, commenced with a prize of £40, open to all yachts of any yacht club not exceeding 40 tons, nor less than 15 tons register. Time Race. For this prize four yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1889.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
94	Blue Bell	cutter	30	S. Padley, Esq.
1026	Vigilant	cutter	33	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
427	Glance	cutter	35	Major Longfield
359	Flirt	cutter	19½	H. H. O'Brien, Esq.

There was a good stiff breeze (which sent the gunwales of the racing yachts at times under water) added to the excitement of the races.

The distance for this race was from the starting vessel in Tenby Roads, round a vessel moored off Carmarthen Bar, thence, rounding the Woolhouse Rocks, to the starting vessel. Three times round in the first race and twice for the second.

The yachts bowled off—Vigilant with a good lead, followed by Blue Bell, Flirt, and Glance: the last-named vessel soon overhauled the Blue Bell and Flirt, and finally arrived the winner. The yachts rounded the starting vessel as follows:—

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Glance	1	35	0	2	56	0	4	16	30
Vigilant.....	1	37	0	3	1	0	4	24	30
Flirt	1	43	30	3	16	0	4	46	0
Blue Bell.....	1	46	30	3	17	0	4	46	1

A most exciting race was kept up between the Flirt and the Blue Bell for the third place, the Flirt finally beating her antagonist by little more than a length.

Second Race—A prize of £15, open to all yachts of any Royal Yacht Club, not exceeding 20 tons register. Time race. For this race was entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
493	Imp	cutter	12	W. B. Morrison, Esq.
359	Flirt.....	cutter	19½	H. H. O'Bryan, Esq.
983	Vesper.....	cutter	16	G. A. Bevan, Esq.

The Vesper did not start, but her place was taken by a small yacht. The Imp carried on till in the second round, having carried away a spar, she was obliged to relinquish the race.

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Flirt	1	43	30	3	16	0

Third Race.—A prize of £4, for four-oared gigs, not to exceed 25 feet in length. The winning boat on the first day to allow time. Three started, and came in in the following order:—Falcon, George Stubbs, coxswain; Elizabeth, William Johns, coxswain; Lucy, John Jones, coxswain.

Fourth Race.—A prize of £4, for four-oared gigs, not to exceed 25 feet in length. Crews to consist of the mechanics of Tenby. No race, there being only one entry.

Fifth Race.—A prize of £2, for boats belonging to yachts. Two boats started belonging to the Amazon and Extravaganza. The latter boat won.

The day's amusement was wound up with a duck hunt. The duck, as before, cleverly avoided the gig's crew, and won the prize easily.

During the afternoon, by the kind permission of the Life Boat Committee, the life boat belonging to this station was exercised under the command of Mr. Parrott, the coxswain. The sail being hoisted, three of the crew ascended the mast. The boat was then heeled on one side, turned over, and after performing a revolution immediately righted, and the men scrambled into the boat. In righting the mast broke off.

Captain Manby's apparatus for saving life from shipwreck was also exhibited, and the hawser being made fast on the Castle Hill and St. Catherine's rock, two persons were hauled across in the cot.

The attendance of yachts at the Regatta was still more numerous than on the first day, and another year the number will be doubtless still further increased.

One thing must, however, be borne in mind on a future occasion. The "cording" off of a large portion of the Castle Hill for subscribers of all sums above 10s., and for non-subscribers on payment of 1s., while subscribers of 5s. were debarred from *crossing the line*, was simply ridiculous and impolitic, and certainly created a great amount of dissatisfaction.

An Ordinary was held at the White Lion on the evening of the Regatta, and the Regatta Ball was attended by nearly 100 persons.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

We turned out on the morning of the 6th inst. with joyful anticipations of a treat of the first order. There was a certain appearance in the celestial regions that portended a breezy day. The wind at early morn was brisk and lively,—and as we dwell in the *open* we naturally founded our conclusions that on poor illused Old Thames sufficient strength (5 or 6) would be found to carry us to the Nore with the gallant fleet. Many besides ourselves appeared confident of seeing some excellent manoeuvring with the largest fleet that ever started on the Cockney waters, but a sad disappointment awaited us, as the events of the day will prove.

The hour of starting was 10 a.m., and with that punctuality which

all clubs would do well to copy, we steamed from London Bridge Wharf, in the Sapphire, instead of that Queen of boats, the Prince of Wales: why the change was made after due notice given we cannot conjecture. It could not be on the score of economy, for penuriness and miserly conduct is, or was, unknown in this great Club. If it was caprice that occasioned the change it is much to be deplored. Any of our readers that can give the real version of the affair will deserve the thanks of the members generally: for there is no vessel equal to the Prince of Wales for comfort and accommodation afloat.

We never felt in such a disposition for grumbling as on this day. It was the wrong boat—no wind, &c. &c., that gave us a fit of the "blues." By-the-by, the "Blues" (Horse Guards) band endeavoured by the musical strains of "Cheer, boys, cheer," to rouse a joyous spirit among the passengers, but some considerable time passed away 'ere they were successful. We arrived at Erith, and found the following yachts moored in three lines to contend for the respective prizes.

SECOND CLASS.—Exceeding 20 and not exceeding 35 tons.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1078	Whisper	cutter	21	B. Greenhill, Esq.
1256	Zuleika	cutter	22	H. Smith, Esq.
721	Oriole	cutter	25	J. G. Hepburn, Esq.
218	Dart	cutter	27	J. Clark, Esq.
865	Silver Star	cutter	25	J. Mann, Esq.
741	Pearl	cutter	21	Hon. A. Annesley

THIRD CLASS.—Exceeding 12 and not exceeding 20 tons.

639	Midge	cutter	13	Capt. J. E. Commerell
976	Vampire	cutter	20	Chas. Wheeler, jun., Esq.

FOURTH CLASS.—7 and not exceeding 12 tons.

965	Undine	cutter	8	E. Searle, Esq.
521	Julia	cutter	8	P. Turner, Esq.
1036	Violet	cutter	9	Right. Hon. Lord de Ros
280	Emily	sloop	8	R. Hewitt, Esq.

THE Staunch and Quiver were entered but did not appear at their moorings. The reason of the former not starting according to the information derived from her owner, was in consequence of a new suit of sails which he had ordered not being ready.

The course was from Erith to the Nore for the second class, and to the Chapman Light for the third and fourth classes, but in consequence of the length of time occupied in the voyage down, it was found necessary to shorten the course for all,—and the steamer dropped her mud-hook some two miles above the Chapman.—But we are getting ahead of our work.

After the several craft had been inspected by the flag-officers, the noble Commodore gave the orders to fire the preparatory gun at 11h. 30m., and about four minutes after the start took place. We have often remarked the

beautiful appearance of a fleet of yachts waiting for the signal to hoist their fleecy canvas, and we never remember any occasion when the scene presented to the view so fine a picture.—The crew of twelve yachts standing with ropes in hand, with their eyes turned towards the signal vessel, like so many gladiators, waiting for the signal to commence the onslaught, will be long remembered by those who delight in treasuring the incidents of a yacht match.

Scarcely had the sound been heard when those statue-like men were all in motion, and the wings of the pretty coursers were opened for flight. They all canted at nearly the same moment—the Violet showing the greatest alacrity, being the first covered—the Oriole in the first class displayed considerable smartness—but the Dart shot ahead for a brief space, when the Pearl, after shaking out her topsail, overhauled and passed her. Whisper, Zuleika, Vampire, and Violet appeared the favorites of the “betting men.” The Whisper was sluggish at starting, as was also the Silver Star, the latter being apparently much hampered in setting her mainsail. The Vampire’s canvas was up like lightning, and she gracefully bade adieu to large and small competitors, and was below Stone Ness when the other vessels passed Purfleet in the following order:—Midge, Pearl, Silver Star, Julia, Emily, Violet, Dart, Zuleika, Whisper, Oriole, and Undine bringing up the rear. In this order they proceeded with the wind calm and quiet until they drifted some way down Long Reach, when the Silver Star, feeling a sudden puff, gave the go-by to Pearl, and it became a pretty match. In passing down Fidler’s Reach the Silver Star and Pearl passed the Midge, and on rounding Bowness Point the Pearl and Silver Star had a sharp bout for supremacy, when the former’s bowsprit came rather too close to latter, she had to let go her jibsheet to prevent a foul. The manœuvre did not succeed—the Silver Star still led all except Vampire, which kept so far ahead as to be frequently out of range of our Dolland. In passing down Gravesend Reach the Emily and Violet were antagonistic, and many attempts made by the former to pass ere she succeeded. The Dart and Oriole had a contest when they went by the Midge.

In Lower Hope a slight breeze sprung up, and the Pearl weathered the Star and was not again headed. It now began to get near the slack, and the wind being light and varying, it was resolved to dash away for the Chapman, and two miles above which the steamer waited the arrival of the fleet, which the time will show was in a straggling order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vampire.....	2	17	30	Whisper.....	2	52	30
Pearl.....	2	31	26	Zuleika.....	3	3	0
Silver.....	2	38	20	Emily.....	3	6	7
Dart.....	2	41	5	Violet.....	3	27	35
Oriole.....	2	44	45	Julia.....	3	54	29
Midge.....	2	46	50	Undine.....	3	56	14

The rounding was a most tedious affair, there being a difference between the first and last vessels of 1h. 38m. 44s. The sea was like a mill pond for-

tunately for the ladies, as lying at anchor for two hours in rough weather makes them feel poorly. The Pearl after rounding laid well to her work, the Silver Star changed topsails: the Dart was smartly turned, and appeared to gain on the Star. The Midge close up to the Oriole, but could not pass her, and eventually fell off although she persevered to the finish. The Whisper and Zuleika were expected to hold a better position in the race, and when we call to mind their deeds of former years we can only say the day was altogether against their sailing powers. The Emily came up hand over hand to pass before Zuleika, but coming too close in anticipation of just rounding inside of her larger sister, and the pilot forgetting the change of tide, she cut it too fine, and had to make a short board before rounding at all. The Zuleika therefore got away, for a time. Violet struggled hard to get round before she succeeded, and the Julia's task was more irksome than any of the former, and at one time it was thought she would "cut it," but a slight breeze filled her sails, and she was followed closely round by Undine.

The steamer now turned her bow homewards, and we picked up the yachts in the order they rounded. Little more can be said, except the Emily gave the Zuleika the go-by, and was first of her class. The Julia came up with Violet off Tilbury, and passed her; a sharp match then took place, the latter off Grays recovering her position, but the Julia again came to the attack, and a severe struggle through St. Clement's Reach, finished by the latter getting ahead and gaining second place in her class. The flag buoy off Erith was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vampire (winner).....	6	14	25	Whisper	7	1	0
Pearl (winner).....	6	19	20	Emily (winner).....	7	10	45
Silver Star.....	6	22	30	Zuleika.....	7	12	40
Dart.....	6	24	29	Julia.....	7	36	25
Oriole.....	6	43	40	Violet	7	39	45
Midge	6	49	30				

The Pearl received a beautiful silver gilt vase, value £40, Vampire, a silver gilt jug, value £40; Emily, a silver cup and waiter, value £30; and Julia, a silver tankard, value £10, as second yacht in the fourth class. No second prizes were given in second and third class.

It will be necessary to say something of the contending yachts. The Pearl (formerly Rose of York) was built by Wanhill, and won a prize at Hull last year. Vampire is so well known as an universal winner that we need not say more than she was built by Hatcher. The Emily is much improved since we saw her last year, and will become a better favorite. She is a curious looking craft about the hull, being of great breadth. The Julia is the old favorite crack, but has been rather unlucky the last year or so. The Whisper is known on Thames as a safe boat, but on this occasion she, as well as the once celebrated Zuleika, (the winner of many prizes) exhibited none of those superlative powers that advanced their names years gone by. The Silver Star is a long narrow vessel, and although not a winner on this

occasion, yet she is much improved since her first appearance last year. The Dart we are not acquainted with, although from her appearance she is no "chicken." The Midge is an old boat, and we understand has won several prizes, but here she is unknown to us. The Violet has changed owners, she was built for Mr. J. C. Kirby, by Aldous, and has won nine prizes. The Oriole was built by Inman, and we believe this is her first essay as a racer. The Undine still requires more alterations as a match boat.

It would be unjust to comment on the merits or demerits of the yachts engaged this day, for there was no wind to show their respective powers, and therefore we will sum up by saying that all did their best under almost a dead calm throughout the day.

It was late when the steamer arrived at London Bridge with the passengers, fatigued with their long dull voyage.

THE LATE SAILING MATCH AT BIRKENHEAD.

As our account was the same as *Bell's Life* we consider it but strict justice to insert the following:—

Mr. Editor.—Observing in your remarks on the Birkenhead Regatta, that took place on June 5th, "that through an injudicious tack made by the Meta in the middle of the river, she lost the advantage up to that time of the quality she possessed over the other boats, of being able to sail closer to the wind," I beg to correct what I conceive to be a misstatement. Instead of losing, she gained by the move; for this reason: on the Lancashire shore there is a place called Knotshole, where the flagboat was placed, and it is well known that whether the tide is ebbing or flowing, it runs much stronger there than in any other part of the Mersey, the principal cause being the great depth of water, about 15 or 20 feet at low water. After rounding first time the flag-boat at Brombro' Pool, it being then about two hours and a half flood, the Snake, followed by the Charm, struck straight across for the flag-boat, opposite the Dingle, in Knotshole, running close in and taking short tacks, thereby having to beat and contend with the full strength of the tide in the endeavour to round the flag-boat; whereas the Meta, by going about in the middle of the river, had, for a considerable distance, only to contend with the tide at a depth of from six to seven feet, there being banks at this part of the river, the greater part of its breadth, by that means being able to get much further to windward in the same time than the others. To show the correctness of this view, I have only to refer to the manner in which the boats were handled the second time round, when the tide was ebbing. The whole of them took advantage of the strength of tide in Knotshole, by taking short tacks there, much shorter than they did after rounding the flag-boat, and it was owing principally to the superior manner in which the Snake was managed there that she able to show to windward of the Charm shortly after rounding the flag-boat. I do not mean

that there was any wilful mismanagement; on the contrary, I think the men did everything they could to win, and deserve every praise for the able manner in which they (the boats,) were generally managed; and it was, as your reporter says, "one of the best and fairly contested matches that ever came off on the Mersey."

Yours, &c.,

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

Liverpool, June 12th, 1858.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

JULY 13, 14.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

15.—King's Lynn Roadstead Regatta

16.—Kinsale Regatta

20.—Royal London Yacht Club Sailing Match, Third Class, from Erith to Coal House Point and back to Greenwich. Entries close July 12th.

21, 22.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Dublin Bay Regatta

22.—Great Yarmouth Regatta

22.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta

23.—Clyde Model Yacht Club Regatta at Rothsay

27.—Port of Plymouth Royal Regatta

28.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Sailing Match

28, 29.—Isle of Man Regatta, Douglas Bay

29, 30.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta

Aug. 2.—Royal Yacht Squadron—Prince Consort's Cup

2—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta

2, 3—Barrow Regatta; Piel of Foudray; Morecambe Bay

4—Royal Yacht Squadron—Her Majesty's Cup

5—Royal Yacht Squadron—Emperor Napoleon's Cup

10—Dartmouth Royal Regatta

10, 11—Royal Thames National Regatta

12—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta commences

12—Boston Yacht Club Regatta

13—Clyde Model Yacht Club Corinthian Match at Large

13—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Boat Races

14— " " Cutter Match, prizes £50 and £10, and

Mr. Broadwood's Cup for schooners

16— " " Sailing Match; Mr. Turner's prize, £100;

open to all

20—Torbay Royal Regatta

25, 26—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta

26, 27—Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta on the Clyde

27, 28—City of Glasgow Royal Flag Regatta

SEPT. 8—Clyde Model Yacht Club Challenge Cup Match at Dunoon

All communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, N.W., London

HUNT, Printer, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N.W., London.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1858.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND, AND ST. GEORGE'S ENSIGN.

IN our last number we made a few remarks respecting the privilege of the Royal Westerns to hoist this flag, and by the accompanying copies of official documents, received from that club, the truth of our assertions is fully borne out.

The right to wear a White Ensign, with the distinguishing device of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, was granted to the club under the Admiralty Warrant dated 6th February, 1832, and has been worn by the yachts of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland from that period to the present.

The Lords of the Admiralty, by letter under date of the 26th June, 1858, without any previous notice to the members, have apprized the club that their Lordships are induced to cancel the Warrant authorizing the club to wear the White Ensign.

In that letter they refer to a restriction issued by the Admiralty in the year 1842, of the privilege of wearing the White Ensign to all except the Royal Yacht Squadron, and that an intimation was given at that time, to that effect, to all other Yacht Clubs wearing the Ensign, save the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, which their Lordships state, received no intimation, in consequence of no sepa-

rate Warrants having been issued to any yachts belonging to that club. And their Lordships' letter then assumes, that the privilege of wearing the flag was under the restriction, 1842, withdrawn from the club, or worn by the club without the sanction of the Admiralty, until, as their Lordships say, in the year 1853, "The Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland succeeded in obtaining permission from the Admiralty to wear the White Ensign."

Their Lordships seem, however, to have overlooked the fact, that the privilege of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland to wear the White Ensign was not only not withdrawn from the club in 1842, but that privilege seems to have been specially reserved to the club, at and subsequently to 1842, as appears by their Lordships' letter, under date of the 30th July, 1849, addressed to the Secretary of the club, in which their Lordships are pleased to direct their Lordships' Secretary to say;—"I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that the following distinguishing flags *have not been withdrawn* from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

"*Ensign*.—White, with Red Cross, a Crown in the centre, surrounded with a Wreath of Shamrock, and a Union at the head of the Ensign.

"*Burgee*.—White, and Red Cross, with the same device."

That communication, it is submitted, not only evidences that there was a special reservation of the restriction of 1842 in favour of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; but is in itself a *confirmation* of the Warrant of 1832.

Their Lordships' letter of the 26th June, 1858, is entirely silent as to this state of facts, in connection with the privilege of the club; and it is therefore to be presumed, that their Lordships overlooked, or were uninformed of the circumstances connected with the Admiralty letter of the 30th July, 1849, when coming to the conclusion stated in their Lordships' letter of the 26th June, 1858.

The subject of the privilege of the club to wear the White Ensign was again brought under the notice of their Lordships in the year 1853; and in a communication from the Admiralty, addressed to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, under date of the 29th April, 1853, after acknowledging the letter of the club, requesting to be allowed to *continue* to carry the St. George's White Ensign, their Lordships were pleased to say, that under the special circumstances

of the case, they would allow the White Ensign to be *retained* by the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, as sanctioned by the Admiralty Warrant of the 6th February, 1832.

And by the Admiralty letter of the 2nd May, 1853, in pursuance and confirmation of that privilege, their Lordships forwarded seventy-three separate Warrants to Yacht Owners of the Club, and have continued to grant such Warrants to the present time.

In July, 1853, the question of the privilege of the club to wear the White Ensign was made the subject of a motion in the House of Commons, by one of the Honourable Members of that House, when upon the explanation of the Right Honourable Sir James Graham, then first Lord of the Admiralty, of the "*circumstances of the case*," "and that it was an error in supposing the Royal Yacht Squadron of England ever had the *exclusive* right of wearing the White Ensign; that King William IV. had granted the Ensign to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, who have since worn it, and that a recent application to the Admiralty to revoke the Warrant had been refused,"—*the Motion was negatived without a division.*

Under these circumstances, and after such frequent confirmations of the Warrant of 1832, particularly that of the House of Commons in July, 1853, the club had hoped that without some grave offence being alleged on the part of the club in connection with the flag, the privilege would have been uninterruptedly continued to them; and therefore consider that they have much cause to complain of the communication conveyed to them by their Lordships' letter of the 26th June, 1858, of the withdrawal of the privilege, without any intimation whatever, or assigning any reason or cause on their Lordships' part for the course they have adopted, save those which had been discussed, and decisions arrived at, as may be fairly inferred, that under the special circumstances of the case, as mentioned in their Lordships' letter of the 29th April, 1853, that the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland did not come within the restriction of the Admiralty circular of 1842.

It is to be remarked, that while the Royal Squadron of England retain the White Flag, which it has been shewn by the letters of the Lords Commissioners was not granted to them as an *exclusive* privilege, it would be a measure of extreme hardship to a large body of gentlemen in no wise inferior in position or standing, as the list of the Royal Western Yacht Club will shew, and who have enjoyed it now

for a period of twenty-six years, withdrawing the flag from the club without just and sufficient cause.

It may also be observed, that the applications of the St. George's and Holyhead Yacht Clubs, having a prospective view, can scarcely be called a fair or a just reason why a club which, for twenty-six years has laboured to throw its influence towards the encouragement of the maritime interests of the country, should be selected whereon to inflict what the members thereof cannot otherwise consider then as a marked disgrace.

England has one Club enjoying the White Ensign (The Royal Yacht Squadron) which has never been interfered with; and had that privilege been withdrawn from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland at an early period, they feel that they would have no just cause of remonstrance, but now, when they are deprived of a privilege enjoyed without interruption for a quarter of a century, they feel that if the Lords Commissioners acting for the benefit of the maritime interests of all portions of Her Majesty's United Kingdom, would be pleased to reconsider their decision, before causing the dissolution of a club of upwards of three hundred and twenty gentlemen, numbering on their list one hundred and thirty yachts, they would avoid establishing, for the first time, a precedent which cannot fail in proving injurious, by weakening the confidence of those who hold Warrants under the Admiralty.

[COPY.]

No. 1.—Informing the Club they could have a Red, White, or Blue Ensign.

Admiralty Office, January 16th, 1832.

Sir.—Sir James Graham having laid before the Board your letter of the 10th instant, transmitting a Memorial addressed to His Majesty by the Members of the Western Yacht Club of Ireland, I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you, that you may have as the Flag for this club, either a Red, White, or Blue Ensign, with such device within as you may point out, but that their lordships cannot sanction the introduction of a new colour to be worn by British ships.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN BARROW.

Maurice O'Connell, Esq., M.P.,
26, Parliament Street.

[COPY.]

No. 2.—Stating that the White Ensign had not been withdrawn from the R.W.Y.C. of Ireland.

Admiralty, July 30th, 1849.

Sir.—In reply to your letter of the 30th ult., I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you, that the following distinguishing Flags have not been withdrawn from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland:—

Ensign.—White and Red Cross, a Crown in the centre, surrounded with a wreath of Shamrock, and a Union at the head of the Ensign.

Bargee.—White and Red Cross with the same device.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

W. A. B. HAMILTON.

The Secretary of the Royal Western Yacht Club,
Tralee, Ireland.

[COPY.]

No. 3.—Confirming the Privilege to the Club in 1853.

Admiralty, April 29th, 1853.

Sir.—Having laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your further letter of the 21st instant, requesting that the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland may be allowed to continue to carry the St. George's or White Ensign of the Fleet with the distinguishing marks of the Club thereon, instead of being restricted to the use of the Blue Ensign, I am commanded by their Lordships to acquaint you, that having had the same under their consideration, they are pleased, under the special circumstances of this case, to allow of the White Ensign being retained by this Club, as sanctioned by the Admiralty Warrant of the 6th February, 1832; and Warrants will be shortly made out for the Yachts mentioned in the List which was enclosed in your former letter of the 26th ult., and forwarded to you when ready.

I am,

Your most obedient Servant,

R. OSBORNE.

M. O'Connell, Esq, M.P., Reform Club.

[COPY.]

No. 4.—Enclosing Seventy-three Warrants, confirmatory of Letter No. 3.

Admiralty, May 2nd, 1853.

Sir.—With reference to former correspondence on the subject of Warrants from my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, authorising the Yachts belonging to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland to carry the St.

George's or White Ensign of the Fleet, I am commanded by their Lordships, to transmit to you herewith Warrants for the seventy-three yachts named in the list which accompanied your letter of the 26th March last.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

R. OSBORNE.

M. O'Connell, Esq., M.P. Reform Club.

[COPY.]

No. 137.]

27^o Die Julii, 1853.

1363

Notice given on Wednesday, 27th July, 1853.

3.—Mr. Macartney,—On the Motion for the adjournment of the House:—

To call the attention of the House to a Warrant having been lately issued to the Commodore and Members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland by the Board of Admiralty, granting permission to the Members of that Club, to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board the vessels of that body, although the exclusive privilege to use such White Ensign had been accorded to the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, by Warrant issued by the Board of Admiralty in June, 1829, by desire of his late Majesty, George the Fourth, and to move for copies of the following Papers and documents:—

Copies of Warrant issued by the Board of Admiralty in the month of May, or June, 1829, to the Commodore and Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, granting to the Members of that body the exclusive privilege to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board their yachts and vessels.

Of any letter or application to the Board of Admiralty, from the Commodore or Officers of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, praying to be allowed to use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board the vessels of that Club.

Of any Warrant or other authority from the Board of Admiralty to the Commodore and Members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, granting permission to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board the vessels of that club.

Of Memorial signed by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, and presented to the Board of Admiralty upon the 19th instant, setting forth the claim of that body to the exclusive privilege having been already granted to the Members to carry and use the White Ensign of England on board their yachts and vessels.

Of reply to the said Memorial.

And, of two Letters addressed by the Secretary of the Treasury, bearing date the 27th and 28th days of May, 1847, to the Commodore of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown, granting but afterwards rescinding, the permission to the Members of that Club to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board their yachts and vessels, the reason assigned

for so rescinding such permission being "that the Royal Yacht Squadron of England had the exclusive privilege to carry and use such White Ensign of the Fleet on board their vessels." [*Friday 29th July.*]

Report of the Proceedings in the House of Commons on Mr.
Macartney's Motion.

YACHT CLUB FLAGS.

Mr. Macartney called the attention of the House to a Warrant having been lately issued to the Commodore and Members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland by the Board of Admiralty, granting permission to the Members of that Club to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board the vessels of that body, although the exclusive privilege to use such White Ensign had been accorded to the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, by warrant issued by the Board of Admiralty in June, 1829, by desire of his late Majesty, George IV. ; and moved for copies of the following papers and documents :—Copies of Warrant issued by the Board of Admiralty in the month of May or June, 1829, to the Commodore and Members of the Royal Yacht Club Squadron, granting to the Members of that body the exclusive privilege to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board their yachts and vessels. Of any letter or application to the Board of Admiralty from the Commodore or Officers of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, praying to be allowed to use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board the vessels of that Club. Of any Warrant or other Authority from the Board of Admiralty to the Commodore and Members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, granting permission to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board the vessels of that Club. Of memorials signed by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, and presented to the Board of Admiralty upon the 19th inst., setting forth the claim of that body to the exclusive privilege having been already granted to the Members to carry and use the White Ensign of England on board their yachts and vessels. Of reply to the said Memorial, and of two letters addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury bearing date the 27th and 28th days of May, 1847, to the Commodore of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kigstown, granting, but afterwards rescinding, the permission to the Members of that Club to carry and use the White Ensign of the Fleet on board their yachts and vessels, the reason assigned for so rescinding such permission being "That the Royal Yacht Squadron of England had the exclusive privilege to carry and use such White Ensign of the Fleet on board their vessels."

Sir J. Graham observed, that if an uninformed bystander were to comment on the proceedings of that house, he could hardly believe that the formal decision with regard to our Indian Empire was the subject which then awaited their decision, when they had been occupied first with considering what was the fine imposed on a cabman, and now what should be the colour

of the bunting worn by certain yachts (hear, hear and laughter.) It was in his judgment, a proof of the omnipotence of Parliament, as showing there was nothing so great which it was not equal to grapple with, and nothing so little that it would not stoop to consider (hear, hear.) He begged to say that the honourable Member was in error in supposing that the Royal Yacht Squadron of England ever had the exclusive right of using the White Ensign. When he was at the Admiralty, in 1832, application was made by certain gentlemen in the south-west of Ireland, for permission to carry the White Ensign on their yachts. King William IV. granted their request, and they had since worn the white bunting with a shamrock. An application had recently been made to the Admiralty to revoke their warrant, but that application had not been assented to. He was quite ready, if the house desired it, to lay all the papers on the table (no, no.)

The motion was negatived without a division, and the original motion, for the adjournment of the house at its rising until Monday, was agreed to.

[COPY.]

Letter received on the 28th June, 1858, revoking the privilege of carrying the White Ensign.

Admiralty, June 26th, 1858.

Sir.—I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you, that having recently received applications from the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, and from the Holyhead Yacht Club, for permission to wear the White Ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, with a distinguishing mark; they have referred to the records of the Admiralty for the purpose of ascertaining what principle has hitherto prevailed in deciding on such applications.

It appears that in the year 1842, it was determined to restrict the privilege of wearing the White Ensign to the Royal Yacht Squadron, to which it had been granted as a special favor in the year 1829, and that the several Yacht Clubs affected by this decision, and to which the necessary separate Warrants had been issued, were informed accordingly, but that no such notification was made to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, because at that time no separate Warrant had ever been applied for or issued to any Yacht belonging to that Club, and without such separate Warrants, no vessels is entitled to hoist an exceptional Flag.

It also appears that, in the year 1853, the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland succeeded in obtaining permission from the Admiralty to wear the White Ensign, and that since that period separate Warrants to that effect have been from time to time issued.

My Lords, in considering the applications above referred to, from the Royal St. George's and from the Holyhead Yacht Clubs, with reference to this departure from the principle laid down in 1842, conceived that they had to determine whether they would extend the right of wearing the White

Ensign to all Yacht Clubs seeking that distinction in common with the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, or whether they would revert to the Rule established in 1842, by which that privilege was, for special reasons, restricted to the Royal Yacht Squadron.

After full consideration of this question, my Lords have decided on the latter alternative, and in accordance with this decision, they have cancelled the Warrant authorising the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland to wear the White Ensign, but they have signed a general Warrant for the vessels of that Club to wear the Blue Ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, with the distinctive device of the Club, as hitherto worn on the White Ensign, and they will be prepared to furnish separate Warrants to the several Yachts respectively, on receiving a list of the same for that purpose.

My Lords trust that, as the Blue Ensign is not allowed to be worn by Merchant vessels, it will be equally acceptable to the Members of the Club.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed,) H. CORRY.

To the Secretary of the
Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

[COPY.]

By the Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

Whereas we deem it expedient that the vessels belonging to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, shall be permitted to wear the Blue Ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, on board their respective vessels, with the distinctive mark of the Club, as hitherto worn on the White Ensign.

We do therefore, by virtue of the power and authority vested in us, cancel the permission to wear the White Ensign, and hereby authorise the Blue Ensign of her Majesty's Fleet, with the distinctive marks of the Club, to be worn on board the respective vessels belonging to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland accordingly.

Given under Our Hands, and the Seal of the Office of Admiralty, the 26th day of June, 1858.

(Signed)

W. F. MARTIN.

ALEX. MILNE.

By Command of their Lordships,
(Signed,) H. CORRY.

Letter from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland to the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

Sir.—With reference to a letter published in *Saunders's News Letter* this day, purporting to be from the Secretary of the Admiralty to the Earl of Wilton, stating that the Warrants authorising the vessels of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland to carry the White Ensign had been cancelled, I am

directed to inform you that Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty, in reply to a deputation that waited on him on the 9th instant, stated that the subject should be re-considered, and in the meantime the vessels of the club have the authority of the Admiralty, by letter, dated the 10th of July 1858, to continue to carry the Ensign.

(By order,)

JOHN GOAD.

Royal Western Yacht Club,

Assist. Sec.

July 16th, 1858.

It would be premature and impolitic to enter any further into the subject pending the result of the decision of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, but when that is ascertained, the Royal Yacht Squadron should, in justice to themselves, explain what steps they took in this attempt to deprive the members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland of their long-enjoyed privilege.

KINSALE REGATTA.

THE morning of the 16th of July ushered in one of the loveliest days ever known, with a capital breeze and the fineness of the day never changed. During the early part of the morning the committee were most busy in arranging the flag-boats, the quay, &c. Shortly after eight, H. M. S. Advice and the Admiral's yacht Gipsy arrived from Queenstown, the cutter Eliza having anchored the previous evening from the Shannon. These vessels immediately dressed themselves, as also many other hookers and small yachts that were in harbour.

Hookers.—Time race, half minute per ton; 10s. entrance; prize £10:—Mary Dawson, 27 tons, Mr. D. Dawson; Scilly Girl, 19 tons, Mr. G. Dawson; Mary Barrett, 27 tons, Mr. C. Barrett. By 9 o'clock p.m. they had not returned, so it is to be sailed over again.

The Eglinton Cup, value £15; entrance 15s., for yachts not exceeding 15 tons (time race, half minute per ton):—Zuffa, A. Hargrave, Esq.; Irish Yankee, Mr. John Dawson; Gem, W. Cottrell, Esq. This was a capital start, the Zuffa leading out of the harbour, and eventually winning.

Yachts not exceeding 5 tons (no time allowed); entrance 5s.; prize £5:—Alarm, N. Boland, Esq.; Sybille, C. Furlong, Esq.; Arrow, Mr. C. Barrett; Undine, Mr. Ruddock; Coquette, J. Harvey, Esq. After a first-rate start, the Alarm led, and continued to do so, the Coquette being second. An objection, on account of fouling the Sybille, was made by the Coquette, but it was afterwards withdrawn.

This regatta concluded with several rowing matches for various prizes.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THIS Club ever ready to keep the game alive, and to promote fair sailing held its second tourney on the 3rd ult. when the following little clippers put in an appearance; viz:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Meta	cutter	7½	St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.
Charm.....	cutter	7½	J. Poole, Esq.
Snake.....	cutter	7½	G. Harrison, Esq.
Mayflower.....	cutter	7	G. Harrison, Esq.

Time, one minute per ton. The course was from Woodside Pier, round a flag-boat stationed off Bromboro' Pool, thence round a flag-boat stationed southward of the Dingle, back to the flag-boat at Bromboro' Pool, thence round the flag-boat southward of the Dingle, returning to the flag-boat stationed southward of Woodside Pier; back round the flag-boats stationed off Bromboro' Pool and southward of the Dingle, returning direct to the south of Woodside Pier, passing between the shore and flag-boat, leaving, the last mentioned flag-boat on the starboard hand. All other marks and flag-boats to be left on the port hand.

The day was most favourable for the match, a good stiff steady breeze blowing from north-east, and all being ready by 2h. P.M. the signal was given, and the Charm and Snake for awhile were in advance of the others, but it was difficult to name which was leading, as they were so very close. On rounding the flag-boat off Bromboro' Pool as shewn below, only a few seconds were between them. But after rounding, the Meta hugging the wind shot across their bows, and left them all behind. Here her excellence was manifest, and she maintained the lead throughout the race. The Snake was allowed to fall off to leeward, consequently she lost considerable way, the tide at the time being dead against her. Had it been otherwise the Meta would have been more closely chased. The two flag-boats were rounded the first time thus:—

Bromboro.				Dingle.			
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Snake.....	2	23	30	Meta	2	35	0
Charm	2	23	45	Snake.....	2	46	0
Meta.....	2	24	0	Charm.....	2	48	0
Mayflower	2	25	15	Mayflower	3	1	0

The passing the Bromboro' flag-boat was a beautiful sight, the closeness of the race making it very exciting. From that to the Dingle the Mayflower fell off several minutes, and although she persevered for some time her chance of winning was considered out.

On the return to the Bromboro' flag-boat the Snake lessened her distance passing within one minute of the Meta, closely followed by Charm; May

flower greatly in the rear. The race was now in doubt, those who had backed Meta were rather nervous at the tenacity with which the Snake clung to the quarters of their favourite, and the Charm also kept a good third position, contesting every yard with praiseworthy ability. The two flag-boats were passed a second time :—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Meta	2	54	0	3	11	0
Snake.....	2	55	0	3	12	0
Charm	2	57	0	3	15	0
Mayflower.....	Not timed.			3	20	0

It will be seen that the Mayflower had managed in passing the Dingle flag-boat to better her position, as at the Bromboro' owing to her distance astern she was not timed. Soon after passing the Dingle however, she was compelled to relinquish the contest, as her mast went by the board, and her rigging encumbered her decks. A boat went to her assistance, and she was towed to a place of safety.

The other three yachts kept on their course and the flag-boat at Woodside pier, first time, was passed in the same order, but the Meta had increased her lead, (see below,) they then proceeded to the Bromboro and Dingle, for the last time, with the tide at about ebb, the sun shining brightly, but little or no breeze. This will account for the length of time the distance occupied:—

	Woodside Pier.			Bromboro.			Dingle.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Meta.....	3	57	0	4	36	0	4	50	0
Snake.....	4	0	0	4	41	0	4	53	0
Charm.....	4	0	15	4	44	0	4	55	0

Now their prows were turned for the much coveted goal, the summit of each ambition being to reach it first. The wind having freshened, the Snake curtailed the distance between herself and the Meta, and a sharp contest ensued between them. The latter however kept the lead, although it was doubtful if she would have done so, if the distance had been greater to the goal, as the Snake had in running from the Dingle recovered upwards of two minutes. The goal was passed thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Meta.....	5	6	0	Snake.....	5	6	56	Charm.....	5	10	30

The vessels were loudly cheered, and the crews richly deserved praise for their ability and seamanship. All parties expressed the pleasure they had experienced in this race. St. C. J. Byrne, Esq., the owner of the Meta, received the prize, which makes the second since her launch.

THE META YACHT.—On Saturday morning the 24th of July, this little model left Liverpool for the Isle of Man, her crew consisted of two men and a boy. When off the island about 9h. P.M., a furious gale came on, and she hove-to until 4h. A.M. on Sunday, when she retraced her route to Liverpool, but little damaged, and Mr. Byrne expects yet to be logged as a winner at the Douglas Regatta.

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.*

SINCE our last notice of the admirable new paying-on machine for submerging this cable, which the experience of the defects of the former apparatus has enabled the company to construct for the attempt now soon to be repeated, great efforts to ensure success to the undertaking have been made. No precaution has been neglected, no suggestion (and these have come by thousands) that was worth attention has been ignored, and all that skill or science can effect towards carrying out a scheme in which so much, unfortunately, depends on chance has been accomplished. The cable at Keyham has now been stowed away on board the two vessels with which last year's attempt was made. Within the last few days the *Adonis* quitted the wharf, off Messrs. Glasse and Elliot's factory, at Greenwich, with one of the paying-out machines and 300 miles of cable, in addition to the extra lengths already made. Since her departure, however, it has been determined to make 100 miles more, and the machines at the works are revolving day and night to complete the extra length in time. The total length of cable with which the attempt was made last year was rather under than over 2,400 miles, which was so near the quantity actually required to span the distance that the first loss of 300 miles proved fatal to the whole attempt, for that time at least. Now, however the length of cable on board both vessels is precisely 3,012 miles, exclusive of the shore ends, of much greater weight and thickness, and which amount to about 30 miles more. There is therefore in round numbers 3,050 miles of cable to submerge between two points only 1,950 statute miles apart, so that 1,100 miles, or about 40 per cent., is allowed for accidents and slack in paying-out. This immense cable, which weighs about one ton per mile, will be equally divided between the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara*. The latter has her share distributed over all her decks, and, of course mostly amidships. There is one coil on the upper or spar deck, between the fore and main masts, of 100 miles, 30 feet diameter and 2 feet deep, and there is one of 130 miles, and occupying about the same space between the main and mizen masts. On the main deck there are two, one aft and one amidships, of 297 and 294 miles respectively. On the berth deck there is one of 180 miles, and in the hold a coil of 350. In place of the shore end, which was last year carried on the spar deck forward near the capstan, there will now be a coil of about

* Continued from p. 136.

100 miles, and the heavy shore ends for both countries will go in the accompanying frigates. Last year the cable was coiled in the hold of the *Agamemnon* in one vast mass of 1,250 miles long, and this immense weight stowed amidships balanced her like a Chinese toy. The result was, of course, that she rolled to an extent that it was hard to say which side of the vessel was uppermost, and on the landing the cable after the failure of the attempt it was found that the pressure of the heavy mass on comparatively so small a surface had strained her timbers to some extent. To obviate partly these serious disadvantages, therefore—disadvantages which, in case of the *Agamemnon* encountering heavy weather, might and would endanger the safety of the vessel,—the cable, though still coiled in the hold, is distributed in such a manner that the greatest part of the weight rests on a much larger surface. 1,150 miles will be stowed in the hold, and about 350 miles on the berth deck forward, and to counterbalance these heavy masses the coals will be stowed as far aft as possible. All the ships of the squadron will leave Plymouth, on their experimental trip, which will occupy from six to 10 days. During this about 100 miles of condemned cable will be used in ascertaining the efficiency of various buoys, laying down and under running the wire, &c., and when all doubts and theories have been practically solved the squadron returns to Queenstown, makes its brief final preparations, and starts for the great attempt about the 10th of June. About that period of the year there is a month of almost uninterrupted calm in the Atlantic, and anything like seriously heavy weather has not been heard of at least for the last 50 years. Bad weather, however, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, in those boisterous latitudes, even if it does occur, is not likely to affect the process of submerging after it has once fairly commenced, for the paying-out machine is so sufficient self-acting as to almost compensate in its action for any sudden rise in the stern of the vessel to the pitch of the sea. Both ships, with the accompanying frigates, make all speed to the centre of the Atlantic, or rather to the centre of the space to be traversed by the cable, which is about 32 deg. west of Greenwich. Here the splice between the two halves will be made without loss of time. To overcome the difficulty caused by the two portions of the cable having their "lay" or twist of the outside spiral wires turning in different directions, and forming right and left hand screws, the splice will be secured to rods of iron loaded with a weight in the centre; in fact, an apparatus of the same kind as that by which railway carriages are coupled together. By this means the tendency of the different spirals to untwist each other will be overcome. There is 1,500 fathoms

water where this join must be made, and both vessels will remain stationary until the splice has well settled on the bottom, when the Niagara will at once steer for the New World, and the Agamemnon return to the Old. Each will steam as fast to her homeward destination as is consistent with the safety of the great undertaking, so the cable will be either laid or lost within 12 or 14 days from starting. The depths to which the Niagara will have to sink her portion vary quickly and irregularly from 1,500 to 2,500 fathoms, or from $1\frac{3}{4}$ to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and this is the case also with the Agamemnon's portion of the distance. But on the American side the water shoals easily and gradually towards Newfoundland, whereas on the British portion of the ocean the Agamemnon will have to surmount a tremendous ridge, which may be called the Andes of those vast submarine plains of the Atlantic. It commences at about 15° west longitude, and in the course of a few miles the water suddenly shoals from 1,750 fathoms to 550. Up this vast rocky precipice—almost as steep as the side of Mount Blanc—the cable must be laid with extreme care. This difficulty once overcome, the way thence to Valentia becomes comparatively of no account.

In case of dangerous weather arising the first consideration in all cases will be, of course, the safety of the cable; and, no matter how advantageous such and such courses of action may appear, nothing will be done by which the success of the undertaking is jeopardized or even left to chance. Each vessel is provided with reels of strong wire rope which can be attached to buoys made in the manner of ordinary fishing floats, though, of course capable of sustaining a weight of several tons. Provided with this apparatus, the cable may be cut without reluctance, if ever the weather threatens, and the end of it (firmly secured to the rope and buoy) allowed to rest almost upon the bed of the ocean, to be hauled up directly the storm has passed. Proper precautions have also been taken to make the floating ends of the buoys conspicuous and easily found in case of the ships being driven from them.

A number of experiments have recently been made with a view of increasing the rapidity of working signals through the entire length of the cable. These experiments, in which a variety of inventions and applications have been employed, have been conducted by Professor Thompson, Mr. Hughes, the American electrician (whose printing telegraph is likely to revolutionize the present uncertain system), Mr. Henley, and Mr. Whitehouse. The result, though on the whole far more satisfactory than was at first anticipated, shows indubitably that more than one submarine cable will be required to do all the business likely to be transacted between this country and the New World. Such

a result, however, need dishearten no one, since none but those unacquainted with the subject have for a moment imagined that one working cable would be sufficient, or do more than show the way which others will be soon ready and anxious to follow. How many wires are there kept incessantly employed between London and Liverpool and between Liverpool and Ireland, where the costs of the post is only a penny, and the delay in using it only a few hours? Yet we believe that nearly 30 wires are scarcely sufficient to meet the demand for messages between these places. Taking this then, as the standard, how many submarine cables will be required for the business between the New World and the Old? If we are not much mistaken, the messages to New Orleans alone would employ and richly pay one cable. At all events, if it is only for the purpose of counteracting the disturbing influence of those mysterious magnetic storms, it will be necessary for the Atlantic Company to lay down a second wire as soon as possible, that is, to have a complete metallic circuit for the return of the electricity along the outer wires of the second cable, instead of being discharged by the earth. Formerly the signals were worked through the Atlantic coil by means of a Smee's battery of 48 large cells with large induction coils, constituting probably the most powerful battery ever constructed. How the insulation of the cable withstood this severe test is an enigma. It has, however, since been ascertained that an ordinary battery of six cells transmitted the signals with the same facility, and that, in fact, the quantity of electricity generated by the enormous power of the first battery choked or charged the wire.

Mr. Henley has recently been making a number of experiments upon the cable at his own expense, with a view of perfecting a very simple and beautiful magneto-electric machine, by which a current is transmitted greater in intensity, though much less in quantity, than the ordinary galvanic current, and thus the liability of the wire to become charged is considerably reduced.

The immense advantage which a magneto-electric machine possesses over an ordinary battery are of almost incalculable importance. It is always ready, can be used anywhere, at any time, and by any person; and above all, is no expense beyond the first cost of making it. In fact, the difference between Mr. Henley's machine and an ordinary battery is as great as between the electric and old semaphore telegraphs, or as great as the difference which would exist between an ordinary musket and one constructed on such inevitable laws as to keep itself always loaded, clean, and ready for action. It consists of an ordinary large permanent magnet, between the poles of which a soft iron magnet

with its coils of secondary wire, is fixed. By this arrangement it is necessary only to deflect the keepers of the magnet to produce an equal current at all velocities, and either in one direction or alternately backwards and forwards. The magnet is 2 feet 10 inches high, and consists of 30 plates of the finest steel, a quarter of an inch thick and 4 inches broad. The soft magnet is formed of 44 soft iron plates in a mass 3 inches broad and 2 deep, and of the same height as the permanent magnet. The secondary coils for producing the current in the poles of these magnets contain (each) 25 miles of the finest silk-covered wire, or 100 miles for the four magnets. With this machine already eight words per minute can be sent through the cable in its present condition, and, of course, the words can be transmitted with greatly increased rapidity when the cable is laid out in a straight course, for no position could be more unfavourable for transmitting signals than that in which the wire is at present stowed, in huge coils one over another. Up to the present, therefore, all looks well and hopeful for the success of this great scheme, and we earnestly trust that after a few weeks more all doubts and misgivings will be solved in the most gratifying and conclusive manner.

The various ships comprising the squadron started from Plymouth Sound early on the morning of Thursday, the 10th of June, and by dawn on the following morning they were well clear of the Scilly Isles. The weather was unusually fine; the barometer was high, the sky was clear, and the sea was calm; in fact, everything seemed to promise well for the success of the undertaking. During Friday and the greater portion of Saturday one uninterrupted calm prevailed, and though it was of the greatest importance to us that no more coals should be used than was absolutely necessary, the *Agamemnon* was obliged to get up steam. On Saturday, however, the wind freshened considerably, and several smart squalls which passed over us showed too plainly that there was another and a more unpleasant phase in Atlantic weather than we had hitherto been accustomed to. On Saturday evening the glass fell considerably, in the course of the night it blew best part of a gale of wind, and by Sunday morning a very considerable sea was running from the south-west, which showed us how true were our worst anticipations respecting the beautiful rolling trim which the *Agamemnon* was in. During the earlier part of the day, as the wind freshened, we found that it was with difficulty that the *Valorous*, which is notoriously a slow ship, could keep pace with us. It was of the greatest importance that we should get to the appointed rendezvous in the middle of the Atlantic as soon as possible, therefore a signal was made to the *Valorous* for per-

mission to leave our station astern, and to proceed to the rendezvous with the Niagara as fast as possible. Permission having been granted, we soon left both her and the Gorgon well down astern, and did not again fall in with them till reaching the centre on the 25th of June. Throughout the whole of Sunday the wind gradually freshened, and the glass continued to fall until about half-past three, when the sky became suddenly overcast, and in half an hour we found ourselves in the midst of a strong south-westerly gale. All hands were immediately sent aloft and all sail close furled with the exception of close-reefed topsails and storm staysails, under which we continued to beat up against the wind during the whole day and night.

We had been taught to believe, by the assertions of Lieutenant Maury, the American meteorologist, that during the month of June very few gales of wind blow in the North Atlantic, and that when they do it was seldom that they lasted more than 24 hours. We readily believe what we wish to be true, and therefore it is not surprising that all looked forward to the morrow in the confident expectation of seeing the famous calm which invariably follows a storm; but in this we were likely to be disappointed for many succeeding days. On Monday morning the wind blew as hard as ever, and the falling of the barometer led us to anticipate that we had not seen the worst. Our conjectures soon proved to be right, for as the day advanced the wind and sea increased till about four o'clock, when it blew a perfect hurricane. All hands were again summoned on deck, and the little sail which she had carried during the preceding twenty-four hours had to be still further shortened.

The meaning of the term "a gale of wind" has a very different signification when used at sea from what is understood by it on land. There every stiff breeze which disturbs a few slates, or demolishes a row of chimney pots, is dignified by the name; but a gale of wind at sea is quite a different thing. Produced, as it is, by an unexplained inequality in the pressure of the air, extending over a vast space, and sometimes amounting to one-twelfth of the whole atmospheric pressure, the wind sweeps across the comparatively smooth surface of the water with a violence that is truly awful, seeming to force down the very waves, and driving off their white crests like drifts of snow along the sea. To reef the large topsails of a line-of-battle ship like the *Agamemnon* during a heavy gale is indeed an operation of no small danger and difficulty. The sail is thrown aback, and about fifty men are sent on the yard, and while the sail is flapping and beating against the mast as if it would tear itself in pieces, it has to be hauled up over the yard, and the reef points made fast.

The wind continued with unabated violence throughout Monday night, but on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th of June, it moderated a little. The sea, which previously had been partially kept down by the excessive violence of the wind, now began to rise to a dangerous height, and the *Agamemnon* to roll and strain considerably with the tremendous dead weight with which she was loaded. Every wave that struck her seemed to make her quiver in every joint as if she was coming to pieces. We now for the first time began to entertain serious apprehensions that, rolling as the ship continually did to an angle of 35 degrees each way in nine seconds, there was great danger that the 230 tons of cable which was coiled away on the forward part of the upper deck would shift from its place, and smash away the side of the ship, in which case we should all have gone to the bottom in a few minutes. This feeling of uneasiness which had taken possession of our minds respecting the safety of the coil was rather augmented during the evening, when it was reported that one of the lower deck beams directly under it had been broken by the working of the ship. Anything to equal the state of discomfort everyone had to endure during this and the six succeeding days, while the gale lasted, cannot readily be appreciated by those not on board. Every wave that struck her came in upon the main and lower decks in tons through the ports and hawse-holes, and as the scuppers had all been closed up to prevent the bilge water running down upon the main coil, it poured in gallons into all the cabins, putting six inches of water on the floor, and wetting through bedding and bed-clothes in such a manner that no one thought of undressing to go to bed, while many, as an additional *aqua scutum*, might be seen arraying themselves in a suit of macintosh before retiring to rest. It was not at all an uncommon thing to wake up in the night to be the spectator of an animated regatta performed by all the floatable portions of your furniture from side to side of the cabin with the roll of the ship. If you were disposed to move about, nothing but the most practised agility would save you from severe contusions; for as the ship rolled slowly and steadily towards the wind, she would fly back in an opposite direction with a sudden and violent jerk which would send everything and everybody flying from one side of the vessel to the other. But what made the rolling more unpleasant than anything was that it rendered it difficult to get anything cooked, and still more so to get what was cooked served up. There was something uncommonly ridiculous in seeing every one sitting down to a meal, holding on to the table as if life and death depended upon it, looking at the dishes, while they dare not let go to partake of the contents until some intrepid individual would set

the example, by loosing his hold. In an instant his chair slips, and coming in contact with that of his neighbour, the doubtful equilibrium is at once destroyed, and in an instant some half dozen chairs, with their occupants, are rolling over each other from one side of the cabin to the other, probably accompanied by the debris of plates, dishes, or anything else that may have been caught up during the *mêlée*. These scenes were excessively amusing once or twice, and excited their due share of merriment among the victims ; but when we found that the joke was repeated three times a day for more than a week, and generally ended in our getting very little to eat, it grew rather a sorry one in our estimation.

Throughout Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th of June, the wind continued to blow with very little intermission as hard as ever, and the sea every day rose higher and higher. Though the wind was nearly dead against us we still continued under sail, and consequently made but very little progress, for on the morning of Saturday, the 19th of June, we had still 233 miles to go before gaining the rendezvous. All the week we had been drifting to the northward of our course before the gale, and were, on Saturday at noon, no less than 15 degrees to the north of it. During the forenoon of Saturday the wind abated a little, but the sea continued as high as ever, and as the barometer still fell we took the temporary lull as no indication of the approach of fine weather. We were right, for as the night advanced the gale again returned with redoubled violence, and by the morning of Sunday, the 20th of June, it blew a perfect hurricane. The scene which the sea and sky presented that morning was one of such terrible grandeur that those who witnessed it will probably remember to their latest hour. Nothing could be heard on deck but the loud hoarse roar of the wind as it rushed through the rigging, straining every rope, and bending the masts like whip-sticks. The sky was of a dull and uniform lead colour, which was reflected in a supernatural greyish tint by the white foam which covered the water. The sea, which had now been gradually rising for eight days, rose up in steep walls of water, fifty feet from the base, rolled on-ward towards the ship, curling over one another with a noise like thunder, which could be heard even above the roaring of the wind. The uniformly black colour of the horizon was only relieved here and there by a white streak when some violent gust had caught up the white crest of a wave and carried it through the air like a snowdrift. The sea was running on the beam, so every wave made the *Agamemnon* roll on as if she would capsize altogether. Large as she is the gigantic waves, as they came lowering on, seemed as if they must break upon her

decks and overwhelm her. At one moment the ship would fall off into the trough of the water which rose on all sides close over her, and in the next was thrown up into the air amidst a cloud of foam, again to fall upon the next sea with a shock that made every timber in her vibrate.

About nine o'clock one very large sea struck the ship, and threw her almost on her beam ends. For a moment she lay as if she would never right, and then with a tremendous crash the 150 tons of coal which had been stowed upon the after part of the main and upper decks broke away from their fastenings, and carrying away companion ladders, stanchions, and everything else breakable that came in their way, they swept from one side of the ship to the other, pouring down in tons through the hatchway into the engines. For a moment everything was confusion; everyone seemed for a second panic-struck, as no one knew what had happened. Whether it was the deck coil had broken away, or the side of the ship stove by the sea, was a matter of conjecture. A party of marines were told off to re-store the coals and extricate anyone who might have been injured by them, while the rest of the hands were called on deck to wear the ship round upon the starboard tack to ease her off from the sea; but while these operations were being performed the ship heeled over so fearfully that no one thought it was possible for the deck coil to hold on, strongly fastened as it was. The helm was, therefore, put about, and the ship stood away in a southerly direction. Part of the coals was then cleared away, and the ship's drummer and Mr. Harvey, one of the assistant engineers, extricated from underneath them. The former had his arm crushed, and the latter was severely squeezed and internally injured; several of the men were also hurt by the rolling of the ship. In the forenoon, one man, to save himself from being thrown down, put his hand into the cleft of a beam, which, as the ship rolled back again, closed, and jammed the tops of his fingers off. Another man was thrown down the hatchway from the upper to the lower deck, though strange to say, without hurting him, beyond a severe shaking. During the day the ship was comparatively easier as long as she kept upon the starboard tack, but the wind and sea did not diminish in the least. About twelve o'clock a heavy sea struck the stern and wrenched off one end of the screw guard. It was composed of single iron, and weighed several tons, and as it swung against the side with the wash of the sea, it threatened at every minute to establish a serious leak. There were also great apprehensions that if more of the fastenings got loose the wreck would infallibly foul either the screw or the rudder. An attempt was made to cut it loose altogether, but in such a sea it was found impossible to put men over the side to unshackle the

chains which held it. The weather was the same throughout the afternoon, and in case of any emergency arising, steam was got up and the screw was lowered; but when the order was given to steam a-head, at about five o'clock, it was found that the working of the ship had wrenched asunder the waste steam pipe, which rendered one of the boilers useless for a time while it was being patched up. At six o'clock a signal was made from the Niagara for us again to put the ship about if we could do so with safety, and to proceed on to the rendezvous. All hands were once more called on deck, and the ship was put round again upon the port tack. The ship being again beam on to the sea, rolled down to her hammock nettings, and twice the pinnace and the barge broke away from their lashings, and ran considerable risk of staving themselves before they could be again secured.

The ship was now in a very perilous position, though the deck coil still held (and how it did so is little short of a miracle). The rigging had worked so slack that the masts fell over from side to side with the motion of the ship, and threatened to go overboard at every roll. Night came, but with it came an increase of the wind and sea, but few on board went to bed, and those that did could not have slept for the violent motion, even if they had been inclined. And as Tuesday morning broke it only disclosed a more angry and broken, though it could not be a higher, sea than that of the previous day. No one could doubt now that the ship was in a most perilous position, and no one knew the moment when the next roll might throw all the masts over the side, or capsize the ship altogether. Some of the men were fatigued and dispirited, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could work the ship, for she rolled to such a fearful swell that it was impossible for them to keep their feet. About four o'clock a.m., a dense black cloud blew up from windward; when it approached we soon saw that it was a violent squall, for it left a white track in the sea as it tore the waves it passed over into a mass of foam. It appeared as if bearing down right on us, so the captain, who had only just lain down, was sent for; but as soon as he arrived, it had fortunately passed before us. Had it passed over us there can be little doubt that it would have taken the masts overboard. Things continued much in the same state until about nine o'clock, when the ship laboured so heavily that it was necessary for the immediate safety of all on board that some alteration should be made in her course. As we lost sight of the Niagara early in the morning, Captain Preedy was unwilling to run before the gale entirely without informing Captain Hudson of his intention, so the ship was worn with the intention of putting her on the starboard tack, in the hope

of thus holding our own for a little longer. When she got well into the trough of the sea, however, she became almost unmanageable, rolling like a log, almost every sea breaking in over the bulwarks, and pouring in tons of water down the hatchway. About fifty tons of coal which had been stowed upon the lower deck broke from their fastenings and poured down on to the engines, which were in motion at the time, though fortunately without injuring them. At the same time the great coil of cable in the main hold, which during the previous day had shown a disposition to lift on the surface, now fetched away, and flew from side to side of the hold in tangled masses. Men were immediately sent below to try to secure it with planks and cordage; but as it drifted it soon entangled their limbs, and they were obliged to desist, though not before one of the men was severely hurt. The ship could now no longer stand up against the gale; it would have been even impossible to lay her to, so the only resource left was to run before it. The ship's head was quickly put about and the yards squared, and in a few minutes we were running before the sea under easy steam and close-reefed topsails. Throughout the whole of the day the ship continued to drive before the wind, the gigantic seas following as if they would smash her to pieces, but in consequence of the great speed at which we were going they seldom did more than dash the spray upon deck. About two o'clock, however, one of the stern posts was stove in, and the wardroom flooded; and towards the evening some of the cabin windows were broken, and the starboard quarter gallery stove. We passed three or four homeward bound American ships, all of whom were either laying to or running before the wind.

No one can properly appreciate the feelings of relief all felt that day after the ship was put about. She no longer strained as the seas struck her, though she still rolled considerably. Towards night the wind fell off, and the sea, to the relief of everyone, began to go down, and soon after daylight on Tuesday, the 22nd, the ship's head was put about, and we again stood back for the rendezvous. As the day advanced, the wind and sea fell calm, and before the evening no one could believe the ship was sailing in the same sea which on the previous day had presented such an awful aspect. The day following (Wednesday, the 23rd) was occupied in repairing the damage which had been sustained by the vessel in the gale. The rigging had to be reset up, the coals which had broken away to be started into the bunkers, during which latter operation a man unfortunately got his leg broken. The main coil, which now presented an aspect of the greatest disorder, had to be set to rights before the splice could be made. Day and night men were at work un-

coiling the tangled portion, but it progressed very slowly, and though on Thursday evening about ten miles had been taken up and coiled away in various parts of the ship, still the aspect of the upper surface did not look very encouraging. The electrical instruments and the apparatus connected therewith had to undergo a complete overhauling, for what between the rolling of the ship and the salt water, very few of them were in working condition. On Friday, the 24th, by observation, we appeared to be nearly upon the appointed rendezvous, which had been fixed in $52^{\circ} 2'$ north lat. and $83^{\circ} 18'$ west lon. About twelve o'clock we fell in with the Valorous, and an hour after the Gorgon and Niagara hove in sight, so that by four o'clock in the afternoon all the four ships were once more in company, after an absence of twelve days. The afternoon was, as may be imagined, spent in making mutual communications and inquiries, from which we learnt that the Valorous had parted company with the Gorgon on the 13th, and had arrived at the rendezvous on the 20th. She encountered the full force of the gale on the 21st, and was obliged to go under full steam to keep the ship's head to the sea. The Gorgon, too, had what the sailor's term "made bad weather of it," having nearly lost both her masts, and expended a large proportion of her coal. She did not reach the centre until Wednesday, the 23rd. All were in great anxiety, as may be imagined, about the safety of the Agamemnon. The Niagara fell in with the other ships on the 22nd, having reported suddenly losing sight of us during a squall, at a time when they thought we could not hold together much longer. The evening was beautifully calm, and suitable for making the splice, but many little things had to be got ready, so it was finally arranged that the operation should be commenced on the following day, Saturday, the 26th. Everything was activity on board the ships on the following morning. The whole of the disturbed cable, which amounted to more than a hundred miles, had been cleared, and the instruments put to rights, on board the Agamemnon, and about twelve o'clock boats were sent from the Niagara with a hawser, and the two ships having been made fast to each other by the stern, the Niagara's end of the cable was brought on board, and the splice securely effected, and about half-past one it was lowered overboard. A hundred and fifty fathoms of cable were then veered out from each ship, and a preconcerted signal having been run up, the ships started in opposite directions, at the rate of two knots an hour. After a little more than three miles had been payed out, the continuity suddenly ceased, and shortly after a red flag hoisted showed us that it had broken from the Niagara. As we afterwards learned by the cable getting off the sheaves and bed ting out by coming

in contact with the tar scraper. Though the end was still hanging to our stern, and it would have been quite possible to have reeled our portion in, yet it was considered, and with justice, that more valuable time would be lost in performing the operation than would be worth ten times the amount of wire, so it was cut adrift. The ships returned to make a fresh splice, which having been effected, was lowered safely overboard at 7h. 30m. Greenwich time, which for the sake of uniformity was used on both ships. 150 fathoms having been paid out, the signal to start was again hoisted, and we soon lost sight of the Niagara in the distance.

For a little time after starting the ships were kept at a speed of rather under two knots an hour, while a considerable quantity of slack cable was run out to allow the splice to get fairly to the bottom. The *Agamemnon* was kept steadily going two knots, the cable going from four-and-a-half to five for three hours, when according to the arrangement entered into with the *Niagara* we were at liberty to proceed as we thought best. The speed of the ship was, therefore, increased to about three-and-a-half to a little over four knots per hour, the cable going out steadily at about five, though the strain upon the dynamometer in no instance exceeded 2,400lbs. Everything went on well until about half-past three on Sunday morning, the 27th, when the electrical continuity of the cable was reported lost by Professor Thompson. The signals had been received from the *Niagara* and returned with perfect regularity by us until 3h. 40m. a.m., when the current ceased so suddenly and completely as to leave no doubt in our minds that the cable had parted, as we thought at the time, from the stern. With us everything had been going on so smoothly and regularly as to inspire every one with the most sanguine expectations of success. No time was lost by Mr. Canning and Mr. Clifford, the engineers on duty at the time, in stopping the ship and getting the hauling-in gear rove, and stopping the cable, to try and recover as much of it as possible; but while these preparations were being made the cable broke over the stern, with a sudden rise of the ship. A gun was immediately fired, and a blue-light burned over the side, to inform the *Valorous* of the misfortune; and with the same persevering energy which was displayed by Mr. Bright and the engineers throughout the cruise, the ships were again put about for the rendezvous, for the purpose of making another joining. During the ten hours and a half which elapsed since making the splice on the previous evening to the time of the breakage, thirty-nine miles of cable had been paid out, and thirty miles of absolute distance made good by Massey's log. This was a much smaller per centage of slack than we had expected to expend, more especially on the deep water. The whole of Sunday and

Sunday night the ships continued beating up against a head wind towards the rendezvous until about two o'clock on Monday, the 28th, when we again fell in with the Niagara. To the no slight astonishment of all she immediately signalled us, "How did you break the cable?" which was answered, of course, that we did not break it. A boat soon brought the Niagara engineers on board, from whom we learned that the electrical continuity had ceased with them at the same instant and in the same unaccountable manner that it had with us, the cable having parted while reeling it in after about 150 fathoms had been recovered. There was no way of accounting for the accident unless upon the far-fetched supposition that the continuity had been destroyed by the cable resting upon some rocks at the bottom of the ocean. No variation in the strain upon the dynamometer at the time of the accident was observed in either ship when it occurred. It was clear that the only effectual way to remedy the mischief was to make another splice and hope for better fortune the next time. The ships were again connected together by a hawser, and a third splice having been effected it was thrown over-board, and the ships started for their destination for the third and last time at 10h. 15m. p.m. For the first three hours, as on the previous occasion, a great deal of slack cable was payed out, the ships going at the rate of two knots an hour; but after this, namely, at 1h. 55m. a.m. on Tuesday morning, the 29th, the speed of the ships was increased to between four and five knots, the cable running out from five-and-a-half to six, and the strain upon the dynamometer being kept steadily at from 2,200 to 2,500 pounds. Nothing could exceed the ease and regularity with which the various machines worked, the paying-out engine and the other apparatus being as nearly perfect in their action as it is possible for mechanical contrivances to be; not the slightest hitch occurred during the whole operation, either in the running out of the cable from the deck coil or in its final delivery through the machine into the sea. There was one circumstance which will prove not a little perplexing to the many learned gentlemen who made theoretical calculations representing the probable strain which would be exerted upon the cable to cause it to leave the ship at a sharp angle; namely, that though in many instances the cable described an angle as it left the ship of ten and eleven degrees from the horizon, and rarely fell below fifteen, yet the strain never, in any instance, exceeded 2,500 lb., and not often reached even that limit. At noon on Tuesday, four hours after the commencement of the operations, observation showed us to be in 52° 12' N. lat. and 31° 11' W. lon., having paid out 88 miles of cable and made good 72 miles of absolute distance, being a smaller proportion of slack cable

than had been calculated upon. At 10h. 10m. p.m. (ten o'clock ship's time) 110 miles of absolute distance had been run, and 130 miles of cable payed out during the twenty-four hours since leaving the rendezvous. Everything went on so smooth and calmly that the chances of our successfully submerging the whole length of the line, even if three times the length, were very great. The only fear we had was about the transition from the deck coil to that in the lower hold; there was a considerable distance between them, and, of course, if any stoppage had occurred, the cable must have parted. Under the circumstances, it was only an act of common prudence on the part of Mr. Canning, the engineer in charge of the operation at the time, to reduce the speed of the ship, in order to allow the splice between to pass over as easily as possible. At 11h. 30m. p.m. the speed of the ship was reduced to three-and-a-half miles per hour, and subsequently to less than three knots, and as there now only remained some two or three miles in the deck coil, so the speed of the ship was still further reduced, and consequently that of the cable also, when in a few minutes the report of a gun fired from the port side of the bows told us too truly that the cable had parted. Every one was thoroughly taken by surprise; there was nothing to account for the occurrence, as the strain on the dynamometer at the time only indicated 2,200 pounds. The distance run was 118 miles, and a consultation was immediately held between the captains of the two ships and the officers of the company, after which it was agreed to stand back once more to the rendezvous to endeavour to meet the Niagara, and to make a fourth and last attempt. An agreement had been made with the Niagara that the two ships should return to the rendezvous in case a breakage occurred before either had proceeded 100 miles. Thus, though we broke the letter of the agreement by putting back, yet there was still a chance that the Niagara might not have completed the specified distance, in which case it would be as well not to throw away a chance of bringing the expedition at length to a successful issue. The ships' heads were therefore soon put about, and in a few minutes we were standing back for the central place of meeting. Our ill fortune did not end here. Every hope of meeting with the Niagara of course depended upon the weather remaining clear; but on Wednesday, the 30th, a dense fog set in, through which it was impossible to see one hundred yards. For four days we were cruising about, without well knowing where we were, as no observation could be obtained, without once even sighting the Valorous, which we knew was cruising within a short distance of us. Every noisy device was had recourse to to attract the attention of the ships, should they pass in our

vicinity. Guns were fired at intervals, and bells and bugles were kept in constant action; but all to no purpose. On the morning of Sunday, the 4th of July, the weather cleared a little, and we again sighted the Valorous, but on obtaining an observation, we found our position was still some distance from the rendezvous. A few hours' sailing, however, soon put us on the spot, where the ships remained until mid-day on Tuesday, July 6th. There was still no appearance of the Niagara and Gorgon, and arrangements were entered into that we should wait no longer there than 8 p.m. on the same evening. The evening came, but still no signs of the ships, so all sail was immediately made for Queens-town. The wind was fair during Wednesday and Thursday, and without almost making an alteration in a rope, the ships made an average speed of eight knots an hour; but on Friday morning, the 9th, the wind fell light, and obliged the Agamemnon to lower screw and get up steam. On Saturday, the 10th, when about 250 miles off Cape Clear, we again fell in with a dense fog, which continued until Queenstown harbour was made, on Monday, the 12th, about noon. On Sunday the fog was so thick that, though we knew by reckoning that the ship was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cape, yet no light could be seen. However, the ship found her way on by keeping the lead going, and sighted the harbour early in the morning. The ships of the squadron after reconaling, started upon a final trial on the 18th of July.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB CHALLENGE CUP.

THE members of this club subscribed in 1856 upwards of £70, which was invested in a splendid challenge Prize, manufactured by Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, (a gentleman who has more than once presented the club with handsome prizes). The cup is thus described in our fifth volume, p. 364:—"This epergne or centre piece is twenty inches high, the base being formed of three richly-chased dolphins' heads, relieved with bright polished medallions, on which the inscription is to be engraved. Springing from the base, and surrounded by rocks, are some cleverly chased bulrushes in frosted silver, which form the stem, around which and resting upon the rocks, are the emblems of maritime life, viz.—the buoy, the coil of rope attached to an anchor, a mast-top with cross-trees and shrouds, the burgee of the P. W. Y. C. flying, a flag-staff with flag unfurled, and a wreath of laurels. The whole is surmounted by an elegantly shaped solid silver dish, filled with wax flowers, which is supported by bulrushes. Springing from the border of the

dish are some elegantly chased water lilies and leaves. Its weight is about 80 ounces of silver."

In 1856, at the first match, the Flirt, a new vessel of eight tons, built by Harvey, of Wivenhoe, for the late Mr. A. J. Young, won the prize, beating the Little Mosquito by 30s. only, and the Julia by 15m. 50s. In 1857, the Little Mosquito gained the prize by beating the Silver Cloud, Valentine, and Rifleman, and this year she permanently secured the prize for her owner by an easy contest.

Arrived at Erith on the 8th ult., the following yachts were at their moorings:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	Hawk.....	dandy	4	J. Hampton, Esq.
582	Little Mosquito.....	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.
975	Valentine.....	cutter	8	J. Fradgley, Esq.
825	Rover.....	cutter	7	F. E. Bucknall, Esq.

The Undine and Blue Belle were entered, but did not put in an appearance. The course from Erith to the Chapman and back. Time for tonnage one minute per ton. The Little Mosquito and Valentine are old favorites of the Thames yachtsmen, but the Hawk and Rover are unknown to fame, and although, as the event proved, good little sea-boats, never can be termed racers. Their owners are entitled to the thanks of the club for entering and starting, or as the Undine and Blue Belle backed out the day would have been a blank. When vessels are withdrawn there should be some public reason given; as it is at present, we are led to surmise many unpleasant things, amongst them that a desire prevailed to spoil sport. We do not mean on this occasion only, but generally speaking such conclusions are arrived at, whether right or wrong.

The early morn was threatening a wet day, but it passed off for a time, and at 12h. 12m. 25s. the signal was given to start, and the four vessels were soon covered with their canvas, the Rover being the first to set her topsail,—and taking slightly the lead, followed by Mosquito and Valentine, and Hawk last. After passing Erith pier the Valentine got to windward of Mosquito, passing so close that she took the wind out of the latter's topsail, but it was only for a short duration, as the Little Mosquito soon regained her position, and also gave the go-by to Rover. On nearing Purfleet the wind shifted to S.W., and a heavy squall came on, accompanied by a complete deluge of rain, when "down topsails" was the universal order. This the Little Mosquito soon effected, and

also shifted her jib, making all snug, and away she flew through Long Reach like mad—half burying herself in rough waters—dashing the waves aside she increased the distance from Valentine, which not being so fortunate in lowering her topsail experienced a great drawback from its fouling the end of gaff, where it hung until nearing Greenhithe, when a man went aloft, and released it. Her jib sheet also got adrift, and from these mishaps she never recovered, although the Mosquito, when going through Gray's Reach the wind fell light, and she was driven out of the tide for some time. Previous to this they had hoisted their topsails, and were struggling against nearly a dead calm. In this quiet manner they proceeded, passing Gravesend about 1h. 30m.

Leaving them to jog on the steamer went ahead, and we believe a council of the committee was held on board, to ascertain whether the course could be shortened, for it was evident that it would be impossible to reach the Chapman (the appointed turning) with so light a wind, therefore if the original rule was adhered to there was no chance of returning to Erith in time (10 p.m.). It being decided they had the power under the present circumstances, the steamer was anchored off Shell Haven.

After passing the Ovans buoy the Mosquito caught a breeze which assisted her to increase her distance from Valentine, and she rounded the steamer at 4h. 10m.

It would have been much better for Mosquito if the course had been kept, as it appeared afterwards, for after rounding she had to anchor at the stern of the steamer for 55 minutes, there being no wind to aid her in stemming the outgoing tide. However, the crew profiting by this respite to their labours, shifted their wet clothing for dry, and took refreshments, all of which they much needed.

The Valentine meanwhile was endeavouring to reach the steamer, but vain were her attempts, and one of the most irksome, and to her crew most tedious trials we ever witnessed in a race had to be patiently put up with. She was close to the steamer, but round she could not be got, and her owner (Mr. Fradgley), who was on board the steamer, hailed the crew to strike their racing flag, and give up; a man had proceeded some way up the shrouds for that purpose, when the gentleman (Dr. Guest) who was sailing her, ordered him down, and it appeared that old Boreas approved of his "pluck," for immediately a slight puff filled the Valentine's sails, and she rounded at 6h. 10m. 10s., amid the cheers of the steamer's passengers.

But where was the Little Mosquito all this time? why after waiting the time before mentioned she up anchor and quietly bade us good bye.

When we consider the start she had from this point, it would certainly be somewhat miraculous, barring accidents, if she did not win—1h. 25m. is a *pretty fair start*. After the Valentine had rounded, the steamer up anchor and put on the “black diamonds” to overreach the *little stinger*. In passing Rosherville she was favored with a gentle breeze, which she brought all the way up to Erith, and at 9h. 27m. the gun announced the *Little Mosquito the winner!* after a harassing and tedious contest of 9h. 14m. 35s. What time the Valentine arrived we did not hear, as the steamer made the best of her way to Blackwall. The Rover was passed on the return, and she had met with an accident it appears, as her topsail yard was fished with a paddle.

The result of this match gives the prize permanently to Mr. Bulmer, and we are convinced he would have felt greater pleasure if there had been a good contest.

This prize has been thrice ran for, and we wish every challenge prize shared the same fate—not one race more or less. There are similar prizes which are completely antiquated from the length of time they have remained unwon.

It would be a laxity of duty if we did not add that the cup was presented by the commodore, R. Hewitt, Esq., in a very neat and concise speech, and the winner briefly, but effectively, expressed his acknowledgments for the praises bestowed on his vessel and crew. The champagne flowed freely, and although it had been a tedious voyage the committee and officers of the club merit the thanks of the voyageurs for their attention and kindness.

Mr. Hatcher, the builder of Mosquito, sailed her, and he informed us it was the nineteenth prize she had won.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

ON the 20th ult. we left Blackwall with a soft and balmy air—the sky Italianized, with slight gauze-like specks—the waves on Old Thames gentle and undulating—and the prospect of just sufficient wind to waft the tiny craft to their destination and back. The salubrity of the morning attracted a numerous assemblage of the fair daughters of Eve, whose charms, decorated with all that taste the *modeste's* talent could invent, were radiant in smiles and graceful ease. With such fairy-like goddesses could mortal man be otherwise than content, so with soul and body at rest the lords of the creation arrived at the far-famed Erith, where the pretty little specimens of marine architecture were waiting to

exhibit their prowess in quiet strife. As the eye glanced along the line it first was caught by a light blue flag, beneath which might be seen a long slender body with a saucy devil-me-care look, which if met with in the Mediterranean would suggest to the mind of the merchant sailor tales of the buccaneer. This was the *Julia*, a great pet with the 'connoisseurs of the Thames; then a smaller craft met the view, but deficient of those beautiful lines that foretell of speed and glory; next we beheld a miniature schooner, which, as she rode gracefully at her moorings, was, in the judgment of all racing men, sadly out of place on this occasion. Such toys are best suited for above-bridge matches, in calm and quiet waters, where large ships and steamers cannot disturb their serenity. But stay, reader, gentle or not, stay—there is one other speck on the mighty Thames, with proud and defiant bearing, under a blood-red flag, whose crew seemed to look around them with the resolution of men who are determined to uphold the honor of the planks that bear them: this was the *Little Mosquito*, the champion of her class on the Thames. And these four constituted the fleet destined to contend at the last match, this season, of this spirited club.

The prizes were a splendid silver claret jug, of the value of £20, for the first yacht—£10 in cash for the second, and £5 cash for the third. The course from Erith, round a boat moored off Coal House Point, and back to Greenwich. Time:—one minute per ton for the difference of tonnage.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
521	<i>Julia</i>	cutter	8	P. Turner, Esq.
95	<i>Blue Belle</i>	cutter	6	J. Ridgway, Esq.
57	<i>Atalanta</i>	schooner	4	F. & T. N. Talfourd, Esqs.
582	<i>Little Mosquito</i>	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.

At 11h. 27m. 30s. the sound of the starting gun boomed over the waters, and the canvas of the *Mosquito* was set ere the smoke cleared away, and she was first to cant gracefully round on her course, followed by *Julia*, *Blue Belle* third, and *Atalanta* last. *Julia* was the first to hoist topsail, which *Little Mosquito* followed, and when under all canvas the former looked a giant beside the latter. "Is the *Mosquito* of the same tonnage as the *Julia*?" was frequently asked, and when answered in the affirmative—great surprise was manifest. The difference in their appearance is most extraordinary for vessels of the same tonnage.

The Mosquito, when fairly on her course, began skeeting; which Julia after a short time followed. In the Rands Reach a catspaw might be seen ruffling the waters, which lifted the two rivals merrily along, whilst the Blue Belle doused topsail, and careening over to the fury of the puff, was gunwale under, imbibing, we opine, rather more of the homœopathic medicine than was either pleasant or desirable. The Little Mosquito and Julia had a sharp struggle through this into Long Reach, when the former, after one or two boards, succeeded in shaking off her antagonist, and showed her the road to Gravesend.

The Little Mosquito is very quick in stays, and we seldom meet with a craft which answers her helm with such readiness. Her formidable rival is much slower, and we fancied on one or two occasions that there was more than usual delay; but persons at a distance on board a steamer cannot judge so well as those sailing in a vessel.

No perceptible difference appeared between the two vessels—the race being entirely confined to them, as the Blue Belle just showed round Broadness Point when the others were entering Gravesend Reach. In this order the town was passed, and the steamer made for the place of destination, viz. Coal Harbour Point, where she brought up, having sent a flag boat for the yachts to round. On looking up the Hope the Little Mosquito was seen coming with a lead, but not so much as when the steamer passed her. The vessels rounded thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Mosquito.....	1	10	0		Julia.....	1	12	35		Blue Belle.....	1	25	0

The *Atalanta* of course did not show so far from home. On the return she was 'passed in apparently a distressed condition,—her sails were hanging loose, and her ensign flying at a distance, to attract attention, but whether as a signal of distress, or as a protest against some "marine monster" who impeded her way, "your deponent sayeth not." She is a very neat pretty-looking little craft, and may be successful in more placid waters.

There is an old adage, "that a race is never lost until it is won," and this was rendered a truism this day. The Julia from her rounding had been coming up hand over hand with her opponent, and so close together were they off the lower end of Gravesend that they began manœuvring—the one to pass, the other to prevent,—both of course hugging the leeward or Essex shore. When off Tilbury the Julia was to leeward, and the Little Mosquito kept slightly nearing her bow to prevent her passing; by a bold and skilful manœuvre the Julia down helm as though she would pass to windward. The *ruse* took—the Little Mosquito altered her course—in an instant the Julia up helm and shot past her

like the lightning's flash. The whole affair was of that exceeding cleverness of skill, and so momentary that all who witnessed the result were delighted with the tactics displayed. This placed Julia in a fair way of winning the jug, for her immense topsail helped her through the water surprisingly. In nearing Tilbury Ness it was very doubtful if she would be able to weather the point. In fact, they had both so hugged the lee shore that "bout ship" seemed inevitable, in which case Little Mosquito would have had another squeak; however, a slight breeze sprung up just in time, and they shaved the point, and away in reality flew the Julia. No change from this occurred, and they finished at Greenwich as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Julia.....	4	25	0		Mosquito.....	4	29	35		Blue Belle....	5	0	40

The Julia, therefore, was the winner of the first prize. Since the Royal Thames' last match she has undergone some alterations, which have much improved her sailing powers; and we regret that yacht racing on the Thames is closed for this season, as it is desirable to ascertain if these alterations are of permanent benefit.

The old favorite winning the first prize was hailed with much cheering, and we are satisfied Mr. Bulmer will join in the good feeling expressed by all on this occasion, as his excellent little vessel has not lost one leaf from her laurels.

The Julia was sailed by Dingley, having on board with him Mr. Knibbs (the Vice-Commodore of the P. W. Y. C.), whose excellent seamanship must have been of great service. The Mosquito was sailed by Wiley.

The prizes were presented by the Commodore, A. Arcedeckne, Esq., in his usual facetious style; and after due circulation of the nectar—the day being young, the steamer proceeded on a trip of pleasure to Erith and back, during which the "light fantastic" was renewed.

CORK HARBOUR ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta commenced at Queenstown, on Tuesday, July 13th, under very unfavourable circumstances. A few drizzling showers of short duration, and a very strong wind, by which the sea was rendered rough and uninviting, marred to a great extent the amusement that would otherwise have been created. The steamships of the River Company plied between Cork and Queenstown, calling at Glenbrook and Monkstown every hour, and although the number of persons who arrived in

Queenstown from them was not inconsiderable, it was less than usual on regatta days. The train boats brought a good many visitors also; but less, we believe, than was expected. The promenade quay, which is usually a scene of gaiety and liveliness, was but thinly attended; and the heights which command a view of the harbour were occupied by very few. The ungenial appearance of the day succeeded in sensibly diminishing the number of fair visitors, whose presence is always the most attractive portion of every attraction. The band of the Royal Cork Artillery, under the direction of Mr. Howard, was in attendance.

The first race was between first class hookers, exceeding 20 tons; first boat £9, second boat £3. At ten o'clock the *Mary Dawson* (a Kinsale boat), the *Mary Barrett*, and another hooker, the name of which was not specified, started from the Royal Yacht Club House, and, after going round the buoy in the harbour, proceeded to sea, passed a boat moored six miles south of the Lighthouse; and, after going outside a boat moored three miles to the east of her, and another near the Daunt's rock buoy, returned round the Spit Light and Beacon, leaving them on the port hand, and passing between the club battery and a flag boat moored opposite. The *Mary Dawson* came in first, the *Mary Barrett* second, and the "nameless one" did not appear up to a very late hour.

The next race between yachts exceeding 50 tons, no time allowed for tonnage, open to yachts belonging to members of Royal Clubs and New York Yacht Club, for the Eglinton prize, £60, was started at eleven o'clock... The following were entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners
718	<i>Oithona</i>	schooner	80	G. Harrison, Esq.
1087	<i>Wildfire</i>	schooner	60	J. Turner Turner, Esq.
659	<i>Mosquito</i>	schooner	60	T. Groves, Esq.

On going out of harbour the *Mosquito* led the way. The *Wildfire* returned without completing the race, after having carried away her bowsprit and bobstay. The *Oithona* came in before the *Mosquito* and consequently won the prize.

The second yacht race, which commenced at twelve o'clock, consisted of yachts exceeding 20 and not exceeding 50 tons, time race, half rate Ackers' scale, and below that half minute per ton, open on same conditions as first race; prize £45. Nine yachts were entered to compete for this prize:—

Numbered in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
1026	Vigilant.....	cutter	34	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	45	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
637	Meteor.....	cutter	33	D. O'Sullivan, Esq.
427	Glance.....	cutter	35	Major Longfield
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.
28	Amphitrite.....	cutter	43	W. D. Seymour, Esq.
253	Dream.....	cutter	25	M. Hayes, Esq.

The Julia and the Foam were entered but did not start. Upon the signal being given the others moved off with a very favourable breeze, but in the endeavour to keep clear of a ship which lay at anchor, in their way, the Extravaganza and Meteor fell foul, and mutually incapacitated each other from proceeding. The Glance went ahead of her rivals, The Amazon followed her at a short distance, closely pursued by the Vigilant. The Amazon soon succeeded in getting away from the Vigilant, and on rounding the buoy passed the Glance. The Dream which was one of the slowest at the starting, after gaining a little on the Vigilant and falling back again, carried away her bob-stay and gave up. The contest therefore lay between the Amazon, the Glance, and the Amphitrite, the second of which came in at 3h. 55m. 20s., and was declared winner. The Amazon did not arrive until six o'clock.

At two o'clock the following four-oared whale boats started for the Egmont prize, £4:—William, Roger Pumphry; Enchantress, James Pumphry; Victoria, Michael Mahony. The William was declared successful, having come in first; the Enchantress came in second.

The next prize, for six-oared men-of-war boats, first £5, second £1, was run for by four boats. The course, instead of extending, as in the foregoing cases, outside the harbour, was by an arrangement made, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, confined within it. The first prize was taken by Robert Bennett, and the second by David Dingwell. The other races were postponed, in consequence of the evening becoming wet.

The new river steamer, the Prince of Wales, started from Queenstown at half-past one o'clock, and proceeded out to sea, with a limited number of passengers, to view the progress of the yachts outside. The yachts of the first race came in before she reached the harbour's mouth, and from the heat of the day, and the violence of the gale, the course of the second race could be but imperfectly observed.

Second day.—The weather was much more favourable than on the preceding day, and in consequence the influx of visitors into Queenstown

was very much greater. The several river and railway steamers were crowded, in some cases almost to excess, and the carriages of the Cork and Passage Railway Company, which were all in use, were well filled during the entire day. The beach, and streets in the immediate proximity of the harbour, were thronged with passengers to and fro, and the heights in the vicinity of the club-house were crowded.

The first race started at ten o'clock, and consisted of second class hookers, exceeding 12 and not exceeding 20 tons : first boat £7, second £3. The following hookers set sail with a very fine wind:—Fanny, Michael Cadigan, Kinsale ; Ellen Dawson, Mr. Dawson, Kinsale ; Catherine, Michael Fitzgerald, Rathcoursy ; Two Brothers, Richard Fitzgerald, Rathcoursy. The Ellen Dawson came in first, the Catherine second, and the Two Brothers third.

The next race was to have taken place at twelve o'clock, but did not start until 12h. 38m. 35s., in consequence of the Foam not being ready to take up her position. It consisted of yachts of 20 tons and upwards, upon the same conditions as to time and other arrangements as the second race of the preceding day.

The prize was the Queen's Cup, value 100 guineas. The base of the cup is formed of dolphins, gracefully curving around two shells, which support on each side of the pedestal two beautiful figures of mermaids in white silver, one playing a lute and the other a lyre ; above which springs a branch of coral, upon which rests as a cup a beautiful model of a nautilus shell ; the handle is formed by a representation of a mermaid dressing her hair. On one side of the cup is engraved a galley with armed men on board, and the other side, which is as yet plain, will bear the inscription.

The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
1026	Vigilant.....	cutter	34	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
659	Mosquito	cutter	60	T. Groves, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	45	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
378	Foam.....	cutter	26	M. Longfield, Esq.
437	Glance	cutter	34	Major Longfield
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	49	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.

None of the yachts having arrived up to nine p.m., the match had to be resailed, which took place on Friday.

Other races had to be postponed for want of wind, and at half-past two o'clock the race of four-oared whale boats, for a prize of £4 for the first, and £1 for the second, was entered on, and the following started:—

Foam, W. Towell, Queenstown ; Lion, James Driscoll, Queenstown ; Pony, James Sullivan, Queenstown ; Enchanter, James Dunlop, Queenstown. It was won by the Lion. The Foam came in second.

A prize of £5 for the first, and £1 for the second boat, was offered to naval apprentices, but in consequence of the brigs not having arrived, it was also postponed till the morrow. The gigs of the Nile, Advance, Agamemnon, and Inconstant, with four oars each, started at four o'clock, and after a spirited contest the Inconstant succeeded in gaining the first prize, £4, and the Agamemnon the second, £2. Their course was round the war steamer Gorgon, leaving her on the port hand, thence round Sir Gilbert East's schooner yacht, the Ella, leaving her on the port hand also, and to win off the flagstaff at the promenade quay.

The most enlivening race of the day was that which commenced at five o'clock, viz:—

Four-oared gigs pulled and steered by gentlemen, members of royal yacht-clubs, recognised rowing clubs, or officers of the army and navy ; a sweepstakes of £5, to which the committee will add £25; three boats to start or the public money will not be added. It consisted of the Gipsy—S. Phipps, R. Parker, P. Power, J. Johuson, and J. P. Taylor (cox) ; and Falcon—A. Hawks, T. Boland, H. Stammers, A. Johnston, and G. H. Craig (cox). It was a very equal match, and the position of the gigs, during the entire course, was almost side by side. The Falcon gained about a boat's length between the place of starting and the turning buoy, which the Gipsy pulled up at the turn, and led her rival by half a boat's length. The race was a most exciting one, and the rowers pulled as if "for the bare life." The Gipsy gained the race by one third of a boat's length. Both coxswains displayed great dexterity and judgment.

Duck hunts and fireworks concluded the day's sport. The regatta ball took place in the evening, and was attended by 165 gentlemen and 141 ladies. The band of the guardship Nile, relieved by the German band, supplied the music. Dancing was kept up vigorously until three o'clock.

Third Day.—The sports were postponed to this day, in consequence of the boisterous nature of the first and the extreme calmness of the second day ; and it now appeared that it would be impossible to carry out the matches for the larger craft. Therefore the amusements were confined to rowing matches and racing between small sailing boats.

At two o'clock, a rowing match for £3, between naval apprentices, in which two of H. M. S. Wizard's boats contended, when after a spirited bout Sullivan beat Miller.

The second match was also by naval apprentices belonging to the same vessel as last, for a prize of £1, when Mahony succeeded in cleverly vanquishing his opponent Parry.

The third race was between two ten-oared cutters belonging to H. M. S. Nile, and was well contested, but unfortunately the first boat not keeping her proper course she was declared disqualified, and the second boat received the prize.

At three o'clock four small yachts started for a prize of £5, none of which exceeded five tons, viz.:—Midge, Mr. G. W. Johnson; Nile, Lieut. Fox; Experiment, Mr. D. O'Leary; Alarm, Mr. N. Boland. The boats made a capital start. On rounding the spit they were in the following order:—Mr. O'Leary's yacht took the lead, about half a minute in advance of the Nile; Alarm next, and Midge last. In passing the Inconstant, round which the course lay, the Experiment was 35s. in advance of the Nile, and came in a winner. Nile second.

A race of four-oared whale boats, belonging to Queenstown, commenced at half-past three o'clock. The Ellen, John Newman; Westbourne, John Murphy; Foam, Denis Lawlor, started. The prizes were for the first boat £3, which was obtained by the Westbourne, and for the second £1, which the Ellen won.

At four o'clock there was a very nice four-oared yacht gig race, within the harbour; prizes, first boat £3, second £1. The boats which started belonged to the following yachts, and were manned by their respective crews, viz.:—Ella, Ione, Eugenie, Meteor, Esmeralda, Urania, and Cynthia.

They started at the signal in good order. The Ione soon led, and managed to keep first place during the whole course. There was great rivalry exhibited between the Ella and Esmeralda. When turning round the first ship, the Esmeralda was closely pursued by the Ella; but when passing in front of the club house, the Esmeralda appeared second in the race, with the Ella closely pursuing her, and in her turn pursued by the Eugenie. The whole seven soon appeared in a line, with equal intervals between them, and presented a very charming spectacle. After just passing round the second ship, and while their course was still circular, two or three of them were interrupted a little by a yacht, which was very indecently made to pass across their way. The Ione was the first at the winning flag, the Esmeralda second, and the Eugenie third.

At half-past four o'clock there was a punt chase, which excited a good deal of laughter, but was not quite so good as that of the previous day. The man in the punt, and those in the boat pursuing him, indulged a good deal in needlessly rowing about, without coming to close quarters.

Fourth Day.—The yacht and schooner races which, for want of wind, had to be postponed, were carried out to-day. There was a fine favourable breeze, quite sufficient to fill the sails, while, at the same time, the sea was calm, and the day dry and warm. The persons interested in the regatta were well satisfied with the state of the weather, and all agreed that it was “just the day for sailing.”

The first race started was one of sea-going schooners, for a prize of £50, which commenced at ten o'clock precisely. It consisted of the—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
273	Ella.....	schooner	105	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.
967	Urania	schooner	140	W. Wise, Esq.
569	La Reve	schooner	40	J. Thomson, Esq.

The Corsair, schooner, 105 tons, A. Kavannah, Esq., was entered, but left the port before the commencement of the race.

The Ella was the first to get away, followed by Le Reve; Urania a bad third. The course was about thirty miles, and for a time the contest rested between Le Reve and Urania, when the latter succeeded to second. The Ella had it all her own way, and they arrived in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Ella	4	31	5	Urania.....	5	25	16	La Reve.....	5	29	1

The Ella was declared the winner.

The next race was for the undecided prizes of the first and second day, the first for a prize of £45 to yachts exceeding 20 and not exceeding 50 tons, for which the Amazon, Meteor, Vigilant, Glance, Extravaganza, Foam, Dream, and Julia had been entered; and secondly, to yachts of 20 tons and upwards, for the Queen's Cup, for which the Vigilant, Mosquito, Amazon, Glance, Extravaganza, and Foam had been entered.

On the signal being given, precisely at eleven o'clock, they all put off in very beautiful order.

At 18 minutes past twelve they passed the Spit Buoy in the following order:—Dream, Foam, Vigilant, Meteor, Glance, and Mosquito, with the Amazon, Extravaganza, and Julia, a little to the leeward.

The Dream led upon going out of the harbour, was first round Sovereign Islands, where she was very much in advance of the Vigilant, and kept ahead of all her competitors during the whole course, until she neared the harbour's mouth on her return, when the Mosquito passed her. The Mosquito entered the harbour just as the Ella (the first of

the schooners which started at ten o'clock), passed in front of the club battery. The Dream appeared in six minutes, with the Extravaganza pursuing her. The Dream traversed the harbour in gallant style, and although she came in only second, would, from the difference of tonnage, have obtained the Queen's cup, had she been entered for it. She passed the flag-post two minutes before the time within which it could be won. The Extravaganza, Meteor, Vigilant, and Fawn, followed each other at almost equal distance. When one approached the Spit buoy, another appeared at the entrance of the harbour, in regular succession. The Foam immediately after going out carried away her topmast. She sailed without a topsail for some time, and came in with her gaff-topsail lashed to the broken spar.

The following are the times at which the vessels passed the flag-staff :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	4	47	2	Vigilant.....	5	13	27
Dream.....	4	50	4	Foam.....	5	26	16
Extravaganza.....	4	55	30	Meteor.....	5	37	35
Amazon.....	5	4	5				

The Glance and the Julia are not placed, not having arrived.

The Mosquito was accordingly adjudged the winner of the Queen's cup, and the Dream of the £45 prize. It was one of the most beautiful races ever witnessed.

The band of H. M. S. Nile attended during the day, by permission of Admiral Sir H. Chada. On the second day of the regatta all the strangers in yachts in the harbour were entertained in the club-house by the members. The chair was filled by Thomas G. French, Esq., Admiral of the R. C. Y. C. fleet, on whose right sat Captain Hudson, of the United States steam-ship Niagara, and on his left Rear-Admiral Sir H. Chads. The vice-chair was occupied by the secretary, Mr. G. Armstrong. Covers were laid for sixty. A little before eleven o'clock the company broke up, as most of them had to attend the ball.

Thus concluded the regatta, which was in every respect satisfactory. The races were all well contested, and a general good feeling prevailed amongst the different competitors, a circumstance due in a great measure to the admirable arrangements of the stewards, the committee, and the secretary, Major Armstrong.

Yachts at the Cork station, independent of those in the matches :—Cricket, 42 tons, J. Smyth; Wanderer, 148, Sir J. Carden; Dawn, 40, Capt. Heard; Flirt, 19, H. H. O'Bryen; Queen of May, 20, J. O'Keefe; Corsair, 105, A. Kavannagh; Darenth, 20, P. Redmond; Gitana, 60, J. Hone; Spell, 61, R. Trower; Mabella, 26, J. Graham;

Charm, 40, T. Pim; Cygnet, 35, J. G. Daunt; Pysche, 27, W. B. Leslie; Cossack, 40, S. Graves; Norma, 44, M. Barrington.

Respecting one vessel engaged in the foregoing matches, a correspondent of *Bell's Life* says:—"The cutter yacht, *Dream*, 32 tons, the property of Martin Hayes, Esq., member of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and winner of the £45 prize, is quite a new boat, and was built in the Isle of Wight. When tried last season she did not at all answer expectations, and during the winter she was put into Mr. Wheeler's dock, and under his experienced hands was remodelled and lengthened amidships by nine feet. In the race which she won (which was her first), with a beating wind, and a distance of sixteen miles, she fairly beat the celebrated and well-known *Mosquito*, and rounded the Sovereign's Island two minutes before her, and it was when off the wind the *Mosquito* passed her. Had she been entered for the Queen's cup, she would have won that as well as the £45 prize, as by time she had two minutes to spare of the *Mosquito*."

SWANSEA REGATTA.

THIS Regatta came off on Tuesday and Wednesday, 6th and 7th July, under brilliant auspices. The weather was most favourable, the breeze at starting everything that was desirable, and the array of first-class yachts was larger than ever before witnessed at Swansea. The sport was first rate, attracting an assemblage of spectators, each day numbering several thousands. The esplanade too, throughout, presented a most gay and animated appearance, whilst the beautiful bay never looked to better advantage, being studded with beautiful craft of all sizes from the tiny punt to the stately man-of-war.

The proceedings were under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant of the County, and the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq. The stewards were as follows:—Messrs. H. H. Vivian, M.P.; L. L. Dillwyn, M.P.; Starling Benson; Capt. Crew Read, R.N.; C. H. Smith; and Graham Vivian.

The first race was by pilot boats; first prize £5, second £3 10s., third £2 10s., fourth £2, fifth £1; open to the pilot boats of Swansea, Neath, and Port Talbot. There were nine entries, viz., Neptune, Vivian, Sarah, Swanzey, Providence, Tom Rosser, Singleton, Faith, and Henry. After a smart race, which was watched with some interest, the vessels came in as follows:—Swanzey, 1st; Vivian, 2nd; Providence,

3rd ; Faith, 4th ; and Sarah, 5th ; the remainder coming in in due course.

The second race was for a prize of £10, for pleasure boats belonging to any port in the channel, not exceeding 14 tons. There were three entries, as follows :—

Yachts Names.	Rlg.	Tons.	Owners.
Ariel.....	cutter	9	Mr. W. Bowen
Arrow.....	cutter	9½	Mr. Lewis
Fairy.....	cutter	9	Mr. George Thomas

This race was looked forward to with considerable interest, as it constituted the maiden effort of Mr. Bowen's smart little cutter-rigged craft, Ariel, which has been built under his own personal supervision, for the purpose of competing with some of the Milford boats, which have attained a reputation for speed that is well deserved. The Ariel is a swift and graceful sailer, rather too cumbrous about the mast, which renders it necessary to limit her canvas. A foot or two from her mast, and an inch or two more canvas, and she will stand unrivalled in sailing qualities among those of her class with which she may hereafter compete. On the gun firing for starting the trio got well under weigh, with a fresh breeze blowing from the N.N.W., the Ariel going ahead, with the Fairy at her stern, and the Arrow close on the starboard tack. On rounding the easternmost mark the boats were as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Fairy.....	1	5	0		Arrow	1	8	0		Ariel.....	1	11	0

The interest in the race grew as the course shortened. The Arrow and Fairy crowded all their canvas, but the weight of the Ariel's mast rendered the increased *quantum* of sail dangerous that would otherwise have lifted her along in swelling style. She, however, swept along under her sails, and the first time round she was but three minutes in the wake of the Fairy, the Arrow being eight minutes behind the Ariel. The second sailing of the course left the Swansea pet in the wake, and on the vessels finally passing the goal the Fairy stepped in a winner, Arrow second, and the Ariel third.

The next was the finest race ever witnessed in this channel, no less than seven yachts having entered. The contest was for the Members' cup, value £25, with £30 added, the first yacht to have the £30, and the second the cup. Time race. R. T. Y. C. regulations.

The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
1026	Vigilant.....	cutter	33	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
94	Blue Belle.....	cutter	30	S. Padley, Esq.
982	Vesper.....	cutter	16	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	46	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
1087	Wildfire.....	schooner	59	J. Turner, Esq.
427	Glance.....	cutter	35	Major Longfield
573	Leander.....	cutter	31	H. J. Bath, Esq.

At 12h. 58m, the signal for starting set the whole fleet in motion, and the breeze being fresh at the time, one of the prettiest sights greeted the assembled thousands that ever was known in the port of Swansea. Here were seven yachts striving for one object, amongst which five at least had gained a "wide-world" fame—winners of hundreds of pounds! Therefore we need not wonder at the excitement this race produced. At the conclusion of the first round they were timed as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant.....	3 37 0	Glance.....	3 30 0	Wildfire.....	3 46 0
Amazon.....	3 28 30	Vesper.....	3 36 0	Blue Belle.....	3 51 0

The Vigilant was so closely pressed by Amazon that nothing but a miracle could prevent her yielding the "pride of place." The winds were baffling, accompanied with heavy rain. The Wildfire astonished the "knowing ones" by the sluggishness she exhibited. Whatever may be the cause, it is evident she is not "the Wildfire of 1857." If the same crew man her as last year something must be amiss with the vessel herself; if, on the other hand, there is a fresh crew, they evidently do not *yet* understand her trim. However, the season is young, and better success may be in store for her. The pretty Vesper, of Thames notoriety (the once formidable antagonist in many a well contested match with the celebrated Vampire), showed on this occasion that her power of speed was not diminished—in rounding the first time ten minutes are logged to her credit over the Wildfire, and she was only six minutes in arrear of the once dreaded Glance; and considering the allowance per tonnage the Vesper at this period looked like winning; but it is impossible to control the elements, and in a heavy squall, away went her bowsprit shroud, and in an instant the terror of the big-uns was disabled. This was much regretted by all parties, as it was evident she was improving her position, and would gain the first prize. The Amazon changed places with Vigilant, and the Glance and Wildfire improved, as will be seen, the race finishing thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Amazon.....	5 45 0	Glance.....	5 47 30
Vigilant.....	5 47 0	Wildfire.....	5 47 45

The Vigilant and Glance were declared the winners. The second round was one of the best contested affairs seen on these waters—a few seconds only intervening between three of the vessels.

The next race was with four-oared ships' boats, not exceeding 18 feet; first prize, £2 10s.; second, £1 10s. The first prize was taken by the George (of Truro), and the second by the Firefly, there being another competitor, namely, the Wildfire's boat, which came in a very respectable third.

There was also a race with two-oared boats. The first prize, £1 10s., was won by the Glance's boat; the second prize, 15s., by that of the Firefly; and the third prize, 10s., by that of the Wildfire.

For a sculling match there were three entries, namely, the Anne Elizabeth, the Union, and the Sarah, the former of which took the prize, £1 10s.

This concluded the first day's sport.

Second Day.—The brilliancy of the atmosphere in the early morn, caused a larger number of spectators to assemble than on the previous day.

The first race was for the Swansea Harbour Trust Prize of £20. First boat, £12; second ditto, £5; third ditto, £3. To be confined to the Swansea pilot boats.

Nine boats entered for this prize. They started at 12h. 25m. with a fresh breeze from the N.W. The Vivian this day had a decided advantage, from occupying the westernmost position at starting. She soon caught the breeze, which at once placed her in advance of the others. In rounding the first mark, several of the boats tacked to the northward, and caught some strong puffs from the N.N.E., which brought them well up to the Faith, Vivian, and Tom Rosser, which had left them in the rear; but about half distance the wind died away, and the above-mentioned boats, being in advance, caught the breeze from the N.W., and again took a decided lead, and kept it, thus winning the £20 between them.

A prize of £15, for yachts not exceeding 14 tons register, not used for the purposes of commerce. Time race. Entrance money, 15s. The same yachts entered as on the former day, viz., the Ariel, Arrow, and Fairy.

These started at 1h. 37m., the Ariel this day being decidedly the favourite, she having this day increased her sails by hoisting a gaff-top-sail. After an excellent start, the Arrow was again left behind, and a tight race ensued between the Fairy and the Ariel. They rounded the first mark almost side by side, and stuck to each other well, until they

rounded the western mark, when both got into difficulty from baffling winds. The Fairy at last caught a puff from the S.S.E., which sent her along rapidly, and secured for her a decided lead, which she gallantly maintained. They arrived as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairy	5 6 10	Ariel.....	5 9 50

The Ladies' Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, with 10 guineas added, for yachts of any yacht club, not exceeding 45 tons register, subject to the conditions of the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Cowes. Twice round, making the course about 25 miles at length. The above cup was won last year by the Vigilant. Entrance, £1 1s.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1026	Vigilant.....	cutter	33	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
982	Vesper	cutter	16	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
427	Glance	cutter	35	Major Longfield

The yachts started at 1h. 50m. The Glance had the weathermost position, but owing to the activity displayed by the well-organised crew of the Vigilant, the whole of her canvas was first set, which at once secured her a decided lead throughout. They rounded the winning mark the first time as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant.....	5 14 20	Glance	5 25 0

In the second round the wind increased, and the fine sailing qualities of the Glance began to manifest themselves. She rapidly gained on her antagonist, and soon proved that the strong breeze was her favorite element. They arrived as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant.....	7 0 0	Glance.....	7 1 30

The Vigilant was declared the winner. The Vesper was entered in this match merely to make it up, therefore she retired from the contest early in the race. This was much regretted, as the day proved to be one well suited to her sailing powers, and had she persevered it is more than probable she would have been the holder of the prize until next regatta at least.

The Vigilant has won this prize two successive years, and as is usual on such occasions ought to retain it permanently ; but according to the rules here, she must win it once more. This is most decidedly unjust, and the sooner such a rule is struck out the better. It is a matter of

surprise that any yacht owner enters on such bad conditions. We have not seen this *precious cup*, but understand it is an *ancient relic*, having been in the town *twenty-five years*!!!

The next race was with pleasure boats, for a prize of £5. There were three entries, namely, the *Ione*, 4 tons; *Vivid*, 2 tons; and *Spec*, 2 tons. A start was made at 2h. 30m., when the whole of the vessels got under weigh. The *Vivid*, however, and the *Spec* retired from the contest, and the *Ione* won, coming in at 3h. 58m.

Several well-contested rowing matches took place, a prize of £5 being won by the boat of the *Beaufort steamer*, and one of £2 10s. by that of the *George* (of *Truro*), which won on the previous day.

A ball took place in the evening in the Assembly Rooms, when a large and brilliant assemblage met on the occasion.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE MOSQUITO.

SINCE the accounts of the matches on the Thames were printed the following has occurred:—On Sunday the 25th July, about 10 a.m. a fire broke out on *Acorn Wharf*, *Rotherhithe*, in the occupation of Messrs. *Rolt and Bulmer*, which for magnitude has not its parallel, so far as London fires are concerned. The premises covered an area of ground between 350 and 400 feet in length, and 300 in width, and when it is stated the entire space was covered with stacks of oak, mahogany, and other timber, between 70 and 80 feet high, some idea may be formed of the appearance of such a mass in one terrific blaze. The flames rising from one of the piles first attracted attention, and 14 valuable horses were got out of the stable in safety.

It unfortunately happened that at the time of the outbreak it was dead low water, and several barges laden with timber were alongside the wharf, and with the beautiful *Little Mosquito* lying high up on the mud, it was impossible to move them. Such was the fury of the flames, despite the efforts of the fire brigade, that all within reach were entirely or partially destroyed, and the poor *Little Mosquito* suffered with the rest.

The flakes of burning wood were impelled by the high wind across the Thames to the *Middlesex shore*, setting on fire the ropery of Messrs. *Fowler and Co.*, at *Millwall*, nearly half-a-mile distant, also to the roofs of workshops of Messrs. *Seward and Co.*, and some of the shipping in the river.

The flames at times rose higher than any of the church steeples, and the heat was so great that the firemen's helmets were shrivelled on their heads, and they had frequently to run out of the way of the falling piles of timber.

The origin of the fire is stated to be a foul chimney in *Trinity-street* close to *Acorn Wharf*, the burning soot wafted to the piles of timber soon set them in a blaze. Great damage was also done to the Government and other premises in the neighbourhood.

The whole mass of timber is reduced to mere charcoal, and we regret to add the loss of property to Messrs. Rolt and Bulmer is estimated at several thousands beyond the amount of the insurance.

Had it not been for the services rendered by the police in keeping the crowd out of danger, a fearful loss of life must have ensued, but as far as can be learned no accident worth recording took place.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- AUG. 2.**—Royal Yacht Squadron—Prince Consort's Cup
 2—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta
 2, 3—Barrow Regatta; Piel of Foudray; Morecambe Bay
 4—Royal Yacht Squadron—Her Majesty's Cup
 5—Royal Yacht Squadron—Emperor Napoleon's Cup
 10—Dartmouth Royal Regatta
 10, 11—Royal Thames National Regatta
 12—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta commences
 12—Boston Yacht Club Regatta
 13—Clyde Model Yacht Club Corinthian Match at Largs
 13—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Boat Races
 14— “ “ Cutter Match, prizes £50 and £10, and
 Mr. Broadwood's Cup for schooners
 16— “ “ Sailing Match; Mr. Turner's prize, £100;
 open to all
 20—Torbay Royal Regatta
 25—Criccieth Regatta, *Carnarvonshire*
 25, 26—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta
 26, 27—Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta on the Clyde
 27, 28—City of Glasgow Royal Flag Regatta
 30—Hastings Regatta
 30, 31—Weymouth Royal Regatta
- SEPT. 3**—Clyde Model Yacht Club Challenge Cup Match at Dunoon
 10—Dover and Cinque Ports Regatta

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIOLET.—Received, and will be inserted in an early number.

YACHTING IN AMERICA.—Shall be attended to in the next number. The non-delivery of the Yacht List and Magazine through postal negligence having been made known, we shall lay the affair before the authorities.

AYCKBOURNE'S FLOATS.—Shall receive due notice.

SWANSEA.—The account of Regatta Dinner postponed till our next.

To those gentlemen who have favoured us with accounts of the various regattas we return our sincere thanks.

All communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, N.W., London

HUNT, Printer, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N.W., London.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHERBOURG.

As the purposes for which this Magazine came into existence were to preserve for a future generation, as well as information for the present, the doings of the pleasure navy, yet we consider the waters of the "wide wide world" tributary to our columns. With affairs on land we seldom deal, therefore have no fear of our loyal patrons deeming our present article out of place.

Whenever and wherever our beloved Sovereign goes the hearts of faithful subjects accompany her, and notwithstanding the continual appearance of royalty, on every occasion of a visit to any part of her dominions, or to a foreign land, thousands flock with true affection to cheer her departure and to welcome her return.

The liberty of the Press is the bulwark of England, but when that power is used to excite alarm in the mind of a sovereign, and that sovereign a female, it is carrying that privilege to an extent unworthy the name of freedom. Notwithstanding the too plain language of a portion of the press, our brave little Queen, fearlessly and confidently, went on her way to greet her illustrious ally, the Emperor of the French, in his own waters.

On the 4th of August, about 5 a.m. the squadron appointed to form the convoy to Her Majesty got underway, in charge of qualified French pilots. This fleet consisted of the Royal Albert, 121, Admiral Lord Lyons, with the Duke of Malakhoff, (as his lordship's guest,) on board; the Renown, 91, Captain Forbes; the Euryalus, 51, Captain Tarleton, C.B.; the Diadem, 32, Captain Moorsom, C.B., the Curacoa, 31, Captain T. M. Mason; and the Racoon, 21, Captain Paynter. The great speed of the Royal yacht, rendered it necessary that the convoy should have several hours grace.

The Osborne royal yacht, and the Black Eagle, bearing the Admiralty flag, with Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty, on board, left Osborne soon after 10 a.m., and proceeded up the Solent, and for a considerable distance the company had an opportunity of witnessing the contest for Her Majesty's cup by the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, left Osborne about 12 at noon, and on being seen from Cowes, the Royal standard was hoisted at the Royal Yacht Squadron-castle, and the yachts in the roads soon followed the example. When the Royal yacht, with the standard of England at the main, the Admiralty flag at the fore, and the Union Jack at the mizen, was abreast of Cowes castle, all the flags were dipped in honor of the Sovereign. At this juncture the Medina steamer, from Southampton, came alongside, with a numerous party on board, who loudly cheered Her Majesty as she passed. Her Majesty remained on deck, near the paddle-box, and graciously acknowledged the salutations she received.

The Royal yacht, with the Trinity yacht in attendance, then proceeded up the Solent, towards the Needles, and it was expected that she would be off Cherbourg early in the evening.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company placed the splendid steam-vessel, the Pera, at the service of such of the members of the House of Commons as were desirous of proceeding to Cherbourg. This vessel proceeded on her voyage at an early hour, with a numerous party on board.

The Urgent steam troop-ship, Commander M'Donald, followed the squadron of Lord Lyons, with such naval officers as choose to avail themselves of the liberality of the Admiralty in providing them with so large and speedy a vessel.

The squadron waited within six miles of Cherbourg, in two lines, the arrival of Her Majesty. Up between these vessels the Royal yacht, attended by the *Fairy*, *Elfin*, *Osborne*, and *Banshee*, passed rapidly, and about 7 p.m. entered the harbour. As the Royal yacht turned round between the marine forts which mark the western entrance, Admiral Hamelin, in the *Bretagne*, 120, fired a single gun. There was a minute's pause, and then the salute began, not in a close, irregular dropping cannonade, which so distinguishes a similar honor from the English navy, but gun after gun, running along each tier like a train of fire, till the very frame of the listener seemed shaken as if even the air smote him in its reverberation. Hardly had this great cannonade commenced when all the ugly forts which denominate every port of the harbour, threatening with a thousand ominous fearful looking embrasures each ship that passes, took up the same tune, only firing their numerous guns in volleys of eight at once, and as fast as they could be reloaded, and discharged. All towards sea was a mere mass of fire and smoke—but that one looked for, though this was far from being all. The ring of fire seemed not only to embrace the town, but extended far into the country, up among little ravines where none ever dreamed that guns lay lurking, on the top of picturesque eminences, where one only fancied villas and rural cottages could exist; amid thick clumps of trees and flanking yellow corn fields came the same dreadful uproar, till it seemed as if all France, even from her hills and mountain tops, was doing honour to the advent of the Queen of England.

Their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress embarked about 8h. 30m. in their state barge to visit Her Majesty. This was quietly performed, the hour of noise had passed, and the barge swept alongside the Royal yacht, *Queen Victoria*, with the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, received the Emperor and the Empress at the gangway, and greetings of more warmth and cordiality than generally mark state interviews, were exchanged between the Royal Families of France and England. The Emperor and Empress remained for upwards of an hour, when they again embarked in the state barge, and returned to the Prefecture as before. During their passage to shore the *Royal Albert*, with the other vessels of the English squadron, illuminated with the most brilliant effect.

On the morning of the 5th, the Admiralty flag on board the Royal yacht was hauled down, and the French ensign hoisted at the fore.

This was the signal for a renewal of the complimentary detonations on the part of the English fleet. Accordingly yards were manned, ships dressed, and broadsides fired, till it was almost impossible to see what took place at a distance of 100 yards. This inaugurated the proceedings of the day.

The waters of the harbour were studded with the yachts of the British pleasure navy, almost every club was there represented by upwards of 150 ensigns. These vessels of various tonnage were flitting about in all directions, carrying such a press of canvas as to astonish the natives. Their slender hulls, and tapering spars made even the nautical portion of the French shrug their shoulders at the temerity of some 10 or 12 tonner venturing so far from home.

At 12 o'clock Her Majesty disembarked from the Royal yacht, both fleets manning yards, and dressed in colours; and fleets, forts, town batteries, and redoubts repeated the tremendous welcome of the previous day, whilst Her Majesty inspected the works. In the afternoon the royal party visited Fort Roule, the ascent to which is by a very steep road cut in the solid rock, and winding in zig-zags up its rugged surface; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the horses attached to the carriages managed to get them up to the summit, and they seemed exhausted with the effort. The Emperor conducted Her Majesty into the fort, the Prince Consort led the Empress; and the whole party remained some time on the new ramparts, inspecting the magnificent prospect which lay beneath them. On returning to Cherbourg, Her Majesty embarked, and went on board the Royal yacht, amid the thunders of the cannon.

At a few minutes before seven o'clock the Emperor and Empress embarked in their magnificent state barge, and, followed by another barge second only in splendour to the Emperor's for the officers of state, the *cortege* started for the Bretagne, the noble three-decker of Admiral Dupuis, mounting 130 guns. The Empress is by no means as good a sailor as Her Majesty; though the evening was calm and the water quite still, nevertheless even this short trip across the harbour, appeared most disagreeable to her. As the state barges approached the line of the fleet the vessels manned yards and saluted, the English, as usual, firing 21 each ship, giving gun for gun, but the French with that terrific cannonade of 101 guns from each, three times repeated, till the whole town seemed shaken to its foundation. There was another tremendous salvo as their Majesties mounted the

side of the Bretagne, in which, however, the English fleet did not join, as it is contrary to their etiquette to salute Royalty save at their arrival and departure, and never at all after sundown. Her Majesty and the English Royal party embarked about five minutes after the Emperor, crossing the harbour in the State barge as usual. Again there was another cannonade from French and English: the English manned yards, and the French did their best to follow the example.

During the course of the entertainment the Emperor delivered the following speech :—

“ I drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen of England, and to that of the Prince who shares her throne, and to that of the Royal Family. In proposing this toast in their presence, on board the French Admiral's ship in the port of Cherbourg, I am happy to show the sentiments we entertain towards them. In fact, facts speak for themselves, and they prove that hostile passions, aided by a few unfortunate incidents, did not succeed in altering either the friendship which exists between the two Crowns, or the desire of the two nations to remain at peace. Therefore I entertain the sincere hope that if attempts were made to stir up old resentments and the passions of another epoch, they would break to pieces upon public common sense, as the waves break upon the breakwater which at this moment protects the squadrons of the two empires against the violence of the sea.”

The Prince Consort responded in the following manner :—

“ Sire—The Queen desires me to express to your Majesty how sensible she is of the new proof of friendship which you have just given her by proposing a toast in her honour, and by pronouncing words which will always remain dear to her. Your Majesty knows the sentiments of friendship which she entertains towards you, Sire, and towards the Empress, and I need not remind you of them.

“ Your are also aware that the good understanding between our two countries is the constant object of her desires, as it is of yours. The Queen is, therefore, doubly happy at having the opportunity, by her presence here on this occasion, of joining you, Sire, in endeavouring to strengthen as much as possible the bonds of friendship between the two nations.

“ That friendship is the basis of their mutual prosperity, and the blessing of Heaven will not be denied it. The Queen proposes ‘The health of the Emperor and Empress.’”

The sentiments contained in the above speeches must convince the most sceptical, that the brayings of the would-be alarmists, will not disturb the peaceful relations existing between the two countries.

The sun went down at eight, but the ships remained dressed with colours, and as the darkness increased rows of lights began to twinkle out from along the breakwater, then into the forts ; from every embrasure and every casement they shone forth with an effect that was

exceedingly beautiful. All the ships too opened their ports to their utmost and illuminated. A light was fixed upon the muzzle of every gun along all their grim broadsides till the brilliancy of every ship was something grand to look at, as they lay glittering and twinkling from a thousand points of fire, which the still water beneath seemed to magnify and reproduce, till the eye was pained at the brightness. Before this was all done, too, the town itself had illuminated, and shone in the distance like a sea of fire, amid the general glare of which some particular device or extra brilliancy or more showy colours stood out in rich relief. At nine o'clock the fireworks commenced from Fort Centrale. All fireworks, when good, are pretty much alike, and, whether bad or good, it is not easy in words to describe either. Those discharged in honour of Her Majesty on this occasion however, were so brilliant and so varied that it would be a mere repetition of superlatives to attempt to do them justice. For more than an hour their flow into the air was incessant. Now it was a tremendous cascade of fire; then a bouquet of 5,000 coloured rockets; next devices and coloured asteriods, with bombs and varied fires, till the spectacle was literally almost too dazzling. One gigantic device represented the Royal and Imperial arms and ciphers in coloured fires, with such effect and precision as to appear at a distance like a brilliant painting, and a bouquet of some thousands of coloured rockets lit up the harbour with changing hues, that gave the whole scene a wonderful appearance. Perhaps, however, the most grand of all effects was produced by lighting up the central fort with crimson fire. The deep red seemed to glow and gather round the fort as if the whole place, with its harbours and ramparts, from base to summit, was red-hot, throwing a terrific glare upon the spars and hulls of the ships of war, and spreading the reflection over the water, tipping the waves with a blood-red hue, and flickering above the ripple as if the very sea had caught the conflagration and was on fire. Before this great mass of colour all other illuminations faded into nothing, the lights in the ships were lost, and even the glow of the town paled down before it. Twice was this great effect repeated, the display at the fort, terminating with a prodigious flight of bombs and rockets, which alone, if *on dits* are correct, cost no less a sum than 25,000*l*.

As the last rockets fell there was a moment of comparative darkness, and then, as if by magic, the fleet illuminated with blue lights at all their yards and mastheads, and at intervals along the bulwarks

of all ships. The effect of this was inexpressibly beautiful ; the crews of the vessels cheered, and from among the crowd of yachts rockets and blue lights were lit in all directions. Under this magnificent display the Queen re-embarked from the Bretagne in her State barge, accompanied by the Emperor and Empress in their State gondola, if it may be so called.

As these rowed slowly off the French fleet again saluted, and there was a grandeur and sublimity about such a salute in the darkness that was wonderfully beautiful, and not a little terrible to boot. The flashes from the guns seemed of fearful length and brightness as they rushed out from the sides of the great vessels, darting from port to port with such blinding rapidity and glare that it seemed as if they were really blowing up; the roar that followed upon these accumulated discharges struck all at once, and with one terrific thundering crash rumbled away as if to the very centre of the ground, and a dead silence and darkness succeeded that after the light and uproar, appeared to be quite solemn by the contrast.

After a moment's pause the Royal yacht returned by lighting up with coloured fires—red at the bows, white amidships, and blue astern, the hues of the ensigns of two nations, but which mingled into one most curious tone upon the sky above. The Emperor's barge accompanied Her Majesty alongside the yacht, and then stood towards the shore. As he quitted a magnificent flight of coloured rockets rose from the decks of the Victoria and Albert, and bursting into thousands of colours of every hue, and went floating slowly away to sea a cloud of variegated fire.

Aug. 6th, at 11 o'clock their Majesties the Emperor and Empress embarked in their barge and went on board the Royal yacht. Again there was the same saluting, and this time both the Renown and Royal Albert astonished the population of Cherbourg, naval and military, by each displaying a sailor standing on their mastheads in their neat white dresses, looking almost like small lay figures but for the vigour with which they moved their hats and flags, now and then giving vent to a cheer which only reached those upon water faintly, and after a long interval. As their Imperial Majesties passed between the vessels of the English squadron there arose such cheers as only English sailors give. The French, however, did with their guns what they did not like to do with their voices, and as the stately English salute came forth, they thundered out their three tremendous

salvoes with a vigour that was terrible, and on a calm summer morning hid everything from view. Half-past 11 was the time fixed for the squadron to get under way, and 12 o'clock for the Royal yacht. All the large pleasure steamers and yachts began to get ready for a start, the French ships manned yards; the boats and shore were crowded with thousands of spectators, when a signal ran up from the flagship, and in another minute the vessels of the English squadron, apparently without an effort of their own, were under way.

The Royal Albert, Curacoa, and Euryalus formed the port line, the starboard line, some half a-mile or so apart, was composed of the Renown, the Diadem, and the Racoon. In this order they steamed slowly off towards the western entrance, just as the Emperor and Empress, quitting the Royal yacht, went on board the Bretagne, and standing on the poop the Emperor waved his hand to Her Majesty, and the Royal yacht started. As she moved along under the guns of the French fleet the men sprang from the decks into the shrouds, and the salute began again with the most stunning uproar, making the vessels rock again, and filling the air with smoke enough to choke the most seasoned veteran. It was a grand sight, but it seemed not a little dangerous also. The forts began saluting, and the terrific din of some 1,500 guns going at once made words of command impossible, while the smoke hung as solid as a wall. Between the intervals of the salute the cheers were loud and even hearty as the Royal yacht, clearing her way through the smoke, rushed past the lines of the English vessels, which were tearing and slashing through the foam at a great rate. The instant the Queen had taken the lead the English began the return from the heaviest guns of the frigates and line-of-battle ships, with such a number of 68-pounders as made all within ten miles earnestly wish such compliments at an end.

That over, the squadron quitted Cherbourg, leaving the harbour so full of the densest smoke that it looked as if the whole place had been stormed and burnt to the ground. In another hour and there was only a thin track of smoke on the horizon to mark in what direction the Queen of England had quitted Cherbourg. About five miles distant from the breakwater Her Majesty met the competing yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron; (the particulars of which race will be found in this number.) The Royal yacht arrived off Osborne at 5 p.m.

It will not be out of place if we append a description of Cherbourg and its breakwater.

The *Times* correspondent in describing the position of Cherbourg says, "If the Isle of Wight could cut from its moorings, and drift in nearly a straight line across the Channel, it would be received in the arms of two capes, which terminate the great peninsula of the coast of Normandy. Into the bay between these points the tight little island would nearly fit and fill up the hollow. In the deepest recess of this bay, and at the centre of its shore, lies the town of Cherbourg. It is nearly equidistant from Plymouth, Weymouth, and Portsmouth; those places would be cut by three lines radiating from Cherbourg like the sticks of a fan. This illustration is not strictly scientific, but it is sufficient for all practical purposes. Between the French port and the English coast roll 60 or 70 good miles of ocean; and, when you have inspected Cherbourg, you will not wish the Channel one league less in breadth."

Cherbourg—that is the warlike portion, consisting of the harbour, the breakwater, arsenal, docks, and solid fortifications, must impress the visitor with an idea that all the immense labour and skill displayed in their construction, are not intended merely to defend the commercial interests of a town, which in itself, is now only looked upon as a secondary affair, for without the military, and the daily visits of the crews of the line-of-battle ships, the pretty *grisettes* might hide their charms and graces, and the inhabitants lounge away the time idly and unprofitably.

The first thing that was necessary to be done was the construction of an immense breakwater, there being nothing to protect the place from storms, whether of the north-east or north-west. There is the small island of Pelee, and the sunken rock of Chavaignac, which form the advanced posts of this harbour, and between these two spots, running east and west, but leading inwards from the centre, at a considerable angle, has been constructed the large breakwater. You will form an idea of the immenseness of this work by learning that it measures in length 12,556 feet, that it has been raised from the bottom of the sea from an average depth, at high water, of sixty feet, and that the width of the work at the bottom is not less than 300 feet. Many failures occurred in the early commencement of this colossal task, but at length, by continued labour, extending over seventy years, the great breakwater was finished in 1853, at a cost

of £2,680,000. Just half a century since a tremendous storm swept the place. The newly-formed parapet gave way, a battery with twenty 36-pounders was swept into the water, and with it upwards of 200 soldiers and persons engaged in the work. The breakwater was a ruin, and nothing was done until three years after, the Emperor Napoleon I., burning with a desire to humiliate England, resolved upon renewing at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt, and the work which he set in motion was completed during the reign and inaugurated by Louis Philippe. This advanced work of Cherbourg is protected by four strong forts. These forts on the breakwater are supported on the coast by the great Fort Imperial, on the Island of Peter, which is armed with three tiers of guns and mortars, ninety-three in all—namely, thirty-seven in the lower tier, twenty-two in the second, and twenty guns and fourteen mortars on the platform. On the western side, the breakwater has two very efficient supporters, in some heavy batteries upon the rock Chavaignac, and the Fort of Querqueville, which has forty-six guns in casemates, and two open batteries of twenty-six guns and eighteen mortars. These, of course, command the eastern and western channels into the outer harbour, and any vessel which had run the gauntlet of these forts, might expect to be allowed to remain in tolerable security within the quiet waters of the bay. This, however is not the case, for behind this outer line of fortifications is another line of strong works, Within the breakwater, and up to the town, the area enclosed is very nearly 2,000 acres; and of this, about one-third has a depth of twenty-six feet at low spring tide, and it will afford anchorage for twenty-five ships of the line in the summer, and seventeen in the winter.

Cherbourg has a military as well as a commercial port or harbour, but it is, of course, the former which exists in the greatest preponderance. The outer port, the entrance to which faces the east, is 205 feet in width, has a depth of water of more than 50 feet, and its cost was £680,000. Ten years were spent in its construction, and it was formally opened in 1813 by the Empress Marie Louise. Next to this, but lying to the north, is the floating basin, 957 feet in length by 720 in breadth, which was completed in 1829, and opened by the Duke D'Angouleme, with the usual solemnities. The third basin, commenced 28th of June, 1836, and which is destined to swallow up all the others, is that respecting the opening of which France and Frenchmen have been so much excited. It is, of course, called "The

Dock Napoleon the Third"—though began by Louis Philippe. It lies parallel with and to the rear of the outer dock and floating basin, with each of which it communicates. This basin is 2,788 feet in length, and 1,312 feet in width, and has been cut entirely out of the solid rock, giving a depth of water of nine metres, or very nearly 30 feet. The dock was commenced in 1853.

Previous to the water being admitted a huge plate of platina—seven feet in length and four in breadth—was fixed at the side of of the dock. It bears an inscription which at some distant day, if it is ever discovered, may lead persons to suppose that there never existed in France any other than a Napoleonic dynasty, for the existance of Louis Philippe and other rulers of France, is as carefully ignored as though they never existed. The plate tells the truth, but not the whole truth, that, "This basin decreed on the 15th of April, 1803, by Napoleon I., was begun on the 28th June, 1836, and was inaugurated on the 7th of August, 1858, in the presence of their Majesties the Emperor Napoleon III., and the Empress Eugenie, his Excellency Admiral Hamelin, Minister of Marine." A similar plate, with a similar inscription, with specimens of the coin of the reign of the present Emperor, will be fixed at the bottom of the basin.

The Statue to Napoleon I. is almost completely put together upon its pedestal. It is at present covered up, but I am informed that it is a work highly creditable to M. Level, a local artist of Briquibec. Napoleon, seated on his horse, does not, I may say; direct his ships northwards to the Isle of Wight; on the contrary, he is in the act of pointing westward, to the port which the ungrateful descendants of the subjects of Louis XIV. have insisted upon making him the author. The pedestal bears as an inscription the fretful words of Napoleon at St. Helena, "J'avais resolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles l'Egypte." The statue is on the Quay Napoleon; figure and horse together are about 18 feet in height. The work is cast in bronze, and stands on a pedestal of granite 12 feet in height. The statue is surrounded by a light iron railing, mounted with initials and the Imperial crown.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

LAST year we had to record the regatta in Kingstown harbour under the head of the Royal Irish Yacht Club. By an amicable arrangement between the two clubs situate in the same locality, each alternately take the management, and each contribute to the funds. This is a most excellent system, and shows the reciprocal feeling of the members of both clubs. This year the Royal St. George's have the management, and most nobly have they carried out the principles of true yachting—by exceeding liberal prizes—real hospitality, (such as none but Irishmen ever give,)—and an impartial administration of the rules, regardless of country or ken. This well-known and fully appreciated principle has a beneficial effect, as on all occasions the harbour of Kingston is studded with craft of all sorts and sizes, from the aristocratical schooner to the humble hooker; and never were they more numerous than on the 21st of July.

Up to the morning of the race vessels of all classes came dashing to the scene of action, under a pressure of snowy canvas, from England, Scotland, and different parts of Ireland; and nothing could be more gay or animated than the appearance which the harbour presented a short time previous to the hour fixed for the race. All was bustle and excitement on board the vessels as their canvas was being set, or as they took up the positions assigned to them. The yachts not entered for the first day's matches were decorated with flags of all hues and colours as they lay at their moorings, while others were being got ready to put to sea for the purpose of following the racing craft round the course. The two yacht club houses were decorated with many coloured bunting, and on the Jetty two large marquees were erected for the sale of refreshments. The weather was very fine, with a slight breeze from W.S.W., but far too light to give any hope of the "weatherly" vessels being able to show their sailing properties to advantage, although balloon gaff-topsails were sent up and every available inch of canvas spread. At ten o'clock the signal was given "prepare to start," and the vessels entered for the first race hove short on their moorings, and stood under mainsails and gaff-topsails waiting for the gun to fire. All were on the tip-toe of expectation, watching with breathless eagerness the movements of the different crews.

The first race was for a Purse of 100 sovereigns, open to all yachts of 30 tons and under belonging to any royal yacht club.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
205	Cymba.....	cutter	52	T. Brassey, jun., Esq.
1087	Wildfire.....	schooner	60	J. Turner Turner, Esq.
918	Surge.....	cutter	50	C. T. Couper, Esq.
718	Oithona.....	schooner	80	G. Harrison, Esq.
659	Mosquito.....	cutter	59	T. Groves, Esq.
613	Mariquita.....	schooner	111	Capt. R. J. Henry
253	Dream.....	cutter	32	M. Hayes, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	46	J. H. Johnson, Esq.

Course from the mooring buoys in the harbour, round flag-boat moored N.E.b.E., one nautic mile off the harbour's mouth, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence to a flag-boat moored off the north point of Dalkey Island, leaving which on the port hand, away to the Kish Light-ship, leaving it on the port hand, thence to a flag-boat moored in Candlestick Bay (Howth), also to be left on port hand, from whence to the flag-boat moored off the East Bay buoy, at Poolbeg, and back to the harbour flag-boat, going the same course again, leaving everything on the port hand; length about 42 nautic miles. For this race there came to the starting buoys the above vessels, embracing, as our nautical readers will perceive, the fastest racing vessels in the world. We give them in the order of their stations, the first being to the eastward and with the wind at N.W., consequently dead to the leeward of the whole fleet.

The rule of starting was that "A red flag, as a preparatory signal, will be hoisted by the flag-vessel, for the yachts of each successive match to take their stations, with their head sails down. Five minutes before the time of starting, a white flag will be hoisted, and a musket fired; at the expiration of that period precisely, a gun will be fired, which will be the signal to set head sails and start." Now all this seemed plain enough, but it appears there was some confusion as to the number of guns fired, and so when the five minute warning gun exploded, away went the lot, all save the Oithona; there was no white flag displayed from the starting vessel, and a committee-boat, that was at the harbour's mouth, signalled them that it was a false start. The Cymba, Surge, and Wildfire rounded to, but the Amazon, Mosquito, Dream and Mariquita went at it like veterans; here was a fix, four clippers at work, and four more hanging on again to the starting buoys. The pretty little screw steam-yacht, the Finnart, 155 tons, J. M'Gregor, Esq., Royal Northern Yacht Club, volunteered to settle the difficulty, and in a very short time she was under weigh, with a member of the committee on board, and speedily overhauled the leading vessels on their course for the Kish Light-ship.

In the interval that ensued, the following vessels came to the buoys for

the second prize, a purse of 30 sovereigns, for yachts under 30 tons, a time race. Vessels placed as they drew their stations, the first being to the eastward.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
1075	Whim	cutter	18	J. M. Ternan, Esq.
703	North Star.....	cutter	26	D. Gamble, Esq.
537	Kelpie.....	cutter	22	J. Todhunter, Esq.
74	Banba.....	cutter	24	W. J. Doherty, Esq.
348	Fingal.....	cutter	17	F. Gowan, Esq.
359	Flirt.....	cutter	19½	Capt. H. H. O'Brien

The course for these vessels was from mooring buoys in the harbour, round the flag-boat, one nautical mile N.E.b.E. of the harbour's mouth, thence round the buoys of the Burford Bank, leaving them on the port hand, and to the East Bay Buoy flag-boat, from whence to the Harbour flag-boat, and twice round the same course again, leaving everything on the port hand. Three times round this course and the run out and into harbour gives 32 nautic miles.

At 11h. 57m. the starting gun fired, and away went the little fleet, with a nice breeze at north-west, the Kelpie, Fingal, and Banba going to the front at once, and the Flirt and North Star rather too close to avoid a foul; the Kelpie took the flag-boat in gallant style, with Fingal and Banba close upon her; in the run to the Burford Buoys the sternmost yachts drew up pretty close, and when next we observed them the North Star had gone in front, with the Flirt hard upon her tracks, closely watched by the Kelpie; the Banba carried away her gaff-topsail yard, and was confined to her three working sails during the greater part of the race: the Fingal did not appear to have such favourable chances or lifts as her competitors, and the Banba required the strong breeze, which whenever she got, she certainly overhauled the leading vessels rapidly; the North Star and Flirt, at the conclusion, were the leading vessels, and the five that were placed rounded the flag-ship as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
North Star.....	7	51	50	Banba	8	11	0
Flirt.....	7	53	50	Fingal	8	13	17
Kelpie	7	55	55				

According to the tonnage as entered, and time allowance of half a minute per ton, the Flirt won this prize from the North Star in time, with 1m. 15s. to spare. The course, including beating, would amount to thirty-nine nautic miles, and was performed in 7h. 54m. 50s. at about four and a half knots an hour.

Third prize, 25 sovereigns, for yachts of 15 tons and under, time race, entrance £1, short course twice round. The following started:—

No	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
75	Banshee	cutter	12	R. Johnston, Esq.
362	Flirt.....	cutter	8	R. Battley, Esq.
85	Bijou.....	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
249	Dove.....	cutter	12	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
270	Electric.....	cutter	8	P. Thompson, Esq.
1254	Zuffa.....	cutter	9	A. Hargrave, Esq.
1025	Vidette.....	cutter	8	T. W. Hodgens, Esq.
	Gazelle.....	cutter	5½	J. Johnston, Esq.

At 1h. 26m. a very pretty start was made, the Zuffa leading, closely followed by the Vidette and Bijou. The Electric and Dove soon picked up the leaders, and running out to the Burford, it was very hard to distinguish the leading vessels. After rounding the Burford the Bijou was observed, with the Vidette, Electric, and Dove pressing her. The Banshee and Zuffa, however, would not be denied. The Dove shortly afterwards carried away the jaws of her gaff, and was placed *hors de combat* in consequence, though up to that time she had maintained a forward position in the race. The time at the flag-ship was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Bijou	7	10	0	Banshee.....	7	16	0	Zuffa.....	7	37	0

The course for these vessels was only twice round the short course, about 29 nautic miles, beating inclusive, and was performed in 5h. 44m. at the rate of five knots an hour.

And now came the exciting moment when the fleet of magnificent racers entered for the 100 sovereigns prize again took their stations at the buoys. At 2h. 37m. a successful start was accomplished, with a very light wind at N.W. The Wildfire went away with the lead, followed by the Amazon and Dream, the Mosquito and Cymba on their quarters, and the Surge, Oithona, and Mariquita close astern. Balloon canvas was the order of the day. Upon nearing the second flag-boat off Dalkey Islands, the wary Mosquito watching every puff and flaw with the eye of an eagle, laid up alongside of the Wildfire and went into first place; the schooner upon rounding setting her fore and main sails, wing and wing. The Amazon here again ranged up, as also did the Cymba, Surge, and Oithona; the Dream and Mariquita bringing up the fleet, the latter piling up the canvas like a cloud over her—square-sail, square topsail, fore and main gaff-topsails, topmast staysail, &c.; and looking every inch an ocean walker. As they neared the south buoy of the Burford Bank the Surge gave the first indication of mischief by over-

hauling the *Cymba*, racing up alongside of *Amazon*, passing the *Wild-fire*, and boldly challenging the *Mosquito*, she went to the front. The *Oithona* next began to show symptoms, and forged ahead of the *Wild-fire* and *Amazon*, collared the *Mosquito*, and went into second place: the *Amazon* drew rapidly upon the *Mosquito*, and took third place, but upon nearing the *Kish* light-ship the iron clipper again laid down to her work, and with the *Cymba* hanging close upon her, both vessels passed the *Amazon*, and the light-ship was rounded in the following order:—*Surge* first, *Oithona* second, *Mosquito* third, *Cymba* fourth, *Amazon* fifth, *Wildfire* sixth, *Dream* seventh, and *Mariquita* eighth.

From running large it was jibe ho! and the vessels now came on a wind, with a light breeze, all full and bye, and little alteration in canvas. The *Surge* was increasing her lead rapidly, and upon rounding the *Bailey* flag-boat she was fully twenty minutes ahead; the *Mosquito* here drew on the *Oithona*, and running through her lee took second place, whilst the *Cymba*, slashing along in beautiful style, ranged up to the windward of *Oithona*, and took third place. From this point to the *East Bar* buoy flag-boat they maintained the same relative positions, but upon rounding this flag-boat the *Oithona*, catching a whole rally of wind, overhauled the *Cymba* again, and regained third place. From this part of the course there was very little change in the positions, save that the sternmost vessels drew rapidly on the *Surge* running out; she, however, took the *Kish* light-ship in the last round 10m. 55s. ahead of *Mosquito*.

From the *Kish* to the *Howth* flag-boat she increased this lead, and now a regular slashing nor'-wester came rattling down through the bay, the *Oithona* and *Cymba* shifting topsails, the latter setting a jib-headed one. The *Mosquito* laid down to her work like a veteran racer, and although to every appearance it was all over but shouting, yet still she sailed a steady hard-carrying waiting race, the *Surge* still going ahead like a racehorse. But ho! what's up now? Away goes the *Surge's* mainsail down by the run, and away aloft hurries a couple of the daring crew! peak-halliards and block-hooks gone, and the gallant clipper struggling onward under foresail and jib. Work now, ye hardy Clydesmen, if ever ye worked, for life and death; the veteran ironsides is closing ye up fast, and the *Oithona* and the *Cymba* are hand-over-hand in your tracks. Away aloft goes the mainsail again and smartly, too, and the gaff-top sail follows suit, but the *Mosquito* has challenged her and has passed her, yet the *Scottish* clipper, game to the last, would not be denied, and the flag-ship was reached in the following order and time:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Mosquito</i>	8 27 26	<i>Oithona</i>	8 37 18
<i>Surge</i>	8 28 13	<i>Cymba</i>	8 40 25

The remaining vessels not placed. It will be thus perceived that the *Surge* won, with 2m. 18s. of her time to spare. It was not what a yachtsman would call a satisfactory day for deciding, absolutely, the respective merits of vessels, as the wind at the commencement was light and variable, with veins and flama flying about; it was only towards the latter part of the race that the wind became strong or steady. The *Surge's* mishap occurred about five miles from the flag-ship in the last round home. The course of about (inclusive of beating) 48 nautic miles was preformed in 5h. 50m. 26s., at an average of about $8\frac{1}{4}$ knots an hour. The *Surge* was built by Wm. Fyfe, jun. of Fairlie the builder of the *Cymba*, *Oithona*, &c., and was only three weeks launched previous to running this her maiden race. She is a very handsome vessel, and when her proper trim is found—and when we say proper trim, perhaps we may provoke a smile, after her performances on this day—she will doubtless go to windward as a Fyfe ought. The *Mosquito* and *Cymba* had the pull on her there. We have seldom seen the *Cymba* sail or look better; she went along in a style that will bring more cups to her plate locker yet. The *Mosquito* was handled as she always is—a steady veteran racer, as dangerous and determined an antagonist as ever gave fighting flag to the breeze. It was not the *Oithona's* day, neither was she in condition to compete with such flying fifties; an eighty ton ship must come to the buoys for racing only, whereas she came in nice cruising trim, without any previous preparation of racing canvas or otherwise. The *Amazon* went in first-rate style during the early part of the day, both she and the *Wildfire* being in the light wind at the last round of the light-ship, and the leading vessels took the fresh breeze and a long lead ere either of the last named vessels or the *Mariquita* ever felt it; the *Mariquita* was in beautiful order, but no schooner of her weight could expect to live the pace with such vessels as the *Mosquito*, *Surge*, *Cymba*, *Amazon*, and *Oithona*. The *Dream* held a very forward position also in the commencement of the race, but she likewise suffered in the light wind astern.

The rowing matches created considerable excitement, and were very hotly contested. The first was for a prize of 25 sovereigns, given by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company, for four-oared gigs, to be rowed by gentlemen, tie race, entrance £1. Bad Shilling (Dublin Rowing Club), Fitzgerald, O'Brien, L'Estrange, Rynd (stroke), and Rynd, (cox.) *Una*, (D.U.R.C.), Hamilton, Watson, Richardson, Cavanagh, (stroke,) Miles (cox.)

The toss for choice of places was won by the *Una*, who of course took inside berth (the course being nearly square, and a short two miles in length). At the word off, Mr. Rynd's crew were the quicker to start,

and nearly cleared their boat in the first hundred and fifty yards; by this time, however, the University men settled better to their work, having been apparently rather flurried at first, and nearly regained their position by the time they arrived at the first turn (about half a mile), after which they came away from their opponents, and eventually won by some lengths. The *Una*, in which the winners rowed, was built by Searle not a few years back, and is a good model for her time. The D.R.C. gentlemen rowed in a boat built by the well-known Jewett, "with all the latest improvements," her only fault being that she was too new—her crew not having sat in her more than once before the race, the effect of which rowing men will be able to appreciate.

For the second heat the boats were—

The *Gleam*, (D.U.R.C.), F. Moore, A. Bush, J. H. Keough, W. Keough, D. H. G. Latouch, (cox.) 1. The *Eblana*, (Brunswick Rowing Club,) Tuke, Miller, M'Cormick, James, Rynd (cox.)

This time the University lost the choice of place, and had to go outside. Somewhat like the other crews in the preceding tie they rowed wild at the start, which was nevertheless very rapid, the Brunswick men having perhaps a shade of a lead for a dozen strokes or so, when they became level, presenting a very pretty race for nearly half a mile, after which the *Gleam* began to "get out" of the *Eblana*, and was nearly clear, when some awkwardly handled sail boat crossed the bows of both boats so closely that the *Gleam* had to stop rowing, which let up the *Eblana* again, but again to be shaken off, though well and pluckily rowed. At the turn something of a foul occurred (which was claimed by the *Eblana* against the *Gleam*, but was decided by the committee in favour of the latter). The race, however, was unchecked, and was finally won rather easily by the *Gleam*; thus the University Rowing Club lads won the two heats, and were "left in" for the "tie," but as the *Gleam's* crew wished to remain together for the next day's race (which, according to the rule, they could not have done had they won this), they retired, and the *Una* walked over for the prize. The *Gleam* and *Eblana* are both new boats, built by James Teagan, (late of Manchester, but now resident in Ring-send), and it has not appeared at this regatta, that, so far as the banked boats are concerned, either Searle or Jewett can outbuild him. For the pair-oared race there were entered—

Foam, (D.U.R.C.), J. Keough, and W. Keough, Latouche (cox.) 1. Odalique, (Brunswick R. C.), Tuke and James. 2. Peri, (D.U.R.C.), Richardson and W. Hancock, 8.

The Messrs. Keough (brothers), who on this side of the channel have a pretty fair claim by this time to be considered the champion pair, won

this race from the first stroke to the last, the Odalique being second; the Peri was not class for her antagonists at all, but her crew made a plucky fight for her. The Foam and the Odalique are both Teagan's workmanship, the former built some years back in Manchester, and the latter a few weeks ago in his atelier at Ringsend, but we doubt her being any improvement upon the "old 'un."

A prize of £5 was pulled for by fishermen, and a punt race closed the first day's aquatic sports.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland honored the regatta with his presence during the day. After some time spent in viewing the animated scene which the bay and harbour presented, his Excellency and party proceeded to the boat house, which was gorgeously fitted up as a refreshment saloon. The walls and ceiling were decorated with pink and white cloth, adorned with mirrors and evergreen. Two long tables ran the entire length of the room, and a cross table at the upper end for his Excellency, friends, and the members of the committee. Every delicacy in season was tastefully laid out under the direction of Mr. Twarmey, the steward of the club; and the wines were excellent and in abundance. His Excellency having been conducted to the head of the table, and the president's chair having been taken by the Hon. Mr. Hancock, nearly three hundred ladies and gentlemen partook of the splendid repast which had been provided through the hospitality of the club.

The Hon. President rose and said, he had two toasts to propose, and two only, the first of which was that of her Majesty the Queen. He felt it unnecessary to preface that toast by any remarks. He would therefore at once propose the health of "The Queen." The toast was drunk with the accustomed honors.

The Hon. President then said it was to him a source of very sincere gratification that it devolved upon him to propose the health of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. He assured them that he did so with the greatest possible pleasure, because he did not know that they ever had a nobleman filling the same high position amongst them who was more deservedly popular than the Earl of Eglinton. (Hear, hear). He trusted that his Excellency might be long left amongst them, and that the members of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club might, as on the present occasion, often again be honoured by the presence of his Excellency in their boat-house. He had great pleasure in proposing the health of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, which he hoped would be drunk with all the honours. (Drunk with three times three.)

His Excellency, on rising to respond, was warmly greeted. He said, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have to thank you most sincerely for the kind-

ness which you have shown me in drinking my health. It is an honour as unexpected as it is pleasing, because the only reason for which I could claim any such consideration at your hands is, that I have myself something to do with a yacht club in my own country. I am Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, but I fear that I am not worthy of the post, as I have not that taste for the sea which the commodore of a yacht club ought to possess. I am glad, however, that in this respect I have a very good example in the person of our honourable president, who is not more fond of the sea than myself. (hear, and laughter.) As regards the praise which he has thought fit to bestow upon me, I can only say that I am grateful for his bestowal as I am for your acceptance of it. I feel that I am not worthy of it, further than in being actuated in the desire to do good to Ireland (hear, hear), and to be as much amongst you as possible. There is only one sentiment of our honourable president in which I can concur, and that is the desire which he expressed that I might continue long in Ireland.

His Excellency resumed his seat amidst loud and long continued cheering; and he left for Dublin about six p.m.

There was a grand ball in the evening which was well attended.

Second day.—The rush of persons anxious to get tickets at the Westland row terminus rendered it necessary to run quarter hour trains during the day, which kept pouring into Kingstown a constant stream of persons from the city. On no previous occasion at any regatta has there been so splendid an array of schooner-rigged crafts which had all congregated in the harbour for the purpose of running for a splendid piece of plate presented by the Marquis of Conyngham. At half-past eleven the schooners entered for the race were signalled to "take up their places," and in a very short time they were all ranged in the positions assigned to them.

The first race was for a Piece of Plate, value £50, presented by the Commodore, the Marquis of Conyngham, for schooners, the property of members of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club only.—Time race.—Long course twice round.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners
290	Esmeralda	schooner	130	H. O. Rose, Esq.
186	Corsair	schooner	105	A. Kavanagh, Esq.
326	Fantasy	schooner	20	G. Morant, Esq.
790	Querida	schooner	30	S. Little, Esq.
613	Mariquita	schooner	111	Capt. R. J. Henry
426	Heroine	schooner	79	R. Batt, Esq.
910	Tana	schooner	36	E. May, Esq.
273	Ella	schooner	105	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.

At 11h. 57m. a splendid start was effected, the *Ella* going out with the lead, followed by the *Heroine* and *Corsair*, the *Mariquita*, *Querida*, and *Tana* abeam, and the *Fantasy* and *Esmeralda* on their quarters. It was a beautiful sight to witness the rapidity with which this fine fleet of schooners got away, equal to any cutter match we ever saw. There was a light breeze S.S.E., and, after rounding the harbour flag-boat, it was a dead turn to windward. The *Ella* went away at once, unmistakably declaring from the start that she meant to win; *Mariquita* went into second place, *Corsair* third, *Heroine* fourth, with the *Esmeralda*, *Querida*, *Tana*, and *Fantasy* well up. After rounding the Dalkey flag-boat balloon jibs of vast dimensions were set in rapid succession by the *Ella*, *Mariquita*, and *Heroine*, the remaining vessels profiting quickly by the good example: shortly after the *Heroine* had sheeted home hers, the clue burst and shivered into ribands, when it was cut away the tack and gather in the remnants under the fore-staysail! up went her working jib, and under it she sailed the remainder of the race. In the meantime the *Ella* was reaching away for the light-ship, increasing the pace every cable's length, with the *Mariquita* and *Corsair* rattling along in her wake; after rounding the light-ship the *Ella* set her square-topsail, running off the wind, and then her square-sail. The *Mariquita* equally sharp followed by the *Corsair* and *Heroine*; the *Esmeralda*, *Querida*, *Tana*, and *Fantasy* moving down the wind under a cloud of canvas; from the Kish until they reached the Bailey flag-boat, it was crack on until everything stretched again; on rounding this boat in came the square canvas like magic, they all hauled up for the Bar flag-boat under fore and aft canvas: the same order was preserved to the harbour, the *Heroine* hauling to windward of the three leading vessels, the wind heading them; the *Ella* crawled out from the back of the West Pier, weathered the harbour flag-boat, and rattled out into the true breeze, followed by the *Mariquita*, whilst the *Corsair*, *Heroine*, and *Esmeralda* ran into the calm, shortly afterwards the *Heroine* got a light air, burst through the young flood, with the *Corsair* abeam, and she got into the true S.S.E. breeze outside, whilst just astern of her it was coming out fresh from N.W., and another craft in Scotchman's bay had the wind at S.W.; here then were three different winds all within the compass of half a mile; so that we need hardly say a man required a hawk's eye on every rattlin to watch which breeze would carry the day. The *Ella* rattled over the young flood long before the chance of a shift gave her any cause of anxiety, and at this period she was away round the Dalkey flag-boat, had slewed her bowsprit just to windward of it, when up she came in the wind, lost her way and dropped to leeward; next came the *Hero-*

ine at it, ran inside of Mariquita, and rounding the flag-boat were timed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Ella.....	5	57	32	Heroine.....	8	40	5
Mariquita.....	8	37	35	Querida.....	8	43	0

The remainder did not arrive until after 10 p.m. The course, with additional beating on this day, was about 56 nautic miles The Querida by time was second.

The second race was a Piece of Plate, value £70, presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club, open to all yachts belonging to members of any royal yacht club.—Time race.—Long course twice round.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton s.	Owners.
918	Surge	cutter	50	C. T. Couper, Esq.
659	Mosquito.....	cutter	59	T. Groves, jun. Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	45	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
205	Cymba.....	cutter	52	T. Brassey, Esq.
1087	Wildfire.....	schooner	60	J. T. Turner, Esq.
537	Kelpie.....	cutter	22	J. Todhunter, Esq.

This race derived considerable attraction by the Wildfire, a schooner, trying her fortune with three of the most renowned cutters in the world. At the start the schooner led out of harbour, followed by the Surge, Amazon, Cymba, Mosquito, and Kelpie. It was supposed in the long lead beat to windward which she would have from the East Pier to the Kish light, the cutters would leave her no where; but to the surprise of everybody, she increased her distance so much that she rounded the light-ship six minutes and a half before the Mosquito, which led the "single sticks." The schooner, running home "free" lost none of her advantage over the Mosquito, although "iron sides" had every stitch in the wardrobe upon her. On arriving abreast of the flag-boat, opposite the entrance of the harbour, the schooner and the Mosquito had to tack to beat up to it as there was so much southing in the wind. At this time the two vessels were at least three miles to the northward of the flag-boat, and far ahead of the Cymba, Amazon, Surge, (whose topmast was carried away), and the Kelpie. It has been often said "as uncertain as the wind," but on no occasion was it so well illustrated as now, as it chopped round without a moment's notice, from a light air from the S.S.E. to S.W., and, as a matter of course, the windward boats became the leeward ones, and the tables were completely turned. Now came the tug of war between the yachts to reach the flag-boat first. The Mosquito drove at it "close

hauled," and the Cymba, Amazon, Surge, and Kelpie got the reins, and came rushing down before the wind for the object of leaving the flag-boat on the larboard hand before the Mosquito could round it. Nothing could exceed the excitement amongst the nautical folk on the pier while this game was being played, and as the vessels near the flag-boat the excitement increased. The Mosquito rounded the boat three seconds before the Cymba came up to it, and about six seconds before the Amazon. Thus ended the first course round, and away the Mosquito, Cymba, and Amazon went on the second course, so close to one another that a person could step with ease from one vessel to the other. The Surge, Kelpie, and the schooner followed, the latter by the fortune of war having lost the race, which a short time before appeared all her own, and they arrived as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito...	8	1	10	Amazon.....	8	9	11
Surge	8	6	29	Cymba.....	8	10	20

It will thus be seen that the Mosquito beat the Surge, exclusive of her allowance of time, by two minutes ten seconds ; but the Surge immediately after rounding the second flag-boat in the first round, carried away her topmast, in consequence of the weather topmast rigging giving up in the clip-hooks at the reef thimble; so that she may be said to have sailed the race under three sails only. The Mosquito done the distance, 56 nautic miles in 7h. 4m. 10s.

The third race was for the Kildare-street Challenge Cup, value £65. Time race, once round the Long course. The following appeared at the mooring buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
745	Peri.....	cutter	80	J. W. Cannon, Esq.
1057	Waterlily.....	cutter	24	J. Mulholland, Esq.
56	Atalanta	cutter	27	H. Scovell, Esq.

The start took place at 1h. 50m. 10s., and was for a considerable time ably contested. The Peri's powerful bulk enabled her to outstrip her antagonist, but not sufficiently to out-time the Atalanta, which was holder of the cup from last year, having on that occasion won it. The match was watched with much interest, and finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Peri	4	51	16	Atalanta	5	9	25	Waterlily	5	11	56

The Atalanta was declared the winner by time, and the cup now becomes the property of H. Scovell, Esq.

The last sailing match was for a purse of £20, given by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company, for yachts of 20 tons and under.—Time race; short course, twice round. The following yachts entered:—

Numbered in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
348	Fingal.....	cutter	17	F. Gowan, Esq.
249	Dove	cutter	12	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
1075	Whim	cutter	18	J. M. Ternan, Esq.
359	Flirt	cutter	19½	Capt. H. H. O'Brien
1254	Zuffa	cutter	9	A. Hargrave, Esq.
85	Bijou.....	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
270	Electric.....	cutter	8	P. Thompson, Esq.

They started at 2h. 32m.; the Bijou, Zuffa, and Fingal, led out of the harbour, and after a sharp struggle for the proud position of number one, during which the Dove carried away her gaff, and the Bijou sustained some slight damage, at the end of a very spirited contest the following were timed thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flirt.....	6	53	0	Fingal	7	17	47	Bijou	7	22	3

The Flirt was declared the winner.

For the four-oared race of £20, only two boats put in an appearance, the Gleam of the U.R.C., crew same as previous day, and the Eblana of the B.C., the crew of which had been somewhat changed since the first day, and were greatly strengthened by it. Nevertheless they could not live a yard with the Gleam, who won from end to end, having started very much better than on the previous occasion.

The festivities were concluded with a grand display of fireworks in the evening.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE second regatta for the season of the above club, came off at Rothesay, on Friday the 23rd July, under very favourable circumstances. Up till about 10 a.m. the weather showery and changeable, but afterwards it cleared up, with a fine breeze from S.S.W., which continued all day and afforded enjoyment to all concerned. The day being Rothesay fair, an immense number of strangers were present, who were gathered on every point watching the movements of the yachts as they sailed the course. We know of no place better adapted for a regatta than this fine bay, and for miles along shore a splendid view could be had of the whole fleet.

At 11 a.m. the Rear-Commodore, J. E. Reid, Esq., fired the signal gun, and hoisted his flag on board his fine yacht the Diamond, which he had in the most handsome manner placed at the disposal of the club for the accommodation of members and friends, a great number of whom availed themselves of the privilege. In addition to a full muster of the club, we observed cruising about during the day, the Valetta, C. M'Iver, Esq., Onda, R. W. Laurie, Esq., Eagle, W. D. Roberts, and an immense number of smaller craft, and rowing boats of all descriptions, which gave the bay a very enlivening appearance.

The first-race for a time piece, value £15, between yachts of 8 tons and under. The following entered:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
Bella	cutter	8	Robert Walker, Esq.
Fairy Queen.....	cutter	8	J. Grant, jun.
Armada.....	cutter	8	J. Dickie, Esq.
Maud	cutter	8	A. Kennedy, Esq.

The course was from the Rear-Commodore's yacht, which was moored near the quay, to a flag-boat off Strone Point, Kyles of Bute, round the Toward buoy, then round a flag-boat at the Onda's moorings off Ascog, and back to Rear-Commodore. Twice round for first and second races, and once round for third and fourth races, leaving out the Ascog flag-boat for the latter classes. Adopting the usual plan of the club, viz. to fix the course on the morning of the regatta, the committee arranged so as to give a fair amount of running and beating. Starting from the Rear-Commodore the course was five miles before the wind to flag-boat off Strone Point, then five miles close hauled to Toward buoy, and two miles dead beat to flag-boat off Ascog, then free sheet to Bogany buoy, and a short beat to the Rear-Commodore; distance 14 miles, twice round. This course was admitted by all to be as good as could possibly be got, and would not bear a single complaint from any one, which reflects great credit on the Rear-Commodore and the committee for the excellent arrangements they made.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the starting gun was fired, and three of the four vessels got off beautifully, the other the Bella lost about one minute by fouling her buoy. The Maud got away with a slight lead, closely followed by the Fairy Queen and Armada, the Bella coming up in the rear. For the first half of the run to the flag-boat they all kept their positions, but when off Port Bannatyne the breeze freshened a little astern, bringing up the Armada and Bella close on the Fairy Queen and Maud. At this point it was certainly a fine sight to see the whole rattling along with balloon topsails, and all within twenty yards of each other; in fact, the Armada, Fairy Queen, and Maud were so close that they might have been drinking wine together. On they went, each keeping about the same distance, and the flag-boat at Strone Point was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Bella.....	12	39	20	Armada.....	12	39	35
Fairy Queen.....	12	39	30	Maud	12	39	50

Before rounding the buoy the Armada and Maud had doused topsails, while the others carried on for some time. On hauling their wind the Fairy Queen and Armada soon crept to windward, leaving the Bella and Maud to make another race. On this tack we are satisfied the Bella might have taken a better position had she lowered her topsail, but on she went with her large balloon, and, so far as we saw, lost ground in consequence every movement. The Fairy Queen and Armada were now creeping fast ahead, and an exciting race was looked for between them, but unfortunately, the Armada carried away her bobstay, and although they did all in their power to repair it, still it threw her so far behind that she gave up, and did not sail the course. In beating to the Toward Buoy the Fairy Queen continued to increase her lead, while the Bella and Maud seemed better matched, and the flag-boat at Ascog was passed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fairy Queen...	1	55	10	Maud.....	2	11	0	Bella.....	2	12	15

In the run back to the Commodore the Maud and Bella kept well together, but when near the flag-boat the Bella got a slight advantage, and the first round was completed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fairy Queen....	2	11	34	Bella.....	2	36	31	Maud.....	2	39	50

The excitement of this race was now over, as barring accidents, the Fairy Queen had it all her own way, and the owners of the Bella and Maud agreed before coming in not to go the second round, but the Bella carried on while the Maud gave up. The second round was completed as follows, the Fairy Queen coming in an easy winner, thus adding another laurel to her owners:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fairy Queen.....	4	15	13	Bella.....	4	43	0

The second race was contested by the following yachts, for a prize, value £12. The signal was fired at 12h. 30m. to take stations.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Georgina	cutter	6	Capt. Hay, R.N.
Comet.....	cutter	5	T. Steven, Esq.
Maria.....	cutter	5	R. Lyall, Esq.
Excelsior.....	cutter	6	T. Steven, Esq.
Pet.....	cutter	6	J. and R. Fergusson, Esq.

A few minutes afterwards the starting gun was fired, and away they flew, like "things of life." They all got well away, the Georgina having the lead, closely followed by the Excelsior and Pet, Maria and Comet a short distance astern. The Pet and Excelsior met together at Gourrock Regatta, when the former gained by seven minutes and a half. The owner of the Excelsior did

not consider she had been properly handled then, and this match proved him correct. The Georgina was built by Fife of Fairlee, and had not yet been tried, so that the greatest excitement was manifested by the backers of the different vessels. On running to the flag-boat off Strone Point, the Excelsoir and Georgina got a good lead of the Pet, Maria and Comet, but in hauling their wind the Pet managed to creep nearer the leading boats, and some most interesting and exciting sailing took place between the three; in fact, nothing could exceed the manner in which they were handled, each striving her very utmost to get some slight advantage. During the beat to the flag-boat off Ascog the Pet got the lead, and the first round was completed as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Pet.....	3	9	4	Georgina.....	3	11	56	Excelsoir.....	3	12	57

In the second round they kept pushing each other as hard as ever, but a slight accident happened to the Excelsoir and Pet, by which they lost a little time. In beating to the Toward buoy, the crance of the Pet's peak-halliards bent considerably, and the mainsail would not stand properly, while the Excelsoir lost a little by the heel-rope of the topmast fouling, which prevented them setting their topsail in the last run to the Commodore. The Georgina rounded the flag-boat at Ascog first, closely followed by the Pet and Excelsoir, and they kept about the same position till the finish which was completed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Georgina.....	5	42	55	Pet.....	5	43	44	Excelsoir.....	5	45	2

Thus finished what was admitted to be the finest race that had yet been run in club; and the crews of the different boats are entitled to the greatest credit for the manner in which they handled the little craft.

The next race was by open boats of any length under 20 feet; prize silver plate, value £5, and for which the following entered:—Rose 18ft. Mr. J. Rankie; Janet, 14½ft., Mr. A. Dickie; Maggie, 16ft., Mr. R. M'Intosh.

The starting gun was fired at 1h. 25m., and they got away pretty well together; some nice sailing took place between the Rose and Maggie, but the latter having carried away her throat halliards when about half way round lost any chance she had, and the Rose came in an easy winner, as will be seen from the time of arrival at the station-buoy:—Rose, 4h. 0m. 15s.; Maggie, 4h. 6h. 16m.; Janet, 4h. 8m. 11s.

The last match this day was by yachts not exceeding 4 tons, for a silver prize of the value of £8. The following entered—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
Mayflower	cutter	3½	W. Miller, Esq.
Banshee	cutter	4	J. Mann, Esq.
Coquette.....	cutter	3½	Grichton Rait, Esq.

The gun was fired at 2h. 17m. 30m., and they bounded off, the Coquette with the lead, which she kept all the way, and if all had gone right, no doubt

she would have gained the prize, but unfortunately, some mistake occurred in the sailing directions given to the *Mayflower*, and she went round the whole course, instead of leaving out the flag-buoy at Ascog. The *Coquette* and *Banshee* took the right course, and they arrived at the goal as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Coquette.....	4	7	20		Banshee.....	4	21	29		Mayflower ...	4	44	0

On the *Mayflower* coming in her owner entered a protest against the *Coquette* receiving the prize, on the ground that he had sailed the course according to his instructions. The Commodore and Committee took the protest in consideration, and it was agreed that the prize should be sailed for again at Largs, on the 13th of August, or on some other suitable day. It is but right to state, that the *Banshee* was started and sailed without the consent of her owner, and, so far as we understand, she was very badly handled.

This concluded the races of the day, and the pleasing duty of awarding prizes was performed by the Rear-Commodore, in the most pleasing manner, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. He regretted exceedingly the mistake that had occurred regarding the course in the last race, and hoped all ill-feeling would be thrown aside, and that the boats would be favoured with a fine breeze to sail for it again, so as to set at rest the dispute that had arisen.

In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks on board the Commodore's yacht, and also the *Valetta* and *Eaglet* screw steam yachts, which were moored in the bay. A fine band was on board the Commodore's yacht which lent a charm to the whole, and about 11 p.m. the last blaze of rockets, &c., was given, while the band played "God save the Queen," and the company left for their different yachts well pleased with such a splendid conclusion to a fine day's sport.

RACE BY MEASUREMENT OF SAILS.

On Saturday the 24th of July, a race was arranged by the above club to try whether some satisfactory basis could be established for timing yacht matches by measurement of canvas, instead of hull as heretofore. The following were the arrangements made by the committee, viz. one minute time to be allowed for every 100 feet of canvas and every hour the race continued: for example, a yacht carrying 1000 feet of canvas must allow a yacht carrying 400 feet six minutes for every hour the race continued. It was fully expected that this would have been very near the allowance for yachts under 8 tons, as calculations had been made, from the results of former races; but unfortunately, soon after starting the wind became very light and changeable, and the consequence was that the race was finished without affording any criterion as to the merits of this mode of measurement.

The prize was a piece of plate value 5 guineas. The starting gun was fired at 3h. 15m., when the following obeyed the signal.

Yachts' Names.	Sq. Feet.	Owners.
Bella.....	916	R. Walker, Esq.
Fairy Queen.....	975	J. Grant, jun., Esq.
Georgina.....	535	Capt. Hay, Esq.
Excelsior.....	660	T. Steven, Esq.

The time was taken as they passed the flag boat as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairy Queen.....	3 15 55	Bella.....	3 17 0
Georgina.....	3 16 13	Excelsior.....	3 17 20

The same course was agreed on as was sailed on the 23rd, but only once round. During the run to the flag-boat off Strone Point the Fairy Queen kept the lead, followed by the Bella, Georgina, and Excelsior, and it was rounded as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fairy Queen.....	4 16 25	Georgina.....	4 17 20
Bella.....	4 17 10	Excelsior.....	4 19 10

After rounding, they all stood on the same tack for a short time, but the wind now became very light and changeable, so from this point it became quite evident that all interest in the race was gone, as at one moment it appeared as if the small boats would have it all their own way, while at others the Fairy Queen and Bella kept a good lead; a very slow beat up to Toward buoy took place, which was rounded first by the Fairy Queen, closely followed by the Bella, Georgina, and Excelsior. After rounding this buoy, it fell nearly dead calm, but the Fairy Queen got a nice little puff from N.N.E. which was carried up with her to the flag-boat at Ascog, leaving the other three yachts lying motionless. They lay nearly in the same spot for about an hour, while the Fairy Queen carried the breeze with her till she arrived at the Commodore's flag-buoy, which she did at 6h. 55m. 16s. Neither of the other vessels were in before eight o'clock, so their time was not taken.

It is much to be regretted that this race was not favoured with a good steady breeze, as the greatest interest was felt as to the result: the Clyde Model Yacht Club however, can now claim the honour of giving this plan (which we may say is taken from Marett's work on *Yachts and Yacht Building*), of measurement by canvas, the first trial in this country, and although it has not resulted in anything satisfactory, still the majority of the members are of opinion that this should ultimately be the standard mode of measurement, and no doubt, another race will, very shortly, be arranged to give it another trial.

The Rear-Commodore of the club, J. E. Reid, Esq., officiated as Commodore, and to him, to the members of the Sailing Committee, and to the Hon. Secretary, are due the warmest thanks of the club for the very able manner in which they discharged the arduous duties of this and the previous day.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

ON Tuesday 27th of July, this regatta took place in our magnificent roadstead, and comparing it with the last one which was held summers ago, the sport was excellent. The weather was all that could be desired, with the exception of the wind which, somewhat unfortunately, blew about the time for starting the first match rather stiffly from S.S.E. This, as there was a strong ebb tide running, rendered it difficult for the boats to make their moorings and sail the course marked out for them, although on the other hand their powers of beating to windward and "hanging a good wind" were better tested, but to appreciate these qualities, there was required a certain amount of nautical knowledge not possessed by the public in general, who seem to think that a "racing" boat ought to sail fast no matter whether the elements be against her or not.

As the day wore on the wind dropped a little, but by four o'clock in the afternoon it freshened again and gradually veering round to the East, at length whistled strongly and steadily from that quarter. The sailing at the close of the day was, therefore, to the uninitiated in seafaring matters more interesting than it was at the commencement. Of the general scene, both from sea and land, we need say but little. The Wellington Pier, (at the end beneath an awning the committee were stationed and from whence the boats were started,) was, of course, decorated with flags and banners, and fashionably dressed ladies thronged it throughout the day, enjoying the varied scenes around them and the performances of the East Norfolk Militia Artillery band and Hulley's band. Flags and other signs of rejoicing were displayed at different points along the shore, booths were erected on the beach fronting the Victoria Esplanade, and itinerant musicians and vocalists of all classes and both sexes did their best to amuse the thousands of pleasure-seekers who were scattered about in all directions.

Of the number of persons who attended the regatta considerable difference of opinion exists, but we think they may be roughly estimated at 16,000 or 17,000. At one time during the afternoon, when the inshore amusements were going on, the greater bulk of them were crowded together on the beach between the Wellington Pier and the Jetty, and interspersed as they were with men in military costumes and elegantly dressed ladies, they presented a most animated and pleasing spectacle. The view from the land was equally beautiful and interesting. The vast expanse of heaving-water, clear as crystal, as indeed it always is, with an easterly or south-west wind, was studded with craft of all sizes and

rigs, most of them presenting a holiday appearance, and some, amongst which was the revenue cutter stationed at this port, ornamented with flags and streamers both from the stem and stern to the mast-head. The desire of visitors, however, to be on the watery element did not seem to be so great as it had been on previous similar occasions; few sailing boats, therefore appeared to be devoted to "pleasuring," and the steam-tug Volunteer which plied about the roads had her decks but thinly manned with excursionists.

The arrangements of the committee were in all respects excellent, and had their orders been carefully attended to by the sailing boats entered for the matches there would have been little or nothing to regret or grumble at. As it was, however, nearly all the interest in the second and fifth matches was destroyed by the crews of the yawls not carrying in a conspicuous place upon their respective boats the numbers with which they had been furnished. Of the committee themselves we cannot speak too highly. They are, each and all, deserving of great praise for the energy and tact they displayed in getting up and carrying out the regatta, but some of them are, as may be supposed, entitled to special credit, Mr. H. R. Harmer, the hon. sec. and treasurer, who in bygone years has had considerable experience in these matters was, perhaps, the most active and indefatigable, but at all times he was most ably seconded by Mr. W. J. Foreman, who acted as time-keeper, and Lieut-Col. Beckham, and Mr. M. Butcher who were the umpires: Commander Mends, R.N., and Mr. J. Barnby also lent willing and efficient aid. Such labours as they had to perform are, we can candidly assure our readers, by no means light or, at all times, pleasant, for competitors in all things are seldom on the most amiable and friendly terms, and our beachmen, who are as brave as lions, but as litigious and perverse as lawyers, are no exception to this rule. So well, however, have they acquitted themselves, and so deservedly esteemed are they on all sides, that we would advise the public to constitute them the regular standing committee for this, for the future, annual frolic.

The racing commenced by a match for a purse of £50 between yachts of 25 and 50 tons. Half-a-minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage and no restrictions as to sails or men.

The following yachts were entered and started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
1035	Violet	cutter	40	J. E. Kirby, Esq.
62	Avalon.....	cutter	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
863	Silver Star.	cutter	24	J. Mann, Esq.

The course was round flag-boats placed to the North, the East, and the South, so placed as to form a double triangle; by this plan the boats were never out of sight. The course, which in extent was about six miles, had to be sailed over three times.

The start took place about 12 o'clock, the Silver Star took the lead which she held until the first flag-boat was rounded, the other two boats then passed her, and from that time she dropt astern until the middle of the second round when, fouling one of the starting-buoys she gave in. After passing the Silver Star the other two yachts kept close together, but after rounding the North and East flag-boats the Violet hauled to windward and showed in front. From this time the Violet gradually increased her distance from the Avalon until the close of the race, when she won in splendid style, her canvas standing, particularly her square-topsail, as stiff as a board. The following is the time in which the various rounds were sailed:—

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Violet	1	6	0	2	43	25	4	4	40
Avalon	1	13	0	3	29	20	4	42	0
Silver Star	1	19	12						

This was the first prize the Violet had won, and judging from her appearance she is likely to hold a prominent position in the racing world.

The second prize was a purse of £30, for yawls of not less than 45 feet in length; the first boat to receive £15, second £10, third £5. Half-a-minute per foot allowed. No entrance fee, but the first boat had to allow 20s., the second 15s., third 7s. 6d. to the regatta fund.

The yawls which entered and sailed were the Cambridge Lass, 60 feet; Royal Standard, 49 feet; and Queen Victoria, 63 feet, all belonging to Yarmouth; Eclipse, Lowestoft, 54 feet; Lady Hume, Winterton, 59 feet; Glance, Caister, 47 feet.

12h. 30m. had barely arrived before "Yawls a-hoy! look out!" was sung out, and immediately the gun was fired and up went their canvas, and away they cleared in fine style. The Queen Victoria, which was known by tan mainsail, took the lead, but after rounding the first flag-boat, the Glance somewhat overhauled her. On reaching Scroby Sands the boats which then formed a crescent, looked exceedingly beautiful, but curiosity was baulked, as, carrying no numbers they could not be clearly distinguished from one another. On making the inshore board, the Eclipse took the lead, but she was soon passed by the Lady Hume, who in her turn, again resigned the place of honor to the Queen Victoria. The other boats kept well together, and it was on the whole a fine race. From the boats not carrying their numbers it was difficult to distinguish them. No yacht, yawl, or boat should be allowed to start without a distinguishing mark, the pleasure of seeing a sailing match is greatly diminished when each vessel cannot be made out. Each round was finished thus:—

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Lady Hume.....	3	49	40	4	57	40	5	54	40
Queen Victoria	3	54	40	4	57	0	5	53	20
Royal Standard.....	3	58	20	5	3	18	5	58	40

The Eclipse and Glance, which were not timed in the 1st and 2nd rounds, came at the finish,—the Eclipse at 6h. 0m. 32s, and the Glance at 6h. 3m. 23s. The Royal Standard was awarded the first prize, the Lady Hume second, and the Queen Victoria third.

The third prize was a Piece of Plate of the value of £15, with £5 added for second vessel, to be sailed for by river yachts, not exceeding 30 feet on the ram. Time, half-a-minute per foot, and no restrictions as to sails or men.

The following boats were entered and sailed:—Kestrel, 30ft., Mr. W. Butcher; Belvidere, 24ft. Mr. T. N. Read; Isabella, 28ft., Mr. O. Diver; Rover, 30ft., Mr. T. Palmer; and Gipsy Queen, 11ft., Mr. G. S. Harcourt.

The natives were rather disappointed at the non-entry of the Enchantress, belonging to Mr. Green of Wroxham, a vessel of some local celebrity, and which we remember having seen at Lowestoft some two or three years since. She is latteen-rigged which may account for her not sailing on the present occasion. The yachts in this match started at 1h. 40. After rounding the first flag-boat the Kestrel took the lead followed by the Belvidere, the Gipsy Queen, and the Rover. The Rover subsequently passed the Belvidere, and the contest between these two boats was throughout very exciting. Afterwards the Belvidere regained her position and, although the smallest boat beat the Rover by 31 seconds. The Kestrel kept the lead throughout and won in good style. The course sailed was from the Wellington Pier round buoys about 2½ miles apart, twice over. The following are the times:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Kestrel.....	3	17	20	4	11	10
Belvidere.....	3	33	14	4	25	9
Rover.....	3	33	10	4	25	40

The fourth prize was a sum of £5, which was rowed for by the crew of the revenue cutter of this port, in their boats. The Dart came in first, the Alert second, and the Star last, and a few yards only parted each of the boats.

The fifth prize was a purse of £20, to be sailed for by yawls not exceeding 45 feet in length, the first to have £12, the second £5, and the third £3. Half-a-minute allowed to a foot; first yawl to pay 15s, second 10s, and third 5s. to the regatta fund. The course the same as the other yawls.

For this match the following started:—The Flying Fish, 43 feet; the Surprise, 41 feet; the Shannon, 40 feet; the Volunteer, 39 feet; the Violet, 41 feet; the Twilight, 36 feet; the Star of the East, 45 feet; and the Young Prince, 45 feet. The yawls got off well about two o'clock, and the first three were timed as follows, at the close of the match:—Star of the East, 6h. 7m. 15s., Volunteer, 6h. 15m. 0s., Violet, 6h. 18m. 12s.

The sixth prize was of £6, to be rowed for by ships' boats not exceeding

sixteen feet, with four oars and coxswain ; the first boat receive £3, the second £2, and the third £1. The following were entered and pulled:—The Zenobia, the Tidy, the Benjamin, the Secret, the Amelia, and the Union. This was a good match, and was won by the Secret, the Union was second, and the Benjamin third.

The seventh prize was one £3, to be sculled for in the same boats used in the last race, with the exception of the winner. In this the Tidy won easily; the Benjamin being second.

The last match was between six-oared single-banked beach gigs, for the sum of £20, the first boat to receive £10, the second £7, and the third £2. Pulled in heats. The boat entered were the Kitty, the Sturgeon, the Standard, and the Contest. The first heat was won by the Kitty, and the second by the Sturgeon. The concluding heat was won by 150 yards by the Kitty, the Sturgeon being second, and the Standard third.

The amusements of the day were brought to a close shortly after five o'clock by a duck hunt, which seemed to afford a considerable amount of satisfaction to the thousands of spectators.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

OUR patrons belonging to this club must excuse the short account which is now given, as illness prevented our reaching the scene of action. We therefore quote from our kind contemporary.

The annual *fete* of this distinguished club came off on the 22nd of July, under somewhat favourable auspices, there being a fine south-westerly breeze throughout, with a brilliant sun, which was not however oppressive. But in the afternoon when the matches had been decided, a drizzling rain set in and continued. It will be seen that the programme was enticing, and there was no want of entries for the several prizes, although some yachts named did not start in the first match, probably, from fear of their antagonist the now celebrated Lulworth, with Mr. J. Nicholls on board.

The first race was for £50, for yachts belonging to a royal club, of any rig or tonnage, (o.m.) Ackers' scale for cutters, and half ditto for schooners.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
594	Lulworth.....	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.
1035	Violet.....	cutter	40	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
804	Rara Avis	schooner	25	Capt. Otway

The Emmet, E. Gibson, Esq., and Phantom, S. Lane, Esq. declined starting, although entered.

The start was effected at 10h. 50m., and as there was no committee steamer to accompany the yachts during the match we had follow in the passage steamers as best we could; no manœuvres of any importance occurred to render any remarks necessary, beyond that in this match they proceeded twice round the course, which was from their stations off the club-house, the Destiny being the starting vessel, down the river, round the Calshot Light vessel and the buoys of the Brambles, leaving all on the starboard hand, thence to the starting vessel, twice round. It is evident that among those in the match the Lulworth was the favourite, for when leaving Southampton water, distant about six miles from the start, she was leading the Violet by about a mile, and the distance between the different vessels may be better judged by the time they severally arrived in the different rounds—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	12	32	0	2	55	0
Violet	1	6	15	3	30	25
Rara Avis.....	1	25	0			

The Lulworth winning by 35m. 25s in point of time, having to allow, according to the committee's regulations and understanding, instead of Ackers's scale, 11m. 20s., and to Rara Avis 33m. 15s. According to Ackers's scale on the card it would have been 21m. 30s. In either case she was a winner by time and distance.

The second race was for a purse of 15 sovereigns, for cutters, yawls, and sloops, not exceeding 12 tons, and was competed for by the following:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858,

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
791	Quiver	cutter	12	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
241	Don Juan.....	cutter	10	W. Cooper, Esq.
314	Fair Alice	cutter	5	Capt. Roebuck

The race was between the two former yachts, and was a very close one. The Don Juan and Quiver were the decided favourites, the latter having to allow the former two minutes, but, as will be seen, was found to be unnecessary. They were severally started at 11h. 30m., and on rounding the Arrogant frigate in their extreme course down the river the Quiver was 45 seconds in advance of her fearful antagonist. The course was, as heretofore, three times round.

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Quiver.....	12	27	0	1	12	30	2	3	10
Don Juan.....	12	28	0	1	15	0	2	6	15
Fair Alice.....	12	36	0	not timed.			2	15	0

Allowing for time, Don Juan was a defaulter by 1m. 5s. It was a very

interesting race, though from the situation of the wind no further remarks are necessary.

For the Prize of 16 Sovereigns, the Centipede, Paskina, was, for the second time this week, the winner.

The Southampton water was enlivened by a number of yachts as will be seen by the official list, although there was not so much bunting displayed as we have been accustomed to witness at this regatta. The ball took place in the evening, at the club-house, and was well attended.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS annual gala came off at Carvarvon, on Aug. 2nd. Owing to Morecambe Bay and other regattas being fixed for the same time, great fears were entertained of a poor muster; and the illness of the Lady of the Venerable Commodore, and of the worthy Vice Commodore himself tended to dampen the ardour of the proceedings.

Up to Saturday no strange yacht had turned up, with the exception of the North Star, which had come over the bar a day or two previous, (apropos of this craft, she raced last year, her keel having been only laid six weeks previous, and launched on the Thursday preceding the regatta, but unfortunately got aground on the South Bank in beating out, and took assistance from a steamer contrary to rules, and consequently lost the prize, although beating Plover, Coralie, &c., a good distance.)

On Sunday everything looked as black as ever, a boiling hot day, and not a breath of wind, however, towards evening matters began to brighten by the arrival of the Charm and a few others, and one of H.M. gunboats came steaming up from Holyhead, and anchored just as the sun-set gun boomed forth from the club-house battery.

The long expected morning broke out at last, rather lowering, strong puffs of wind from the S.W. were sweeping over the straits, and all was bustle and excitement: here the racing gigs were trying their speed and pulling away for exercise, and in another place were the crews of the different craft trying (borrowed) larger topsails, &c., others scrubbing and preparing boats for the rowing matches, and every one full of life and activity, as busy as a nameless gent. in a gale of wind.

At 8 o'clock a gun from the battery gave the signal "up flags," and in an instant the Wyvern flag-ship, and the gunboat, were covered with bunting, and gave not a little animation to the scene. How well the antique old town appears on a regatta day,—the union jack flying on the Eagle tower, and the ensign of the R.W.Y.C. in the centre of the town walls, and all the shipping in the river dressed out as well as their stock of flags allowed.

About 10 o'clock the breeze still freshening, giving promise of plenty of wind, the sailing boats took in reefs of their different sails, as one old "weather-wise" observed, "they should have more than they could eat before mid-day."

At 11 o'clock the Rear-Commodore entered his gig under a salute of seven guns, the band playing "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" &c. and now the business of the day began in earnest. By this time, the whole line of wall fronting the straits, the piers, and Coed Helen shores were teeming with anxious spectators, whilst the grand stand on the club-house serving as a centre piece was literally covered with all the belles of the county, and such beautiful figure-heads some of them had, it was a grand sight and one not easily forgotten, and many were the remarks passed on the "dear Welsh beauties,"—God bless them.

Having drawn for stations we fought our way through a swarm of boats of every description, sailing boats of all sizes, man-of-war's gigs with their sturdy crews of British tars, rowing boats, punts, skiffs, and in fact anything that would float were pulling and jostling one across the other, that the boat hook made itself generally useful in warding off their attacks, as we made over to our craft off the club-house.

Owing to the non-entry of sufficient yachts the Prince of Wales' cup was not run for, and the North Star unfortunately found no competitor. This prize of the value of fifty guineas is a handsome and massive tea-kettle, on a stand, by Dismore, of Bold Street, Liverpool, well combining the ornamental with the useful, and which we hope will be well competed for next year.

The next prize was the Royal Welsh Club cup, a beautiful and chaste silver salver, (value 20 guineas,) of the reign of Queen Anne, making a handsome souvenir, if only for its antiqueness.

The following yachts took their stations:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Yacht's Names	Rig	Ton	Owners
156	Circe.....	cutter	14	Rear-Com. Turner
907	Starling.....	schooner	15	J. G. Griffith, Esq.
564	Lapwing.....	cutter	13	Capt. Hirste, Esq.
856	Scud.....	cutter	13	Capt. T. A. Iremonger
	Dwarf.....	cutter	5	J. Williams, Esq.
643	Minona.....	cutter	15	G. T. P. Jones, Esq.

Hearing that a heavy sea was running on the bar, the usual course was not given, *id est*, Round a flag-ship in the bay. But the course this year was much shortened, viz. round the chequer buoy, about a mile

from the entrance to the straits, thence round a flag-boat off Plas Brereton, finishing inside the flag-ship.

At 12h. 7m. 40s., the signal gun "slip and away," was given and simultaneously off started the pack one after the other; it was an exciting race, being restricted to the R.W.Y. Club yachts.

The Circe beautifully took the lead, followed closely by the Scud: off, off, they sped, bending low to the breeze as if gracefully acknowledging its superior strength, with their whole sails set, parting the waters on each side, and skimming along against a strong tide.

What a cheering sight to see those slight fabrics carrying such a load of canvas in such a breeze, however in the Gap, down came the Scud's topsail, fearing to trust her topmast out of shelter of the land, the others went crackling along straining every spar, and dashing the spray about in clouds.

When off the Perch Beacon the Circe's sailing seemed very much impaired, every squall literally sending her on her beam ends. When on going below she was found to have a large quantity of water in her, in fact it was knee deep in her cabin, owing to the carelessness of the men, the head of the pump pipe had not been screwed on, it being on the starboard side and she on the port tack, and leaning over her gunwale in the water, it must have been pouring in for some time, and to crown the whole snap went a link of her bobstay, and up came her jib flapping in the wind, and in his fright the boy dropped the pump handle overboard, and then of course she had no chance, but still gallantly kept on notwithstanding her mishap.

Immediately afterwards the Scud came dashing along and soon overhauled her, followed by the Lapwing, the latter craft either afraid of filling (being half open deck,) or something or other, kept luffing up along the South Bank quite out of her course, completely buried in sprays with her main sheet far from home, however no doubt prudence dictated the act, for when opposite the mark made right away for it, and ran a near chance of a collision with the Scud which had just rounded the buoy, and came rushing along like a racehorse, before the wind, had it been a quarter of a minute later both vessels would have been in splinters, as it was the Lapwing kept away, and owing to her main sheets being "from home" on bringing her head to wind in rounding the buoy, she would not stay, and off she went to leeward, and was passed by the Circe, Starling, Minona, and Dwarf in rotation.

The race was now between the five remaining vessels, away they sped, running free with the tide, all excellently handled, and passed the flag-ship on their way to Plas Brereton as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Scud.....	1	14	40	Starling.....	1	19	47
Circe.....	1	19	40	Minona.	1	23	40

After rounding the flag-boat off Plas Brereton it was tacking work again, and now was the time for their skill or never, here Circe had no chance on the wind, owing to her accidents aforementioned, and was soon overhauled by them all.

The Scud here ran her bowsprit into the Starling's mainsail, and on getting clear was passed by the latter craft and Minona. Along they came against a strong tide each taking advantage of every little eddy.

Minona in two or three tacks got ahead of the Starling, and now though last at starting was ahead of them all, they rounded the flag-ship as follows:—Minona, Starling, Scud. Circe and Lapwing here gave up the contest.

Away they went again and kept their several stations round the Plas Brereton flag-boat, and up, when off the pier, (the tide still strong against them,) the Starling was close upon the heels of Minona, and working her way well up, when the latter craft made a beautiful short tack out of the tide, into the eddy caused by the sand bank off the club-house, and before any one was aware of her manœuvres, flew right under the stern of the flag-ship and round her bows. Amid the cheers of the multitude, (the band playing "Conquering Hero,") the gun from the flag-ship proclaimed that the cup was her own. The time of rounding was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Minona.....	2	46	32		Starling.....	2	49	8		Scud	2	51	0

The next race was for first class sailing boats, for a prize of ten sovereigns. The following boats started:—Rover, (Llandudno,) schooner, Mr. H. Jones; Mary, (Bangor,) schooner, Mr. M. Thomas; Rover, (Beaumaris,) schooner, Mr. H. Hughes.

Their course was round a schooner off Porth-lleidiog and back, thence round the Deadman off the club-house, and again round the schooner finishing inside the Deadman. This was a smart race, and all the boats were well handled, particularly the Rover of Beaumaris, which was manned by four strong fellows acting as shifting ballast, as well as attending the sails. They came in as follows—Rover of Beaumaris first, Mary second, and Rover of Llandudno third.

The next race was for the second class sailing boats, for a purse of five sovereigns. The entries were, Menai, Bangor, Mr. R. Williams; Nereid, Carnarvon, Mr. W. Griffith; and Mary, Carnarvon, Mr. G. Williams.

These boats were also admirably handled and had the same course as the first class. The Mary led, followed by Nereid, and Menai last: when off Porth-lleidiog a squall struck them, and nearly capsized the Menai, the water rushing into her set everything swimming; and the Nereid in bringing her head to wind broke her tiller, and was "booked," as they say—but not to win. They came in as follows—Mary first, Menai second, and Nereid third.

The next was a rowing race by amateurs, for a handsome and massive silver tankard of the value of fifteen guineas. This race was the most interesting for the townsfolk. The entries were the Gazelle, Carnarvon, J. T. Williams (cox.); Clutha, Liverpool, J. H. Taylor (cox.); and Lady Louisa, Carnarvon, J. Jones (cox.) The course was round a flag-boat on the Anglesey side. This race was won by the Clutha, beating the other boats a long distance.

The next was for the Juvenile Amateurs' purse of four sovereigns, but ow-

ing to the non-muster of sufficient boats, there was no start, to the no small disappointment of these juvenile aspirants to aquatic fame.

The next race on the programme was the Carnarvon watermen's purse of seven sovereigns. The entries were the Greaves, Mermaid, Nautilus, and Snowden View. The Greaves won, followed by Snowden View, and Mermaid.

The next was the castle purse of eight sovereigns. The following boats started:—Lady Louisa and the Llewelyn Turner. These boats were built expressly for this race, and were well rowed, the Llewelyn Turner beating Lady Louisa some distance.

After this followed Punt Races, Sculler's Races, and other amusements, concluding with that amusing spectacle a duck hunt. The duck unfortunately had only one leg, but swam and dived admirably under the pursuing boat of the hunter. They played in the water for some time to the great amusement of the spectators.

As the band played "God Save the Queen," the rain which had been threatening all day now descended in heavy showers, and continued so all the evening to the great injury of the *fete* that was to take place at seven o'clock in the castle grounds, including a balloon ascent, concert, fireworks, etc., which were postponed until the following evening.

SWANSEA REGATTA DINNER.

The Ordinary took place at the Mackworth Arms, and was a first-rate spread, the wines too were unexceptionable.

The following gentlemen were present:—Messrs. S. Benson, in the chair; E. M. Richards, vice-chairman; W. H. Francis, H. W. Williams (Cambrian), W. D. Pegg, H. Barnes, G. B. Haynes, J. Johnson (yacht Amazon); J. C. Atkins (Vigilant), H. T. Arnold; the Messrs. Letcher, Llanelly; S. Padley, jun.; John Lewis, (Cambrian, hon. secretary of regatta), B. R. Hennessey, J. W. Eveleigh, M. J. Rothschild, Isaac Jacobs, John Williams, James James, James Richardson, J. Viner, F. Pitman, John Oakshot, Fenton, George Thomas (Fairy) J. H. Jenkins, &c., &c.

The cloth been removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were drank with becoming loyalty.

The Chairman then gave the Army and Navy, coupling therewith the name of Lieut. James. The navy fortunately was not engaged in hostilities at the present moment, but the army were fully occupied and proved by their valorous deeds they had lost nothing of that heroism which characterised them in the Crimea. In proposing this toast, he was sure he only echoed all their sentiments when he said he hoped that the war in which they were now engaged would soon be brought to a happy and successful termination. (Cheers)

Lieut. James, in responding on behalf of the toast, said that fortunately neither service required any words from him to secure a hearty response from the company. Their many acts of valour lately witnessed spoke for themselves, and it would be a matter of mere verbosity did he make any further remarks.

He was much obliged to them for the cordial manner in which they had received the toast and his name in connection therewith. (Cheers.)

The Chairman next gave them the health of the Lord Lieutenant of the county—C. R. M. Talbot, Esq.,—a gentleman not only respected in life, but a liberal patron of the present regatta and a warm supporter of yacht clubs. Moreover, he was the owner of one of the best and fastest yachts in the county; and he (the Chairman) was sure his name would be well received by the present company. (Cheers.)

The toast having been duly honored.

The Vice Chairman proposed the health of the Members for the County: at a meeting of this sort remarked Mr. Richards, politics of course were excluded; but from the liberal support which had been afforded by them to the Swansea regatta, he was sure they would drink the toast which he proposed with acclamation. He was aware from personal intercourse with the members of the county that it was impossible for them to have been present that night, on account of their Parliamentary duties. Mr. Hussey Vivian, in particular, had told him he was very sorry he should not be able to attend but he hoped they would have a good regatta. (Cheers.)

The toast was then drank with three times three.

The Chairman would next propose to them the name of a gentleman who he was sure would be well received by all. It was the health of a gentleman who not only made a most excellent member of Parliament, but one who had presented the regatta with a very handsome cup, which had been ran for that day, and which had afforded one of the prettiest and most exciting races, inasmuch as, with a run nearly forty miles, four boats came in at the winning mark within two minutes and a half of each other. He gave them the health of L. L. Dillwyn, Esq., member for the borough.

The toast was drank with musical honours and three times three.

Mr. S. Padley said that his name had been set down as the proposer of the next toast, and he therefore had great pleasure in proposing the health of the winner of the day—Mr. Atkinson of the Vigilant (cheers.) The last occasion which he (Mr. P.) observed Mr. Atkins present at a regatta dinner, was when he was not the winner of the day, but he stood up with him (Mr. Padley) to return thanks for the toast "the losers of the day." To him that was nothing—he was well used to it. (Laughter.) But he hoped the mournfulness of that occasion (for it must have been rather awkward and unpleasant to Mr. Atkins) was now effaced by the pleasing reflection that he was the winner of to-day. (Cheers.) He now proposed to them the "Winners of the day, coupled therewith the name of Mr. Atkins," whom he sincerely congratulated on his success.

The toast was drank most cordially.

Mr Atkins in responding to the toast, remarked, that he was unable to give expression to his feelings on that occasion. When he came to Swansea this time every hand was held out to meet him with that good fellowship and cordiality which he hoped ever to shew to any gentleman with whom he was associated; and he could assure them that such a reception had given him the greatest pleasure. With respect to the toast which was now proposed and so cordially received, he was proud to have such a memorial to remember his second visit to Swansea—he hoped it would not be the last, for he should always feel great pleasure in coming to support the Swansea Regatta. (Cheers.) Mr. Padley

had referred to him as being present at the Tenby Regatta. He must say that he felt a little annoyed on that occasion, because he had drawn the position of the second boat to the windward, but he had been placed the furthest to the leeward; and any body who knew anything about yachting knew that that made a great deal of difference in the race. The effect of being placed in this position was, that the other boats soon passed him. However, in such cases he supposed he must take a lesson from Mr. Padley, and if he should ever suffer again, not to feel much disappointed thereat. (Hear, Hear.) He felt exceedingly obliged to them for the honour they done him in drinking his health in connection with the winners of the day. (Cheers.)

The Chairman remarked that Mr. Padley, in proposing the toast of the winners of the day, had forgotten to mention the name of another gentleman present who had been a successful competitor. He (the chairman) had heard it remarked that "small fish are sweet," and although the prize was small which Mr. Thomas had won that day, yet he hoped he would not be discouraged. The "Fairy" was a very pretty yacht, and had sailed remarkably well. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Thomas, in responding, thanked the company most sincerely for the kind manner in which his health had been proposed and drank, and also for the kind reception he had met with in Swansea. He trusted that their Regatta would still go on and prosper, and that at no very distant day they would establish in connection with this rising port a South Wales Yacht Club. (Cheers.)

The Vice-chairman proposed the next toast, which was "the health of the Stewards of the Swansea Regatta," coupling therewith the name of Mr. Benson. (Cheers.) They all knew that whoever was absent from their regattas, Mr. Benson was sure to be present, (hear, hear,) whenever the service of any gentleman were required in Swansea, either for a regatta or any other object which was for the benefit and advantage of the town or port, Mr. Benson was always ready and willing to extend his aid and co-operation. (Cheers.) On the present occasion, circumstances, had deprived Mr. Benson of the services of his brother stewards, but the character of the Swansea regatta had been fully maintained by their chairman. He hoped the day was very distant indeed when anything should happen which would prevent them from having Mr. Benson amongst them as one of the stewards of the regatta. He was about to remove from the town, but he was glad that he was not going so far that they could not claim him as steward for the future regattas. (Cheers.)

Mr. Benson, in responding to the toast, said, that he stood alone upon that occasion, but it was not from want of interest in the regatta on the part of his brother stewards, but because almost all of them were detained in London upon Parliamentary duties. The difficulties which the committee had to decide between, with respect to fixing the days of the regatta, were either to be without the presence of those gentlemen who usually supported them, or to be without good boats. Their object was of course, to get a good class of yachts here, and they therefore selected a day between that fixed for the Milford and Cork Regattas; and, under these circumstances, the owners of the yachts who were present must put up with any little inconveniences. Swansea was differently situated to many other places where regattas were held, and which were mostly places of pleasure, whereas Swansea was a large commercial port, and surrounded by hills—the inhabitants from the neighbourhood of which had not flocked into the port in so large numbers as on some former occasions. Swansea,

however, was rapidly increasing its population, and he believed that they would also increase the value of the prizes offered for competition so far as to secure a still better class of boats. He hoped that they would again see those owners of yachts who had honoured them with their presence this year, and that they would also induce their friends to pay Swansea a visit on a future occasion. (Cheers.)

The Chairman next gave them "the health of the losers of the day," coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Johnson, owner of the yacht Amazon. The Chairman remarked that the wind had been so baffling throughout the day that it was no disgrace to any man if he had not won. At present he could not say whether Mr. Johnson was a winner or not—that must be left to the decision of the proper tribunal—but of this, he was sure that the Amazon was a splendid boat, and generally admired.

Mr. Johnson responded on behalf of the unsuccessful candidates. He was glad that the chairman had been kind enough to say that he could not tell whether he (Mr. J.) was a winner that day or not, and that the decision must be left to be settled elsewhere. He could assure them that in whatever colours he came off with on the present occasion—whether he was declared the winner or the loser—his visit to Swansea had afforded him the greatest pleasure, and one which he should never regret. With respect to the owner of the *Vigilant*, if ever a man deserved a cup, certainly Mr. Atkins did, for he had never seen a race run more fairly or honestly in his life. (Cheers.) He again assured them he felt the compliment which had been paid him, and hoped to meet them again on another occasion. (Cheers.)

Mr. Oakshot, with the permission of the chairman, would propose the next toast, viz., the health of the Treasurer and Hon. Secretary of the Regatta, (Cheers.) The one gentleman took care of the money when it was collected, and the other gentleman takes good care to collect it. (Cheers.) To both gentlemen they were therefore greatly indebted, but more particularly to their Honorary Secretary, and a more indefatigable Secretary was never to be found in Swansea. (Hear, hear.) Much of the success of the regatta, therefore, depended upon him, for the contributions were the main part of their prosperity, and but for them they would not have seen such a capital class of boats amongst them on this occasion. Their Secretary, as he had before remarked, had been most indefatigable, and had collected more subscriptions this year than had ever been raised before. (Cheers.) He, therefore, gave them the health of their Treasurer, Mr. George Young, and the health of their Secretary, Mr. John Lewis. (Cheers.)

The toast having been drunk with three times three and one cheer more,

Mr. John Lewis, in responding to the toast, said, that he was sorry that a severe cold had almost deprived him of his voice, but, husky as he was, he was not insensible to the kind manner in which the company had been pleased to respond to the toast, or to the flattering way in which Mr. Oakshot had introduced his name. He could assure them, from the little experience which he had had, that events of the magnitude such as regattas had now attained, were not to be carried out simply by the exertions of one individual—the elements of success were the influential patronage extended to them, the cordial co-operation of the Committee, and the liberal contributions with which the promoters of the regatta came forward. Since he held the office of Honorary Secretary, he had received the ready co-operation of all parties; and so long as he received

such co-operation and support, so long they may command his humble services. He again thanked them sincerely for the honour they had done him. (Cheers.)

Mr. James Richardson rose to propose the next toast—the health of a body of gentlemen well-known in the town, as watching not only over their interests, but their pleasures as a community. They were honoured that night with the presence of the chairman of that body, whilst the vice-president was one of the most active and energetic members of the same. (Cheers.) He had great pleasure in proposing the health of the Harbour Trustees, both in their individual and collective capacities. (Cheers.) They were largely indebted to the Harbour Trust for a great portion of the sports of the regatta, for they had this year most liberally doubled their contribution of former years. (Cheers.)

The Chairman returned thanks on behalf of the Harbour Trust. He remarked that he did not know that the Harbour Trustees could take much credit on themselves for contributing towards the Regatta, because they were greatly interested therein. It was to the interest of the port that they should have a good class of pilot boats, and the contributions of the Trust were entirely confined to the pilots. The race of the pilot boats had been a very pretty sight, and would doubtless do much good in inducing the pilots to get better boats. With respect to the Harbour Trustees, they all looked forward to improving the port. What they wanted was more railways in connection therewith, and with the increased depth of water they were now acquiring, trade must improve. (Cheers.) He could only hope it would improve in the same proportion as it had done during the past ten years. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. Lewis said he had heard some expressions of regret that the pilot boats should have gone round the marks a second time that day. He wished to state publicly that the reason for such was, in deference to the pilots expressed wish on the previous evening. When drawing lots for their positions, they said if there was a breeze, they should like to go round twice, the same as the yachts, and permission was granted them. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. F. Kitman proposed the next toast, and although rather late, it was by no means the least of the evening. He gave them “prosperity to the town and trade of Swansea.” (Loud cheers.) Each gentleman who had addressed them had spoken in reference to a particular interest, but were it not for the town and trade of Swansea, there would be no regatta—no Harbour Trust. (Cheers.) During the short time which he had been in the town—about four years—he had seen the trade of the town progress most rapidly, and he would say that whatever emulations there were in trade, there was nothing like a sprit of jealousy evinced towards any gentleman who came here with the laudable endeavour to improve his capital. He had seen men come from north, east, south and west, and never had any jealousy been manifested towards them. (Cheers.) He was glad to see the vast improvements being made in their port and harbour, and when completed their port would vie with the first in the kingdom. In proposing the toast “prosperity to the town and trade of Swansea,” he hoped that every tradesman would still emulate each other in that friendly spirit which had always characterised them. He would couple with the toast the name of Mr. H. T. Arnold. (Hear hear.)

Mr. Arnold said that he had been called upon quite unexpectedly to return thanks, but he did so most sincerely, and hoped they would have many similar meetings.

The chairman next gave them the health of the Mayor and Corporation remarking that he regretted that the Mayor was not present. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr. John Oakshot, the ex-mayor. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Oakshot remarked that in rising to return thanks upon the present occasion, he must express his regret that the mayor was not in the place. (Hear, hear.) He was sorry indeed that he had not acted throughout in this Regatta, and it was a matter of sincere regret that he did not see him present on that occasion. However, every man had a perfect right to have his own opinion upon any subject; doubtless the Mayor had his objections, and he (Mr. O.) could give him every credit for sincerity of those objections. He, (Mr. O.) had ever thought that they should support meetings of this sort, and he had now attended at some sacrifice to himself, but did so because he thought it was due to those gentlemen who came amongst them at regatta times. On behalf of the Corporation, with which body he had now been associated many years, he begged to thank them, and he was sure that body would always do everything in their power for the general interest of the town. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then briefly proposed success to the Copper Trade, coupling therewith the name of Evan M. Richards, Esq. (Loud Cheers.)

The toast was responded to by Mr. Richards, who however remarked that unfortunately he was not in any way connected with the copper trade—he wished he was.

Mr. James Richardson proposed the next toast, remarking that amongst all the interests which had been alluded to that evening there was none stood more prominently forward than the shipping interest—to this they as a community were mainly indebted for the degree of prosperity which they now enjoyed, for without the shipping they could do nothing. (Cheers.) The shipping interest required the skill of every artizan in the place, and contributed to the success of every tradesman. If the shipping interest decayed every other trade followed, and therefore all must be benefitted in its prosperity. He gave them “success to the shipping trade” coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Oakshot. (Cheers.)

Mr. Oakshot having briefly responded, proposed “the health of the ladies,” which was suitably acknowledged by Mr. W. Francis.

Mr. F. Pitman proposed, in most appropriate terms, “the health of their worthy President. (Cheers.) Although his name had been mentioned during the evening in connection with other toasts, still he was sure one and all would drink his health as president, wishing him at the same time long life and prosperity. (Loud cheers.)

The toast was most cordially received and briefly responded to, after which the company separated.

MISTLEY REGATTA, (Essex.)

The regatta at this place, (July 15th), was a most successful affair, and gave much pleasure to a numerous company, who arrived by railway, steamer and craft of every description. The arrangements for the various matches were of the first order, under the management of Messrs. Baxter, Scopes, Tovell, Webb, Johnson, Sutherland, and Mauldon.

The sports commenced at 12h. 45m. with the three sailing matches, which were started simultaneously, and afforded a very pretty spectacle, as yachts, smacks, and open boats rapidly spread their canvas, and went away under the influence of a fresh breeze from the south-east. The course for all the classes was from the Coke Quay, Mistley, to the mark-vessel off Wrabness Point, a distance of ten miles out and in, to be sailed twice over.

For the first race a purse of ten sovereigns, for yachts not exceeding 8 tons, The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Ton	Owners
981	Veritas	cutter	7	J. W. Baxter, Esq.....
	Reindeer.....	cutter	4	J. Tovell, Esq.....
8	Albatross	cutter	8	J. J. Pettitt, Esq.....
	Rifleman	cutter	7	E. Stammers, Esq.....
	Sam Sly	cutter	6	— Cross, Esq.....

The Albatross started with the lead, followed by Veritas, and Reindeer, but the Rifleman soon pushed into second place, and battled well with the leading vessel, and on the completion of the first round she was only half-a-minute astern of the Albatross, and in going out the second round appeared to have the best of it, but they finished thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Albatross.....	2	15	0	Veritas.....	3	35	0
Rifleman	2	17	15	Reindeer	3	38	30

The Rifleman was entitled to 1m. for difference of tonnage, which brought her within 1m. 15s. of the Albatross, and a doubt existing respecting the actual tonnage of the latter, the prize was withheld. Since the match it has been proved the Albatross exceeds the 8 tons, consequently the prize is given to the Rifleman.

The prize of four sovereigns for undecked sailing boats, which the Oscar, (Groom), won, beating the Amanda, Fairy, and Priam.

For the smacks a prize of four sovereigns was given, which was won by the Zingari (Tovell) beating Joseph and Victory.

Several rowing matches and duck hunt closed a very happy meeting.

PAGLESHAM REGATTA.

On June 30, an aquatic *fete* was held on the river Crouch, Burnham, Essex, under the management of A. Arcedeckne, Esq., Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, whose yacht the Gnome was the flag-vessel on the occasion. Upwards of 2,000 persons assembled, the weather being delightful; a number of the metropolitan yachts also attended, and the whole scene was one of brilliancy and pleasure.

The first match was for a quart silver goblet for first yacht, and a pint sil-

ver ditto for second yacht. Half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage.

The following entered—Britannia, 15 tons, Mr. Patmore; Waterwitch, 13 tons, Mr. Browning; Rosalind, 11 tons, Mr. F. Wiseman; Don Juan, 11 tons, Mr. J. Wiseman.

At 11h. 10m. they started, the Don Juan taking the lead, hard pressed by Rosalind who succeeded in passing before finishing first round, which place she retained to the end, winning first prize. Britannia also hustled past the Dove, but having to allow time, the latter received second prize. Waterwitch gave up disabled. Distance of course twenty miles.

The next race for a quart silver tankard and sugar basin, and a suit of flags for second prize. Distance and time as before.

The following started—Coquette, 11 tons, Mr. F. Wiseman; John and Stephen, 11 tons, Mr. J. Allen; Eclipse, 11 tons, Mr. J. Wiseman; Eliza, 10 tons, Mr. F. Wiseman; Thetis, 11 tons, Rev. Mr. Smythe; and Nautilus 7 tons, Mr. G. F. Browning.

Nautilus started with the lead, and altho' hard pressed by Coquette she gallantly held her way for some time; but the power of latter landed her the winner.

The third race was for a purse of money, under the same regulations as the other races. The following entered:—Tartar, 10 tons, Mr. J. Wiseman; Two Sisters, 10 tons, Mr. Woolfe; Three Sisters, 10 tons, Mrs. Wiseman; Amiable, 8 tons, Mr. F. Wiseman; Ada, 11 tons, Mr. Wenidon.

This was as well contested as the prior matches, indeed the tactics displayed by these amateur crews gave great satisfaction to the "nauticals" present, after a sharpish brush the Ada was the victor with plenty of time to spare.

A. Arcedeckne, Esq, then presented the prizes to the successful candidates, with appropriate speeches. The aquatic sports were concluded by some rowing matches and a duck hunt, after which a ball took place in a spacious marquee, which was graced with the attendance of a large number of the beautiful lasses of Essex, and dancing was kept up until an early hour.

YACHTING ACCIDENTS.

Extraordinary Rescue.—At Kingstown Regatta, on the 21st. ult, a small sailing boat, belonging to Mr. Henry A. Hamilton, of Balbriggan, was run down by a large fishing smack about 300 yards from the shore, and instantly sank. Out of the five persons on board Mr. Hamilton's boat, two succeeded in getting into the smack; another swam till picked up by a boat; while a lady's life was almost miraculously saved by the extraordinary exertions of Mr. Hamilton. She was precipitated into the water to a great depth by the violence of the collision, and the smack actually passed over her. Mr. Hamilton watched were she went down, and, though a very bad swimmer, he immediately dived down till he reached her, and with difficulty succeeded in raising her to the surface of the water. He then swam with her towards the

shore till a boat put off and picked both up. Being desirous of showing her gratitude to the Almighty for this merciful preservation of her life, she has thought that she could not do so in a more appropriate manner than by placing at the disposal of the National Life Boat Society the sum of £300, to be employed in stationing an additional life-boat on some part of the Irish Coast. Mr. Hamilton, who is the nephew of the member for Dublin University, has on previous occasions been instrumental in gallantly saving life from shipwreck, and was chiefly instrumental in founding a life-boat establishment in connection with the Life Boat Society at Skerries, near Balbriggan.

A Yacht Capsized and Three Lives Lost.—Our readers may remember that about a month ago an account appeared in the Newspapers of a small yacht having been capsized off the Calf of Man. It was ascertained that the owner was a Mr. Johnston, who formerly resided in the neighbourhood of Portaferry; but who had for many years been a resident in New York, where, we understand, he created an independence for himself, and has a large family of children and grandchildren. Anxious to see his friends in Ireland, he got a small yacht of about ten tons built, and shipped on board a steamer for Liverpool, his intention being to spend the summer cruising about the Irish coast. On his arrival at Liverpool he had the yacht masted and fitted out, and about a month ago he sailed for Belfast, having a man and a boy on board. Off the Calf of Man a squall struck the yacht, and capsized her; they were enabled to clear away the punt, into which they got, and succeeded in landing on the island. A steamer from Drogheda to Liverpool fell in with the yacht, and towed her in. Mr. Johnston, heard of this, went to Liverpool, and paid £15 salvage. He then had the yacht again fitted out, and sailed for Belfast, where he arrived about ten days ago; he had her entirely refitted, and sailed at two o'clock p.m. on Saturday week for Portaferry, intending to match her in the regatta; but he was not fated to reach his destination; he had with him a nephew and another friend. It would appear that when a few miles beyond Donaghadee, they either tailed on a rock and were upset, or a squall capsized them, and they were all lost. On Sunday the yacht was discovered by one of the coast-guard, and after an active search the bodies were found. Mr. Johnston's watch had stopped at ten o'clock. In his pocket a painter's bill was found, and this was the only paper that gave any clue to his identity. The coast-guard arrived in town on Monday, and having searched out the painter, communicated at once with the friends of the unfortunate gentleman. The yacht, we understand, was greatly over-masted.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- SEPT. 2—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Sailing Match
 3—Clyde Model Yacht Club Challenge Cup Match at Dunoon
 10—Dover and Cinque Ports Regatta
 17—Wellington Yacht Club Challenge Cup, (open to all the world.)
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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1858.

THE NEW MEASUREMENT.

THE system of measurement proposed by the late Mr. P. R. Maret, has been tried by the Royal Yacht Squadron in their different three matches this season, and apparently with satisfactory results. To obtain the actual area of sail carried by the respective vessels, the tide surveyor at Cowes, measured the length of the middle cloth of each sail, and multiplied the same by the number and width of the cloths, he thus ascertained the respective area of each sail. The club agreed to an allowance of half-a-second per square foot for difference of measurement in the matches for the Prince Consort's and Her Majesty's cups. For the former three cutters entered, and the area of canvas of each was as follows:—

Arrow	5,894 square feet
Lulworth	5,661 "
Extravaganza	3,932 "

The difference between the Arrow (the winner) and the Lulworth was 233 feet, consequently she had to allow 1m. 56½s., and between Arrow and Extravaganza there was 1,962 feet, which gave the latter 16m. 2½s. For Her Majesty's cup four schooners entered:—

Alarm	8,891 square feet
Shark	8,086 "
Claymore	6,296 "
Ella	6,087 "

The Alarm's (the winner) canvas exceeded Shark's 805 feet, allowance of time thereon 6m. 42½s.; Claymore with 1,595 feet less than Alarm received 13m. 17½s.; and Ella with 1,804 feet less received from same vessel 15m. In the race to Cherbourg for the Emperor's cup, three-quarters of a second was allowed per square foot for difference of measurement in area of sails; and schooners were allowed to deduct one-tenth in measuring against cutters, &c. Thirteen vessels started, and although the Alarm came in sometime ahead yet the time she had to allow to the Claymore, (which vessel came in within her time,) would have entitled the latter to the prize, but the Ursuline yawl having to receive time from Claymore came in with several minutes to spare and received the prize.

On comparing the tonnage and sail measurements it must strike every one that the latter appears to be the most fair of the two, inasmuch as the Extravaganza, a vessel of not half the tonnage of the Arrow carries only one-third less canvas. And, again, the Zara is 312 tons old measurement, yet in sail measurement her area of canvas is 214 square feet less than the Alarm of 241 tons.

The Ursuline winning in this match must lead yachtsmen to think that the new system is the fairest, and may hope to see some of the "stiff and comfortable" sort occasionally hailed as winners. Builders must study stability more, and another change will take place in our racing vessels.

Some difference appears likely to occur respecting the best method of measuring the area of sails, and the time which should be allowed. We have recorded the method adopted by the R.Y.S., which appears to have worked well. The death of Mr. Marett will much retard the carrying out of the system, as we are deprived of his excellent judgment now that some difference seems to arise; however, a relative of his has endeavoured to fill up the void by suggesting a means of overcoming any difficulties that may occur.

He says—Now, first as to the measurement, I should lay down as a principle that the system adopted should not leave any opportunity for cheating, or obtaining a large real and small nominal area. One plan is to *measure the actual sails*, which is a principle unobjectionable, but forms a work of considerable difficulty and labour, and a work in which, after all, no two people would agree in their results. Another plan is to *measure the spars*, and then ascertain by calculation, founded on empiric rules, what is the area of sail; and this is

the plan which I should recommend, and should suggest the following rules for carrying it into effect.

The measurements to be taken are but five, and can be taken in a few minutes, and the calculations are simple; and I may observe that all measurements should be taken only to the outermost sheave-hole or lashing connected with the sails, and not the bare end of the spar. To find the area of mainsail, take three-fifths of the length of gaff and boom together, and multiply this by the hoist from deck to the under side of the lower cap, the product will be *area of mainsail* quite nearly enough. (It might seem more simple, and as accurate, to multiply the length of boom by the hoist, but if that were done we should soon see gaffs longer than booms.) To find the area of head sails, take one-half of the length from mast to bowsprit-end, and multiply this by the hoist; the product will be the *area of headsails*. (This is a simple mathematical problem, considering the two headsails to form one triangle.) To find the area of gaff-topsail, take one half the length of gaff, and multiply this by the length of topmast from the heel to sheave-hole; this will be the *area of topsail*. (This is the area of a working topsail, quite nearly enough, and is as fair as any which can be taken.) Add all these three areas together for the whole *area of sail*. As an example, we will take the Mosquito in her old days:—

Hoist from deck to cap	40 feet
Length of boom	52·5 "
Length of gaff	37 "
From mast to bowsprit-end	58·5 "
Length of topmast	37·5 "

52·5 feet
37 adding
<hr/>
89·5 length of gaff and boom
3
<hr/>
5)268·5
<hr/>
53·7 three-fifths of ditto
40 multiplying by hoist
<hr/>
2148·0 area of mainsail
<hr/>

2)58·5	length from mast to bowsprit-end
<hr/>	
29·25	half length from mast to bowsprit-end
40	multiplying by hoist
<hr/>	
117·00	area of head sails
<hr/>	
2)37	length of gaff
<hr/>	
18·5	half length of gaff
87·5	multiplying by length of topmast
<hr/>	
693·75	area of topsail
<hr/>	
2148	area of mainsail
1170	" head sails
694	" topsail
<hr/>	
4012	total area of sails
<hr/>	

I have no record of the size of the Mosquito's small topsail, but the other measurements agree well with the actual areas, and it will be seen that the calculations are short and simple. For schooners the measurements will be similar, except that when the masts rake, the hoist and the length of topmast must be ascertained by letting fall plumb lines from the cap and the sheave-hole, and measuring them for hoist and length of topmast.

Many other plans might be suggested. One very simple empiric plan was discovered by the late Mr. P. R. Marett:—Multiply the hoist by the length from boom-end to bowsprit-end for the total area of sail, including a large topsail; and it is very remarkable that practically, and with existing vessels, this rude rule gives very accurate results. No such rule, however, could be adopted in practice, as it would lead to short masts and long topmasts, short booms and long gaffs, whereas the plan propounded above does not appear to allow evasion. The measurers must, of course, be empowered to use their discretion, and ascertain the fair length of spars, should any scheme for evasion be discovered.

Having then by this or some other plan ascertained the area of sail, we come to the second and totally independent question; as to how time is to be allowed. Now, with respect to this, I have no he-

sitation in saying that a shifting scale, such as that in page 80 of *Yachts and Yacht Building*, is the best, and perhaps a better scale than the seven-hour scale in that table could not be found. That table is, however, constructed on the same principle as Ackers' scale, and as that scale is not popular because it is too complicated, I will propose a simpler system than that in the table. *Allow one minute for every hundred feet area of sail.* I come to the conclusion that this is a fair allowance, by the same process which the table in *Yachts and Yacht Building* was made, and the process which must be adopted in any case, namely, by considering the performances of different yachts. The Mosquito has an area of sail of about 4,000 feet, the Thought and Phantom about 2,400, and the Mosquito can beat either of them 16 minutes in an ordinary course, for she beat the Thought 18 minutes in the Thames Club match, in 1857, and Amazon, a rather smaller vessel, with good luck beat Thought with bad luck 22 minutes in 1858, and so on. So Phantom in 1856 beat Vampire 13 minutes, and Kitten 20 minutes, which would be found not much more than the time given by this rule. Or, to use a simpler argument, the time allowed by this rule between any two vessels would be nearly that allowed between the same vessels by the old rule of half-minute time for tonnage, which rule experience has shown not to be very far wrong. I have thus propounded a simple system of measurement and allowance.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual aquatic amusements of our Northern friends took place on the Humber, July 26th and 27th, and, although we have not such a variety of races and entertainments now-a-days as we were wont to have some years ago, the interest taken in the affair was very great. The pier and every available spot was filled. Our fine old river, studded all over with vessels gaily decorated with flags, prominent among which were Lord Londesborough's yacht and the Trinity House yacht, presented an animated and beautiful appearance. A very fashionable party of ladies and gentlemen accompanied the vessels down the river in the Manchester steamer, engaged by the Yacht Club. Among those on board we noticed:—Lord Londesborough, Hon. W. H. Denison, T. Thompson, Esq. (Mayor), Lieut. Turnbull, Capt. Wilkinson, A. Bannister, Esq., Mrs. and the Misses Bannister, and Miss Robb; J. S. Skilbeck Esq., and

the Misses Skilbeck; — Cockburn, Esq., R.E.Y.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Coltman Smith, Capt. Corlass, J. Loft, Esq., Messrs. W. and H. Croft, J. Brodrick, jun., Esq., T. W. Morley, Esq., T. Colgan, Esq., — Nash, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Garthorne, Mr. Coleman, F. Low, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Rust, &c. The Sir Colin Campbell and other steamers also accompanied the vessels along their voyage, and were each well freighted with passengers.

The first Match was for a handsome silver Claret cup and two goblets, Value £60, presented by Lord Londesborough. Half-a-minute per ton was allowed for the difference of tonnage.

The following yachts entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
17	Alice Maud.....	cutter	22	J. Tempest, jun., Esq.
803	Rapid.....	cutter	46	A. Bannister, Esq.
574	Leda.....	cutter	31	W. H. Moss, Esq.
593	Louisa.....	cutter	24	Captain Cator
264	Eagre	cutter	24	Captain Bacon

The course was down the Humber, round the Bull floating light, leaving it on the starboard hand and back, passing between a boat moored off the east pier and Humber dock basin; twice round.

The start was effected at 10h. 30m. by the Commodore firing from the committee's boat one gun to start, and the other five minutes after, when the vessels got fairly underway. The lead was taken by the Louisa, Capt. Cator, followed by the Alice Maud, Eagre, Leda, and Rapid. The wind, although in favour of the vessels, was only a very slight one, which gave considerable advantage to the lighter vessels. Rapid, in starting, fouled her topsail sheet, and thus lost two or three minutes. The yachts continued together until off Paull, when there were only a few yards distance between them; the Rapid having to bear away to clear fouling the Eagre. The wind rather freshened and came round about N.E. They thus continued until rounding the Bull float-ship, after rounding of which they made the best of their way home, with flowing sheets. The Rapid gradually kept distancing the Eagre, and arriving off Paull, she being more weatherly than the rest of the boats, had only one board to make, which gave her a slight advantage. The race finished thus:—Rapid 3h. 48m. 55s.; Eagre 3h. 55m. 3s.; Louisa 3h. 59m. 45s.; Alice Maud 4h. 15m. 46s., Leda 4h. 20m. 40s.

In consequence of the half minute time allowed for tonnage, and the Rapid being 46 tons, whilst the Eagre is only 24 tons, the former had

to allow her *eleven minutes*, which enabled Capt. Bacon to carry off the prize.

The following eleven were entered for a Purse of 20 Sovereigns:—The Chance (Newton), Paull; the Dart (Wilkin), Paull; the Admiral (Naylor), Paull; the Friendship (Rowbottom), Paull; the Secret (Dennis), Paull; the Jane (Stewart), Hull; the Betsy and Jane (Anderson), Hull; the Greyhound (Smith), Paull; the Rapid (J. Wilkin), Paull; the Faith and Perseverance (Turner), Paull; and the Hawk (Speck), Hassle. Of these 10 started and the Rapid was declared the winner.

Second day.—The weather was beautiful, though, perhaps a stronger breeze would have added interest to the contest in nautical eyes. The piers were crowded, a large party was on board the committee's steamer, Manchester: Lord Londesborough, the Hon. Mr. Denison, and Sir Edwd. Belcher, R.N., being of the number.

The first race was for a piece of plate of the value of 40 guineas, half-a-minute, time race, course as first day.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
593	Louisa.....	cutter	24	Captain Cator.
1035	Violet.....	cutter	40	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
264	Eagre	cutter	24	Captain Bacon
970	Ursuline	yawl	110	Lord Londesborough
17	Alice Maud	cutter	22	J. Tempest, jun., Esq.
803	Rapid	cutter	46	A. Bannister, Esq., v.o.
574	Leda.....	cutter	31	W. H. Moss, Esq.

Precisely at 10h. 30m. the signal was given and away went the Rapid with the lead, with Louisa and Eagre close at her heels, up to within a mile or two of the Bull Float, the Eagre and the Louisa kept close together; the Eagre, however rounded the Bull Float before the Louisa, the Rapid being the first. After a splendid race the yachts came in, in the following order:—Rapid 4h. 44m.; Eagre 4h. 50m. 44s.; Louisa 4h. 52m. 48s.

As the Rapid had to give eleven minutes on account of her superior tonnage the Eagre was the victor, and her owner, Capt. Bacon, has thus obtained the prize both in the first and second days' race. A general opinion prevails that in so short a course half-a-minute per ton is too great an allowance of time. Vice-Commodore Bannister, who is the life and soul of these aquatic meetings, presented the cup to Capt. Bacon immediately after the race.

The entries for the second prize, value 16 guineas, were—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
	Cygnets.....		9	J. Thompson, Esq.
163	Cobra.....	schooner	10	J. Egremont, Esq.
	Bijou.....		7	F. Gamble, jun., Esq.
246	Dolphin	yawl	15	E. Squire, jun., Esq.
106	Brunette.....	cutter	11	C. Uppley, Esq.

There was some dispute in this race. The Brunette came in first, but she not having a member of the club on board, lost her chance. The Dolphin, the second boat, was also deprived of the honor, in consequence of not taking the proper course, she having gone to windward of one of the buoys. The prize was therefore taken by the Cobra, the third boat in.

In addition to the above, a committee of gentlemen, consisting of Captain Thompson, Captain Hurst, Mr. Glover, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Carr, made the necessary arrangements for the matches detailed below. On the first day a most exciting race was run with eight "dusters," all passing the winning boat at nearly the same time. The order and prizes were:—Jane, £1 10s., British Queen, £1 5s., Lively, £1, Sea Flower, 15s., Queen, 10s.

At half-past two, second day, a novel, race took place between five river keels, viz., Mr. Wilson's Providence, Mr. Thompson's Lucknow, Mr. Wells' Friendship, Mr. Scholey's Mary, and Mr. Malcolm's Victory.

The starting point was the same as that of the yachts down the Humber, but round the Skitter sand-bank, and back. The Providence was the first to make the round, the other four being all alongside each other. They reached the goal in the order in which they are given above, the Providence winning by about one minute. The following were the prizes awarded:—£6, £4, £2 10s., £1 10s., £1.

At seven o'clock in the evening, there was a trial of skill with four-oared boats, from the Minerva Hotel, twice round the Cornwallis and back. There were eight entered, and after a spirited contest they came in as follows:—Lively £2, Ariel £1, Queen 10s., and Sea Flower 5s.

At half-past seven, a hardly-contested sculling match took place, starting from the Minerva Hotel, round the Corporation pier and Trinity Packet, which rode in the stream, and back. Young Tiuto was the winner. The prizes were 15s., 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s.

These closed the aquatic sports for the season.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

COWES on this occasion was thronged with fashionable company, far exceeding the yachting season for some years past, and this fact must convince the town authorities that a liberality on their part to improve the approaches and promenades will be met with a corresponding feeling by the members of the R. Y. S., whose families and friends will "summer" here, instead of arriving on the eve of the regatta and flitting immediately it is over. About the largest number of yachts assembled that has been seen for years; and it is to be hoped that Cowes will resume its once prosperous position amongst the watering places of Britain.

The races commenced on Monday, Aug. 2nd, with the Prince Consort's cup, value £100, open to all cutters and yawls belonging to the club. Marett's system of measurement with half-a-second per foot allowed for difference of time.

The following entered:

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Area of Sails Square feet.
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.	3,932
53	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq...	5,894
594	Lulworth.....	cutter	80	J Weld, Esq.....	5,661

The Extravaganza had No. 1 place, which was nearest the shore, and the others as placed, outside of her; but from the situation of the wind being aft, there was no more advantage to the one than to the other.

The course was that known as the "Queen' cup course," viz. from Cowes to the eastward round the Nab, thence returning to the westward to round a mark vessel stationed off Yarmouth, but this season the course has been shortened, the flag-boat to the westward having been stationed off Thorness, about six miles from Cowes, instead of off Yarmouth, to enable the yachts to be kept in sight of the rendezvous.

The above vessels left their moorings, and proceeded to their stations to the eastward of the roadstead, to enable them to get well under way, and with plenty of sea room. By this means they were enabled to pass the castle fairly on their voyage with all their canvas set.

At 9h. 40m. the gun was fired from the parade, and the flag hoisted at the semaphore to denote to them to prepare. At 10h. precisely a second gun was fired and the start effected. Lulworth took the lead; and great praise is due to her crew for the alacrity displayed in getting her canvas hoisted, her gaff-topsail being up while the others seemed

to be thinking about it. At length they were all fairly under way, and from the situation of the breeze which, off the harbour, was about S.E. b.E., inclining to the southward, between "the capes" they had the wind on the port quarter, standing in towards the castle and island shore to shun the young flood, which was against them. On passing the semaphore the Lulworth had the lead by about three lengths; then came the old Arrow, with the Extravaganza on her weather quarter, and in this manner they proceeded first to the westward, edging in towards Egypt, to avoid the tide. Off Gurnard Bay the Lulworth, which was still leading, first took the freshening breeze out of the bay, and fearfully walked ahead, increasing the distance between her and her opponent, until they rounded the flag-vessel thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth	10 48 15	Arrow.....	10 52 30	Extravaganza.	11 58 15

The extreme limit of their western course having been effected, the yachts severally hauled their wind and proceeded on their course to the Nab. During which great excitement prevailed, each craft was beautifully handled, and made tack for tack with each other; no sooner was the helm of the Lulworth down, than the same was echoed to the tune of "Hard-a-lee!" on board the Arrow. It was evident that the interest of the match lay with these two craft. The Extravaganza evidently had no chance with her more powerful opponents. Cowes Castle was passed as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth	11 26 10	Arrow.....	11 28 0

From hence they reached to the northward, and worked through the Middle with the flood tide in their favour: at 11h. 45m. they were abreast of Osborne. making tack for tack, the Lulworth about a cable's length to windward. Breeze freshening, with every appearance of the continuance. At 12h. 16m. the Lulworth passed Ryde Pier, and stood towards the northward on the starboard tack, the Arrow retaining her position of about two and a half to three minutes abreast of her, but to leeward. At 12h. 20m. Lulworth off Anglesey, tacked and worked up to Spithead. Arrow about also. On weathering the Pitt (coal hulk) they were again timed:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth....	12 27 5	Arrow.....	12 30 25

presenting a difference of 3m. 20s. At 12h. 43m. Lulworth tacked inside Spithead. At 12h. 48m. Arrow followed her example. At 1h. 10m. they were in the neighbourhood of the Warner Light vessel. At

1h. 30m. they were between Sea View and the Nab, each working down the east channel. The wind now about south-east, eventually the Nab Light vessel was rounded as follows—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	1 35 45	Arrow	1 38 10

After luffing round the Nab they severally tacked, and henceforth on their return to the Noman had the wind almost dead aft. Both of them doused their jib-headed topsails, set their huge topsails, and in this manner went foaming along. Extravaganza was now observed to the northward of the Warner outward bound. On passing Sea View on her return the Lulworth dropped her foresail, and proceeded under her jib and mainsail only, while the Arrow, to use a Sea View expression, "came skimming along." On their return they passed the Noman as under—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	2 9 3	Arrow	2 11 10

The latter having, since passing the Nab, shortened her distance by 18s. in her run from thence. They now luffed up, and eventually hauled their wind on the port tack for Spithead. About 2h. 20m. they passed the Sandheads buoy. On passing Ryde Pier the Arrow was only 1m. 21s. in the wake of the Lulworth. The distance from hence to the goal was, however, too short for her to recover herself, as also to allow her friend the extra 1m. 56s. which she had to give her for difference of area of sails. From hence nothing very particular occurred, beyond both vessels being off Osborne close together, and they returned to the goal as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	3 15 10	Arrow	3 15 40

the former winning without time by only 30 seconds. A more interesting and exciting match it has not been our lot to witness for some time past. The cup was presented the same evening to Squire Weld.

Second Day, August 3rd.—The annual dinner was held for the first time in the new club-house, (the castle,) and was well attended.

Third Day, Aug. 4th. The race this day was for the Queen's cup, value £100, by schooners belonging to the club. Measurement by area of sails, half-a-second per foot allowed for difference of measurement.

The following started:

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Area of Sails. Sq Feet.
660	Shark.....	schooner	175	W. Curling, Esq.....	8,086
7	Alarm.....	schooner	248	J. Weld, Esq.....	8,891
153	Claymore	schooner	130	Hon. H. Rowley	6,296
273	Ella.....	schooner	106	Sir Gilbert East, Bart....	6,087

The *Isis*, 75 tons, W. H. Cosway, Esq., entered, but did not start.

The necessary preparations having been made, and the yachts at their respective stations, the start was effected in the usual manner at 10h. precisely. On the present occasion the wind was from the southward and westward, and although the course sailed over was the same as on Monday, it was, as regards the wind, in the reverse order of things, the yachts having to work to the westward, and run from thence to the Nab with flowing sheets. Having first to go to the westward, the *Shark* became the weathermost vessel, and the *Ella* to leeward. On slipping from their moorings, sail was speedily set, and the yachts canted to the northward and westward, and having made a reach over in that direction, they severally tacked and worked down the west channel until they rounded the western flag-boat in the following time and order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alarm.....	11 29 40	<i>Ella</i>	11 48 0
<i>Shark</i>	11 34 35	<i>Claymore</i>	11 52 23

This feat in the match having been accomplished, they severally scudded away to the eastward, with all sail drawing, the *Alarm* increasing gradually her distance from the rest until they passed Cowes Castle as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alarm	12 0 50	<i>Ella</i>	12 20 0
<i>Shark</i>	12 6 56	<i>Claymore</i>	12 26 37

At 12h. 20m. the leading yacht passed Ryde on her way to the extreme limit of her course. On nearing the Noman Buoy the *Alarm* shifted her main-topsail and prepared to haul her wind. The buoy was rounded as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alarm	12 40 20	<i>Ella</i>	1 6 36
<i>Shark</i>	12 49 50	<i>Claymore</i>	1 11 20

Shortly after passing the Noman, and when in the neighbourhood of the Warner, we observed the *Alarm* in the act of shifting her jib, and suddenly to round-to. By the aid of our achromatic we observed a man overboard. Scarcely a moment elapsed when a boat was launched from the yacht and manned, which pulled in the direction of the amphibious creature, whom we descried striking out towards the yacht; watching ourselves every movement, we observed him rescued and taken into the boat, and the *Alarm*, bereft of her jib-boom, having picked up the crew, hoisted in the boat and filled away. Although the work appeared to be that of a moment, it was a detention to her of upwards of six minutes. Away went the *Alarm* with the freshening breeze as if nothing had

happened—Shark close in her wake. Eventually the Nab Light Vessel was rounded in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alarm.....	1 6 15	Ella.....	1 27 20
Shark	1 9 28	Claymore	1 32 25

On rounding the vessel the Shark appeared to us to be longer than usual in stays, and the Alarm came skimming away towards the Noman, seemingly making up for the time she had lost by her accident. As they severally returned, the Alarm doused her fore-topsails, as also did the Shark, who also struck her topmast. Nothing could exceed the beautiful manner in which the Alarm glided through the water, gradually widening the breach between herself and her opponent. The Noman was passed on their return as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alarm	1 26 46	Ella.....	1 50 0
Shark	1 30 15	Claymore	1 55 15

The yachts severally luffed up for the Sandheads, from whence they proceeded to the goal without anything occurring worthy of remark beyond that of the Alarm luckily reaching into the roadstead, and making a short tack to pass between the Castle and the mark-vessel, which was accomplished as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alarm.....	2 30 0	Shark.....	2 41 0	Claymore.....	3 16 0

The Ella went to her moorings without proceeding to the goal, having from first to last had very little, if any, chance of being at a respectable distance.

Fourth Day, Aug. 6th.—In consequence of Her Majesty's visit to Cherbourg it was resolved that the race this day should be extended to that place; thus giving the Emperor an opportunity of witnessing the winning of the cup, which he had presented to the R. Y. S. The chance of further testing the new system was decided on, and instead of half-a-second as in the prior matches, three-quarters per square foot should be allowed for difference of measurement; and schooners to be allowed to deduct one-tenth of their areas as against cutters, &c. Not more than one hour to be allowed in any case.

The idea of altering the course from that usually adopted by the club, was at first rather startling, more especially when it was to be a sea-going one; but then it would be ended by evening, and the vessels would be in a safe harbour at night. Our yankee friends do things on a much larger scale, we have before us an account of a race which occupied two days and a night before it was finished.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Area of Sails sq Feet
159	Claymore.....	schooner	130	Hon. H. Rowley.....	6,296
61	Aurora.....	cutter	60	Le M. Thomas, Esq.....	3,645
970	Ursuline.....	yawl	112	Lord Lonsborough.....	4,115
315	Fair Rosamond.....	schooner	132	Earl of Gifford.....	4,193
53	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq...	5,894
810	Resolution.....	schooner	164	Duke of Rutland.....	5,789
860	Shark.....	schooner	175	W. Curling, Esq.....	8,086
946	Minx.....	cutter	68	F. R. Magenis, Esq.....	4,301
1239	Zara.....	schooner	312	Earl of Wilton.....	8,677
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley.....	3,932
7	Alarm.....	schooner	248	J. Weld, Esq.....	8,891
526	Julia.....	cutter	122	J. Houldsworth, Esq.....	5,941
164	Columbine.....	schooner	91	R. S. Barry, Esq.....	4,477

Never were thirteen vessels of that size seen in a match before, averaging 133 tons. The Sailing Committee fearing that the course from Cowes would be too long, determined to start the vessels from near the Nab, and as laying down moorings at sea would not be easy, the vessels were first to start from near the Princessa; this plan was changed and they were to form a line in a S.S.E. line from the Culver Cliff, and then to start by signal with their sails down; and Captain Ponsonby undertook the arduous office of starting them. For this purpose he placed himself on board Mr. Gee's little steamer, the Chesapeake—lent to the club for the occasion—and soon after five o'clock a.m. proceeded to St. Helen's where most of the vessels had been anchored for the night, in order to communicate to them the change of plan. The Zara, however was already off, not aware of the change; but the other vessels followed the steamer in order towards the Culver Cliff, Claymore leading, the rest following in order, then turned and ran down under bare poles or a stay-sail to the S.S.E. till they reached something like their stations, but there was great disorder and confusion. Zara on being informed of the change came up to take her place but having to lower her sails in a hurry shot ahead. Alarm, Julia, and Columbine, who as the wind blew, were to windward, did not seem inclined to take their stations; there was, however a tolerable line formed, and as it was now 7h. 30m. and an hour and more had been cut to waste, the signal to start was given, but the gun was very imperfectly heard by several, Alarm particularly. There was a strong breeze, nearly due west, with a bright sun, and a magnificent sight it was to see these thirteen noble vessels hoist their sails and start off. Zara and Ursuline had an excellent start, Alarm, Julia, and Columbine a very bad one, Claymore being all to leeward, was also badly placed. There was so much wind that Shark had a reef down, Arrow a reef down and a jib-

headed topsail; Claymore and Alarm carried whole sails, and Alarm tried to set her fore-topsail, but having carried away the sheet gave it up. Ursuline carried whole sails. For fear of the wind shortening, all the vessels lay nearly close hauled, which put them about a point to windward of their course, and Columbine, with very good judgment, kept still more to windward, trusting to the chapter of accidents and to a shift of wind. There was a good deal of head sea on, as it had blown harder in the night from the S.W. As soon as the vessels got fairly off Zara had a good lead, Claymore and Shark next, and Alarm soon came up to Claymore and Shark, but was more than an hour before she could get by them, the Shark showing nearly as much sail as the Alarm, and stopping her. Having at length shaken them off, and the wind being rather lighter and sea less, the Alarm began to gain fast on the Zara, and passed her to windward about 30 miles from Cherbourg. The wind now freed a point and the vessels feeling safe bore away a point, set their gaff-topsails, shook out reefs, and flew along at a tremendous pace, Shark now passing Claymore. They entered the west end of the Cherbourg breakwater about half an hour after the Queen and her squadron had left it, and rounded Mr. Frankland's Eugenie, which was stationed about a quarter of a mile inside the breakwater as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alarm.....	1	10	10	Julia.....	1	55	0
Zara.....	1	20	30	Minx.....	2	3	0
Shark.....	1	33	20	Columbine.....	2	12	0
Claymore.....	1	34	10	Resolution.....	2	16	0
Arrow.....	1	42	0	Aurora.....	2	20	0
Ursuline.....	1	51	0				

Extravaganza and Fair Rosamond came in afterwards. It will be seen that the Ursuline, being not quite 41m. behind the Alarm, and 17m. behind the Claymore, and having to receive 48½m. from the Alarm, and 19½m. from the Claymore, was the winner; Claymore was also within her time of the Alarm, and having run over the 60 knots, or 70 miles, in very little more than five hours and a half, or at the rate of 12½ miles an hour, with which many steamers could not keep up. This pace told of course fearfully in favour of time, for the Alarm must have beaten the Ursuline at least seven miles in the run of 70. The Ursuline had also all the advantage of the measurement, as she could set her whole sail, whilst the others could not, and though there has been much grumbling at the result, we are by no means sorry to see the snug-rigged and comfortable yacht prove a winner.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

RYDE as usual was full of company to witness the aquatic sports, and "the especial correspondent" says, "The return of the yachts from Cherbourg and the congregating of a fleet of pleasure vessels reminded us of days of yore, increased by the men-of-war at Spithead, grinning their teeth, bidding defiance to any foe who might venture to the neighbourhood. Every yacht from 8 a.m. displayed its quantum of bunting of every size and colour. The Commodore's ship, the *Brilliant*, the Vice-Commodore's cutter, the *Arrow*, and several other yachts were dressed aloft and aloft in their holiday attire, as was also the case with the club-house semaphore. This display afloat gave an animated appearance by day, and the late Admiralty regulations in regard to lights reminded us of a substantial illumination throughout the night. The Royal Pier also displayed its various colours, flags, and banners, all which added to the attraction. At one period on Friday afternoon, there were not less than 2,000 persons assembled thereon.

The programme announced Thursday, Aug. 12th, as the first day of the regatta, but from some unknown cause the day proved a blank.

Friday, Aug. 13th.—The weather was most delightful, and the afternoon was devoted to races principally between yachts' crew.

The first race was by yachts' four-oared gigs, belonging to a royal yacht club. First prizes £4, second £2 10s., third 30s., fourth 20s. The following (named after the yachts to which they belong) started—*Cissy*, *Ione*, *Irene*, *Gipsy Queen*, and *Eclipse*. In this race nothing could excel the manner in which the crew of the *Cissy* handled their oars, fully maintaining the character they earned at Cherbourg. The *Irene* and *Gipsy Queen* fouled each other at the start, and the latter's rudder was unshipped, which placed her in the awkward position she was found; the *Irene* was disqualified from participating in the prize. This led to a splendid private match between the crews of these two boats, after the termination of the matches in the programme. The *Eclipse* did not start. The course was, as usual, from the station-vessel to round a boat off Apply, thence passing under the pier round a boat to the westward and home: twice round. They came in as we have placed them.

The Second race was for yachts' pair-oared boats, which was won by the *Vesper* beating *Brilliant* and *Gipsy Queen*.

Third race was between the following dinghies, rowed by two men, for five prizes,—*Eliza* 25s., *Blue Belle* 20s., *Vesper* 15s., *Pet* 10s., *Zuleika* 5s., beating *Brilliant*, *Wanderer*, *Arrow*, *Amazon*, and *Eclipse* after a very spirited race.

The fourth race was yachts' four-oared gigs, belonging to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. The Cissy received the first prize £4, beating Irene and Arrow.

Fifth race was for £5 between yachts' life-boats, which was won by Sultana beating the Constance and Brilliant.

Sixth race was won by Vesper's dinghy, beating Brilliant and Sun-beam.

A sculling match and a duck hunt followed.

These races concluded the sports of the day. In the evening the annual dinner of the members of the club took place at the Club House, Commodore Ackers presided, faced by the Vice-Commodore, and supported by a noble staff. The dinner comprised every delicacy of the season. After the usual loyal toasts of "The Patroness and Patron of the Club" were drunk, as well as "The rest of the Royal Family," the Commodore gave "The Health of H.I.M. the Emperor of the French," and adverted to the honour the Emperor had conferred on the club by becoming one of its patrons, as also to thank him for his benevolent feeling and liberality toward the man Harbour, who lost his arm last season whilst saluting the Emperor and Empress *en passant* from Osborne.

Saturday Aug. 14th.—According to official programme, two matches were appointed to take place, viz. first, for a silver tankard, presented by Thomas Broadwood, Esq. which was open to all schooners belonging to the R.V.Y.C.; twice round the R.V.Y.C. Course; time half Ackers's scale; to start at 10h. 30m. a.m., for which were entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rtg.	Tons	Owners.
984	Vesper	schooner	32	W. H. P. Weston, Esq.
1087	Wildfire	schooner	56	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
609	Maria	schooner	83	A. H. Davenport, Esq.

And, secondly for a club prize, £50, open to all cutters belonging to R.V.Y.C.; to start also at 10h. 30m. a.m.; twice round the R.V.Y.C. Course, that is, from Ryde to the eastward, round the Nab, thence returning to the westward to round the west buoy of the Middle, and back to the Ryde Pier, passing between that and the Commodore's ship Brilliant. For divers causes unknown, the first match did not come off, it is evident that every one was afraid of the Wildfire; in fact, her very character and appearance equal to that of the Lulworth, are sufficient to strike terror among those of the age gone by; the Vesper, although entered, required half a minute per ton, which the Wildfire would not

give to her—a difference of 12 minutes is certainly very much, but which under certain weather might be given. When shall we have a scale for different winds, weather, and tonnage, which will please every one? It appeared also that 6d. per ton entrance money was much objected to. Moreover, in this intended race yachts were permitted to carry all kinds of sails, and were unlimited in the number of hands; in every other respect to be subject to the sailing rules of the club. Notwithstanding all this desire to please every one, the race did not come off. The amusement of the day was therefore confined to the Club Prize of £50, for which the following entries were at their respective stations, viz. Arrow being nearest the pier:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
53	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
205	Cymba.....	cutter	58	T. Brassey, Esq.
46	Amazon.....	cutter	48	J. H. Johnson, Esq.

Course and time the same as for the schooner's match, viz. R.V.Y.C. course and half Ackers's scale. The wind and weather were anything but auspicious; the former was baffling and inclining to calm, the latter very threatening, and in the afternoon rendered everything truly deplorable; a deluge of rain marred all gratification, and the pier was literally abandoned. In the morning the white flag at the fore indicated the course to be first to the eastward, and at 10h. 25m. the preparatory flag was hoisted at the mizen, and a gun fired to denote the same; at 10h. 30m. another gun announced the start. Light airs from the eastward. The Arrow, from the joint situation of the wind and station, became the windward yacht; the whole of them were soon under way, the Arrow canted to the northward. The Amazon from her position—half over to the Spit—took the lead, followed by the Cymba and Arrow. After making a reach over to the Bay, there came a slight breeze from N.W.; Amazon then set her gaff-topsail, and led through Spithead, and in a minute or two crawled out on the Arrow's weather. At 10h. 37m. the whole had their gaff-topsails set; again there was a light easterly air. Arrow appeared to catch a flaw, with which she weathered the Amazon, which latter now broke off. 10h. 45m., Amazon tacked and shifted her jib for a balloonier. At 10h. 50m. Amazon seemed to walk away with the breeze, and lead by a considerable distance towards the Sandheads, followed by the Arrow and Cymba, about seven minutes astern. Amazon off the Sandheads set her balloon topsail, and at 11h. 8m.

passed the buoy, apparently having it all her own way. At 11h. 25m. we descried her off the Nomad, leading by about three quarters of a mile. The weather, hitherto, had been very hazy and gloomy, with overhanging clouds, which now broke in copious rain. At noon there was a total eclipse of everything in the offing, not prognosticated by the weather-wise. We proceeded along the shore as far as the point at Spring Vale, but darkness was still on the waters. From the paucity of wind, and the weather *tout ensemble*, it was the general impression that the yachts would be precluded from accomplishing the course before sunset, according to the sailing regulations; we therefore retreated for shelter. Shortly afterwards a breeze sprang up from the north-west, which altered the position of the vessels; and we observed the Arrow on her return, leading the Amazon and Cymba by a considerable distance. The Arrow passed the pier on her course to the westward about two p.m., being then about one mile to windward of the others. On the return of the yachts to Ryde, the first round of the course was completed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Arrow.....	3	48	10		Amazon.....	4	1	24		Cymba.....	4	10	56

The leading yacht being over and above the time she had to give to the others, viz., to Amazon 12m., and to Cymba 9m. 47s. The wind now appeared settled in the north-west, light breeze and rain; away they went with flowing sheets for the Nab. Owing to the thick weather it was difficult to time their passing the light vessel with any degree of accuracy, in fact they were at times obscured from the land. On their return up the east Channel they had a beating wind and strong tide against them, and it was still more doubtful whether the match would be terminated that evening. As the yachts approached, the Commodore hoisted a signal at the mizenmast head—the recal flag—to close the race, and the yachts, as they approached, passed outside the commodore, and jibed round her, and returned to the goal as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow.....	7 9 5	Amazon.....	7 41 18	Cymba.....	7 45 43

The Arrow, allowing the time we have stated, still was declared the winner of the race by 20m. 3s. over the Amazon, and 27m. 20s. over the Cymba. Thus terminated a very unsatisfactory race to the evident mortification of many persons who inferred that the regulations would be strictly complied with. The laws of the Medes and Persians do not, it appears, exist here. The prize has since been awarded to the "Old Arrow," who still maintains her superiority over those of her class. During the evening there was some talk, as usual, of a protest against

the early termination of the course, but the Arrow was so far in advance that we think the Commodore acted very judiciously in awarding the prize to her; in short, the others had not the least chance of success even had the race been prolonged or postponed to another day.

Monday, Aug. 16th.—A Piece of Plate, value £100, presented by J. Turner-Turner, Esq., open to sailing vessels of every class and tonnage, the property of members of any royal or national yacht club, without any restriction on the sailing powers of the competing vessels. Time race, half Ackers' scale; R.V.Y.C. course.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
53	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
984	Vesper.....	schooner	32	W. H. P. Weston, Esq.
918	Surge.....	cutter	50	C. J. Couper, Esq.
205	Cymba.....	cutter	53	T. Brassey, Esq.
594	Lulworth.....	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.
835	Santa Catharina.....	schooner	72	C. Appleyard, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	46	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
970	Vampire.....	cutter	18	C. Wheeler, Esq.
804	Rara Avis.....	schooner	25	E. J. Otway, Esq.
659	Mosquito.....	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.
1035	Violet.....	cutter	40	J. R. Kirby, Esq.

Also, a Prize of £50, to all schooners belonging to the club; R.V.Y.C. Course. A Prize of £10 will be given in this race to the second vessel, providing three complete the course. N.B. No extra hands; no balloon sails; but vessels to be sailed in the manner they usually are, in sea-going trim.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List, for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
178	Constance.....	schooner	255	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
412	Georgiana.....	schooner	109	Capt. C. Thellusson
805	Rattlesnake.....	schooner	64	R. G. Duff, Esq.
73	Beatrice.....	schooner	208	J. E. W. Kolls, Esq.
290	Esmeralda.....	schooner	130	H. O. Rose, Esq.
273	Ella.....	schooner	105	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.

It will be seen by the above programmes that two races were appointed to come off this day (Monday). The weather on the occasion was very favourable, the flying scud overhead prophesied a continuance of a fresh breeze from the southward and westward, which may be termed a "soldier's wind" in the locality, and as a matter of course would allow the vessels to go out and home on separate tacks, without affording any opportunity to test the relative qualities of the yachts in working to

windward. The roadstead looked as animated as on Friday, and if any disappointment had been manifested during the previous days, either by the non-entries or the sailing on Saturday, ample amends were made on the present occasion. The Royal Pier was again crowded with fashionables, the yachts displayed their bunting, and all was animation and excitement.

At 10h. 30m. a.m. the starting gun was fired, and the white ensign at the fore denoted the course to the eastward, and not to the westward, as some of the landlubbers have described it. The *Rara Avis* was the first to get away, and took a considerable lead. *Arrow* had a good start also, and soon drew out of the cluster. The *Lulworth* seemed to be bothered by something or other. Within five minutes afterwards the whole of the yachts were fairly under way and in tolerable order to denote their respective positions with accuracy. The *Arrow* was the first to set her gaff-topsail, and was walking away, followed by the *Mosquito* and *Surge*, abreast of each other. *Lulworth* had now set her canvas and was soon after her old antagonist, but was a long while making snug aloft. At length her gaff-topsail was set, like a cat after a mouse she appeared to notice none but the *Arrow*, and before they got to the Sandheads there was a shifting of places, and long before reaching the second berth. The wind was now about S.W.b.W., consequently few points of interest were offered.

In about a quarter of an hour they were passing the *Noman* and were fast approaching the blue water, from hence they hauled to the wind for the *Nab*, which they rounded in the following time and order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Arrow</i>	11 10 10	<i>Cymba</i>	11 15 22
<i>Lulworth</i>	11 11 21	<i>Surge</i>	11 16 20
<i>Mosquito</i>	11 12 20	<i>Vesper</i>	11 21 42
<i>Amazon</i>	11 14 10	<i>Rara Avis</i>	11 24 21

In this short run there were upwards of 14 minutes between the first and last yachts, and only 1 minute and 11 seconds between the *Arrow* and *Lulworth*, and henceforth the contest lay between these two favourites. Having rounded the *Nab*, they proceeded on their return to the westward. About this period, 11h. 30m., the schooner match was started which obliged us to keep our weather eye open. Of this race anon. Returning to the cutter match, we timed them passing the *Noman* as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Arrow</i>	11 26 50	<i>Surge</i>	11 39 40
<i>Lulworth</i>	11 27 20	<i>Cymba</i>	11 39 57
<i>Mosquito</i>	11 34 47	<i>Vesper</i>	11 46 40
<i>Amazon</i>	11 37 12	<i>Rara Avis</i>	11 49 25

They still kept on the same tack for the westward, and passed Ryde Pier as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	11	49	29	Amazon.....	11	57	0
Lulworth.....	11	49	43	Surge.....	11	58	30
Mosquito.....	11	55	15	Cymba.....	11	59	25

The Rara Avis and Vesper appeared to be taking it easy, and as there was little or no chance for them to alter their positions, we left them to their fate. It was evident that the match lay between the Arrow and the Lulworth, and in point of time between the Amazon and Mosquito. It was almost a neck and neck race between the first two yachts—never was observed more equal sailing, or a finer sight on passing the pier. Apparently there was barely a couple of lengths between the Amazon and Mosquito, but the latter would not allow the Surge to come—as in the Irish waters—and completely shook off acquaintance with her Scotch antagonist, as will be seen on reference to the time stated. The yachts were now carrying on all they could to the westward, to round the west buoy of the Middle, Lulworth hugging on to the Arrow; but the old cutter again shook her off and passed to leeward of the Lazarette, leaving the Lulworth to go the other side of the “Menalaus.” All eyes and glasses were upon them. Never was observed such equality of sailing and such skilful management of their respective skippers—the venerable Dyke in the one and Mr. John in the other. Had they been lashed together or in tow, more equal distance could not have been maintained. On nearing the Middle Buoy the Lulworth tacked on the Arrow’s weather, and appeared to us to gain a slight advantage, but at about 12h. 22m. they both rounded the mark nearly together, the Arrow still the leading vessel. From hence it was “keep her away,” and with sheets eased off they came foaming along amid a host of yachts in company, and completed the first round of the course by passing the head of the pier as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	12	41	18	Amazon.....	12	51	50
Lulworth.....	12	41	35	Surge.....	12	52	40
Mosquito.....	12	48	48	Cymba.....	12	55	40

After passing Ryde the yachts pursued their course for the second round in similar order and distance, until in the vicinity of the Noman, when the wind westered a trifle, and here a beautiful manœuvre was effected. The Lulworth shifted her topsail, and seemed to go better, with less pressure on her. She now luffed on the Arrow’s weather, and taking the wind out of her sails succeeded in passing her, and now became the leading vessel for the first time in the match, and which position

she maintained throughout. As few observations are found to be necessary beyond what we have already stated in sailing the first round of the course, a soldier's wind still prevailing, we have, therefore, only to give the Greenwich mean time of the several yachts on passing the various marks in the second round of the course, namely:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	1 22 5	Surge.....	1 38 8
Arrow.....	1 22 50	Cymba.....	1 42 0
Mosquito.....	1 31 57	Vesper.....	1 54 25
Amazon.....	1 35 4	Rara Avis.....	gave up.

On their return they passed the Noman as follows, hauling their wind in the same manner as in the previous round:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	1 42 20	Surge	1 59 32
Arrow.....	1 43 17	Cymba.....	2 6 9
Mosquito.....	1 53 59	Vesper.....	2 16 16
Amazon.....	1 56 35		

The Lulworth continued to gain, though slightly, on the Arrow, and on their return to the westward they passed the pier as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	1 58 17	Amazon.....	2 13 50
Arrow.....	1 59 45	Surge.....	2 16 53
Mosquito.....	2 11 10	Cymba.....	2 23 0

There was now 1m. 28s. difference between the two leading yachts, which we note to show the equality of sailing over such a lengthened course, forty miles of which had now been completed. On continuing the remainder of the course to the westward, the wind slightly dropped, and the Lulworth rounded the middle buoy only 1m. 30s. in advance. The remainder of the course was pursued in a similar order as in the previous rounds, the yachts arriving at the goal as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	2 47 45	Arrow.....	2 49 23	Mosquito.....	3 4 40

The Lulworth being declared the winner by 1m. 37s., independent of the time the Arrow had to allow her, viz. 3m. 5s. The other yachts did not time, owing to their being distanced. The following is the time they severally had to receive from Arrow, viz:—Mosquito 10m. 40s. Amazon 12m., Cymba 9m. 47s., Surge 10m. 40s.

Thus terminated a very interesting match, during which it was evident that the Lulworth is the fastest cutter, and unless there is a rattling breeze there is little chance for the Arrow, which vessel be it understood sails under her usual canvas.

We now turn to the schooner race, for which the Beatrice, 208 tons, J. E. W. Rolls, Esq., and the Esmeralda, 129 tons, H. Ormsby Rose,

Esq., were entered but did not start. At 11h. 30m. the signal gun was fired, and in an instant the Constance let fall her topsail and top-gallant sail, sheeted home, and was away. Rattlesnake, however, took the lead, followed by Georgiana, Constance, and Ella. Constance having the weathermost position, with great speed managed to get her huge canvas set, and in five minutes afterwards she had passed her opponents, bowling along at a tremendous pace. Off the Sandheads the Ella passed the Georgiana to leeward, followed by the Rattlesnake, and they severally rounded the buoy at the Nab in the subjoined order, and on the return the Noman was passed in the following time:—

	Nab.			Noman.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Constance	12	13	45	12	34	45
Ella	12	16	20	12	38	30
Georgiana	12	19	36	12	42	57
Rattlesnake	12	24	9	12	47	32

Constance it will be seen had gained a minute on the Ella, and considerably ahead of the others, and as no time was to be allowed between the larger and smaller yachts, the Constance, barring mishaps, stood well to win. In this order they successively passed Ryde pier, and the west buoy of the Middle, which having accomplished they returned, and completed the first round in the following time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Constance	1	38	50	Georgiana.....	2	2	0
Ella	1	47	45	Rattlesnake	2	4	45

On, on they rushed for the second heat, and without any alteration, except the retirement of the Rattlesnake from the contest, they rounded as follows:—

	Nab.			Noman.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Constance.....	2	24	57	2	45	20
Ella	2	31	50	2	53	50
Georgiana	2	44	13	3	9	7

During the return from the westward the Constance had the misfortune to carry away her jib-boom, which, had such occurred in a prior part of the race would have seriously checked her, and perhaps lost her the race: they however finished as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Constance	3	53	42	Ella.....	4	4	16

Constance was hailed the winner with 10m. 34m. to spare. There was some protests however entered against her, which the Commodore over-ruled.

The club ball took place in the evening, which was very numerously and fashionably attended.

The regatta on the whole passed off pretty well, but it would have afforded more pleasure if the yachts which entered on Thursday had not withdrawn. It is a folly to suppose that the Wildfire is invulnerable, as on looking at her performances this year it is evident she can be beaten.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB (ENGLAND) REGATTA.

UNDER the auspices of this excellent club, the inhabitants of Plymouth, and the surrounding districts were assembled to witness the seamanship of the crews belonging to the Pleasure Navy; and by the exertions of the Committee, (Rear-Admiral Kingcombe, Major Russell, Captain Stewart, R. M. Dunn, Esq., yacht Flora; J. C. Thierens, Esq., and A. Tracy, Esq.) the proceedings were carried through with satisfaction; although it appears some yacht owners evinced a spirit hostile to fair play, by anchoring their vessels direct in the course appointed to be sailed. Where conduct against all principles of good order is persisted in there ought not to be the least scruple in "showing up" the names of parties so offending, and if we had been furnished with them at the time they should have been inserted herein. We have not the remotest idea who the parties are, and cannot imagine. We have a list of yachts that were present, but cannot select therefrom any one who would wilfully disregard the requests of gentlemen who, at much personal inconvenience undertake the management of a regatta.

The committee had been indefatigable and persevering to obtain subscriptions to enable them to offer liberal prizes, and they were very successful, having in addition received from Her Majesty a cup of the value of £100. Some years ago this gift was annually presented to the club, but from some cause it was withdrawn. However we hope it will once more become one of the royalties of the club.

Wednesday, Aug. 25th.—The morning broke propitious with a good breeze from N.N.W. which continued with slight intermission throughout the day. The thousands assembled on land and sea seemed to take great interest in the sports.

The first prize offered for competition was the Members' Plate, value fifty sovereigns for schooners, which it appears did not come off for the following reason—the only entry being the Wildfire, and she seemed to be a terror to others. Mr. Turner offered to sail her against the Ella,

at a quarter of Ackers' scale; against the Alarm at half the scale, or any schooner in port of larger tonnage without any time, and to give half Ackers' time to any schooner of less tonnage. Not one accepted this spirited offer, therefore the prize remains on hand.

The first race was for the Club Plate, value fifty sovereigns for cutters of 20 tons and upwards, belonging to any royal yacht club; four to start or no race. The entries were:—

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
659	Mosquito.....	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.
849	Secret.. ..	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
918	Surge.....	cutter	50	O. T. Couper, Esq.
1038	Violet.....	cutter	40	J. R. Kirby, Esq.

The start was effected at 11 a.m., the Secret dashing off with the lead, followed closely by Mosquito second, Violet third, Surge some two minutes behind, in consequence of fouling her moorings, but this she reduced some seconds 'ere she passed the mark-boat at Penlee Point, where Mosquito collared Secret and rounded with her; Violet being 40 seconds behind them. Soon after rounding Mosquito shot ahead of Secret, and the Surge went sweeping past the Violet,—the first round finished thus:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	12	55	35	Surge	1	1	30
Secret	12	59	25	Violet	1	2	0

The beautiful display of seamanship by each crew elicited loud and frequent cheers from the thousands assembled. Away they flew again, Mosquito straining every rope and spar to leave her opponents behind, but the pretty Secret pursued her with admirable pluck, and appeared to be gaining on her fast, when after passing Penlee Point to the deep regret of all away went her bowsprit, thus rendering her further attempts impossible. The Violet, which had been losing ground shortly afterwards gave up, thereby leaving the contest to the "fifties!" The Surge strove hard to overhaul "the veteran," but could not come within hail of her, and each round finished thus:—

	Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	2	28	16	4	23	24
Surge	2	50	0	4	46	34

The Mosquito was declared the winner by 23m. 10s.—She beat the Surge each round, the first 5m. 55s., and the second 21m. 42s. The crews deserve the highest praise for the able manner they each handled their pets.

The next race was for a piece of plate, value twenty-one sovereigns, presented by the tradesmen of the club, for yachts of 10 tons, and not exceeding 20; three to enter or no race. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
	Ida.....	cutter	10	R. Hosking, Esq.
	Souvenir.....	cutter	15	W. Hill, Esq.
976	Vampire.....	cutter	18	C. Wheeler, Esq.

It was doubtful if a race would take place, as up to the hour of starting only two had entered, when Mr. Wheeler very kindly came forward (he previously not having the remotest idea of racing) and he gave the other two a very liberal allowance of time.

The start was at 11h. 55m. and for the first hour it appeared as though Souvenir would prove a teaser for the notorious Vampire. In beating up, however, the game proved to be all up, and the first round Vampire passed the committee boat at 2h. 0m. 32s., Souvenir at 2h. 5m. 13s. Off the breakwater, after rounding the eastern mark-boat, Ida carried away her topsail sheet, and was thrown out of the race. Second round, Vampire increased her advantage very considerably, as the following time at the committee boat will show—Vampire 4h. 8m. 30s. Souvenir 4h. 17m 32s.

Four-oar Gigs, to be rowed by officers of the 2nd Battalion of the 17th Regiment, for memorial cups presented by Lieut-Colonel Crofton. For this race there were four entries; three only came to the scratch, viz, Hatty, Kiss me Quick, and Maid of Millbrook. This was an amateur race in reality, the coxswains in each boat as well as the pullers being far from up to the mark in aquatic sports. Very considerable delay was experienced in starting these boats, for no sooner had one got hold of the starting line, and a second was prepared to follow its example, than the line was let go and one had to be underrun from the lumps, and the positions again taken up. At length a start was effected and it resulted in the Hatty winning.

Other rowing matches followed which finished the first day's sport in a most satisfactory manner.

Thursday, Aug. 26th.—The weather again was favorable, and the races commenced with a match between the two crack cutters and the Wildfire, which was expected to be very severe.

The first match was the Queen's Cup, value £100, for yachts of any rig or tonnage, belonging to a royal club. The entries were—

Numbered as in Hunt's acht L ist for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
1087	Wildfire	cutter	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
659	Mosquito.....	cutter	30	T. Groves, Esq.
918	Surge.....	cutter	50	C. T. Couper, Esq.

With much anxiety the movements of these clippers were watched—the nautical man scanning with a critical eye their beautiful lines and tapering spars as they sat swan-like on the waters; even the landsman was charmed with their appearance. On all occasions of a yacht race the attention of the lovers of aquatics is eagerly rivetted, but when vessels of such great fame are pitted against each other the scrutiny with which every action is watched is intense. But, hark! a shout rends the air,—they're off! they're off! and sure enough at 11h. they gave their canvas to the breeze, the waves curling around as they cleave through the waters—the Surge leading, hard pressed by Mosquito, with Wildfire a trifle behind, but before they reached Penlee Point the latter overhauled and passed “old ironsides,” and gained second place; but this position the schooner could not maintain, for when off the Breakwater the Mosquito was again second, and in this order they stood for the westward mark-boat when the Mosquito challenged the Surge, and after a brief struggle the latter gave way to both opponents, and each round was finished in the following order and times:—

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	12	50	30	2	36	20	4	23	8
Wildfire.....	12	57	40	2	45	40	4	35	28
Surge.....	1	0	0	2	49	38	4	43	15

Mosquito was hailed the winner with 8m. 20s. to spare.

The committee of this club deserves the thanks of the yachting community for their liberality in offering Her Majesty's gift to all yachts belonging to any royal club. This example should be copied by all clubs enjoying the royal bounty.

The next race was for the Club Prize of thirty sovereigns, for yachts of 30 tons and under, the property of the members of the club.

The following vessels entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
37	Annie.....	bermu.	20	S. Triscott, Esq.
376	Vampire	cutter	18	C. Wheeler, Esq.
271	Elfin	cutter	20	Captain Tomlinson

The appearance of these vessels at their moorings was looked upon as the harbinger of a good match. The *Annie* is well known in these waters; she is a Bermudian rigged vessel, and although not considered so fast as the *Vampire*, yet she was expected to be somewhat near at the close of the match:—the *Elfin* also had her admirers. At 1h. 5m. the signal was for the start,—up, up, flew the muslin, the vessels bow to the breeze, and away bounds the merry *Annie* with the lead, the “awful monster” flies in pursuit, catches and passes her; and dashing the waters from her bows with unabated speed finished the first round considerably ahead of her competitors. Without slackening her speed she onward rushed for the summit of her glory—the goal. During the first round the *Elfin* hot past the “Bermudian,” and obtained second place, which she maintained to the end. Each round finished at the following times:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<i>Vampire</i>	3	5	35	5	10	28
<i>Elfin</i>	3	20	23	5	41	15
<i>Annie</i>	3	25	23	5	45	0

Vampire was declared the winner with upwards of 30m. to spare.

The next match was for a silver cup, value ten guineas, presented by Mr. Bates, of the Royal Hotel, to be sailed for by yachts, or pleasure-boats, belonging to the port of 12 tons and under. The following vessels contended,—*Ida*, 10 tons, Mr. R. Hocking, *Glide*, 8 tons, Mr. W. Shilson, and *Enigma*, 7 tons, Mr. J. H. Pope. This was gallantly contested and was won by the *Glide*, although she carried away her topmast.

The last sailing match was for five sovereigns, by watermen's boats.

The Vice-Commodore presented a prize of four silver oars and a rudder to be rowed for by officers of the garrison, the entries were the 2nd battalion of 17th regiment, the 96th regiment, and Royal Marines. This match excited very much interest. The 96th took the lead, but the marines came in first, and the 96th entered a protest against them on the grounds that they had not gone the proper course. Therefore the prize was withheld for the decision of the committee.

Race by pinnaces, punts, and a duck hunt wound up the sports of an exceeding good meeting.

PORT OF PLYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta has no connexion with the foregoing, except being held at the same place, but as prizes were given for yacht matches we insert them here. The inhabitants of the port raised about £250, which act

proves how justly they appreciate the benefit derived from the seamen who visit or belong to the place.

On the 27th July, the Sound looked gay, with its hundreds of boats moving to and fro, full of life, while the Hoe was crowded with thousands of people who took a lively interest in the amusements which the committee had so liberally provided. The wind was N.N.E., but unfortunately there was too little of it, and the moderate breeze which blew during the early part of the day died off as the afternoon advanced. The first race was—

For Trawlers, open to all England, to carry all their trawl gear; first prize £7, with a £5 5s. cup to be presented to the owner of the winning vessel; second prize, £6; third prize, £4; and all the other vessels that go fairly round the course (unless otherwise decided), to receive £1 each; old register tonnage, half a minute per ton; five to start or no race. This was decidedly the best match of the day. Six trawlers were entered, and they all started, and being the first sailing match, they were enabled to take the greatest advantage of the early breeze. The Baron won, beating Warhawk, Queen and Craft, Amelia, King Crispin, and Conquerer.

A Piece of Plate, value 30 guineas, with a purse of 10 sovereigns added; to be sailed for by yachts of 15 and not exceeding 30 tons (o.m.), *bona fide* the property of a member of a royal yacht club, and holding the Admiralty warrant; entry, £1 1s.; post entry £2 2s.; three to start or no race.

There were one or two circumstances connected with this match which deserve to be noticed. In the first place the Chimera, belonging to Mr. E. Sanders, to sail against Mr. Waring's Secret, the latter to allow her half a minute per ton, according to the regulations that had been agreed to. This arrangement continued until the morning of sailing, when Mr. Sanders most unexpectedly demanded to be allowed fourteen minutes in the race. Mr. Waring offered him thirteen minutes, which would have been at the rate of a minute per ton, the Secret being thirteen tons larger than the Chimera, but Mr. Sanders refused to sail unless allowed fourteen minutes, which Mr. Waring decidedly objected to upon principle, no such time being allowed by any yacht club, and the Chimera did not sail. Under these circumstances, Mr. T. K. Dymond, the owner of the Curlew, and Mr. H. Fillis, the owner of the fine little yacht the Fawn, rather than that the match should not be sailed, came forward in the most spirited manner and entered their yachts. The Fawn was not in racing trim, but only in her usual sailing order, and only started in order that the public might not be disappointed of the race. At the end of the first round the Fawn and the Curlew retired, and the Secret afterwards had it all to herself; and as the wind fell off, and there was no competition, the interest of the match was gone. The prize, a richly chased silver salver, manufactured by Mr. Cave, of George-street, was presented to Mr. Waring by the mayor.

A Purse of £15, with a Piece of Plate value £7 added, for yachts of 10

and not exceeding 15 tons (o.m.); half a minute per ton allowed; entry 10s. 6d., post entry 15s.; three to start or no race.

For this match two yachts were entered—an old favourite, and a new competitor, namely, the *Pixie*, belonging to Mr. Shurlock, and the *Souvenir*, belonging to Mr. W. Hill. The former is well-known to all yachtsmen in the port as having until the last regatta or two, been almost invariably successful in her class; but this was the first match in which the *Souvenir* had sailed, and she has only been three times out since she was built. The start took place at 12h. 14m. 15s., the *Souvenir* came in at 6h. 42m. 50s. The *Pixie* was not timed.

At the conclusion of the race, Mr. Alderman Skardon said that he had great pleasure in presenting to Mr. Hill the very elegant salver and the purse of sovereigns which he had won; and that pleasure was increased in no small degree by the fact that the port of Plymouth was able to turn out a yacht which could win such a prize.

The Ladies' Plate, value 10 guineas, for pleasure yachts under ten tons; half a minute per ton allowed; entry 5s, post entry 10s; three to start or no race; to start at 1h. 7m. 47s. The following little clippers contested for the prize, and arrived at the subjoined times:—*Esk*, 10 tons, R. Mangin, Esq., 6h. 48m. 10s.; *Glide*, 8 tons, W. Shilson, Esq., 8h. 48m. 10s.; *Ida*, 10 tons, R. Hocking, Esq.; and *Enigma*, 7 tons, J. H. E. Pope, Esq.; started but was not timed.

Mr. Shilson protested again the *Esk*, on the ground she was more than ten tons, and the prize (a very neat silver inkstand or salver, at the option of the winner), supplied by Mr. Ellett, George-street, was held until the yacht was measured.

A sailing match by Watermen's boats was won by *Industry*.

Several rowing matches finished the day's amusements.

ISLE OF MAN REGATTA.

DOUGLAS BAY, where the regatta is annually held is now so well known by the writings of the author of "*Nimrod's Cruise*," "*Blue Jacket*," and other kind supporters of the *Yachting Magazine*, that it would be a waste of words if we prefaced this article with a description of the scenery. Therefore proceed we to narrate the events of July 28th and 29th, which were under the patronage of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; and Rear Commodore Harry Bridson kindly undertook the arduous duties of manager of the sports, and so well known are his aquatic abilities that it is almost unnecessary to say the whole passed off with pleasure and satisfaction.

The first prize offered was the Isle of Man Cup, a purse of 50 sovs., open to all yachts belonging to members of royal yacht clubs and the

New York Yacht Club ; a time race. The performances of the Surge at Kingstown, combined with the attractions held forth at Cherbourg, caused several yachts to wend their way southwards, so that unfortunately, the entry did not fill, the only one being the Surge.

The second prize was a Purse of £15, for yachts not exceeding 20 tons, o.m. For this were entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
	Meta.....	cutter	8	St. Clair Byrne, Esq.
249	Dove.....	cutter	19	Thomas D. Keogh, Esq.
	Genii.....	cutter	10	J. N. Smart, Esq.
20	Alma	cutter	13	W. H. Daniels, Esq.

The Dove left Kingstown for Douglas, but was obliged to bear up, during the heavy gale which preceded the regatta, and the Meta had also to bear up for Liverpool on Sunday, having been hove to in the Channel all night on Saturday during the gale, and only reached Douglas in time by being towed over by the Tynwald steamer. An excellent start was effected, the Genii taking the lead, followed by the Alma and Meta. In the run across the bay to the North Marks, the Meta overhauled the Alma and Genii, and on down course went into first place in beautiful style; the Alma next collared the Genii and went into second place; the Meta rounded the flag-ship 16½ minutes before her competitors, and continued on the second round steadily to increase her lead—the race was now to all appearance the Meta's—and they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Meta.....	5	15	0	Alma.....	5	50	0
Genii was not placed.							

The Meta has been very fortunate since her first appearance at the Birkenhead Model Club, and as we shall have occasion in the "review of the season," to notice her performances we shall defer any further remarks.

The Pilot Boat Race for a first prize of £4, and a Second prize of £1, was won by the Comet, Mr. Thomas Keown, and the Red Jacket, Mr. William Cowell, came in second; beating the Truant, Mr. W. Quirk; the Victory, Mr. J. Hogg; the Native, Mr. E. Brew; the Sea King, Mr. B. Macaliere; and the Albert, Mr. R. Westwood.

A gig race for five sovereigns with a sweepstakes of 10s. added manned by amateurs. This after a spirited contest was won by the Albert, (Mr.

R. Westwood) beating the Lhiannan Shee (Messrs. Quiggan).—Mr. E. Christian's Black Bess, and Mr. J. Dawsey's Mosquito entered, but did not start.

A pair-oared race was won by the Alma (Mr. W. Rogers), and a sculling match by the Emily (Mr. M. Beddington.)

Thursday, July 29.—There was scarcely an air of wind and although the Julia, 120 tons, and several other yachts would have entered with the Surge, for the Isle of Man Cup of 50 guineas, and the Welcome Cup of 30 guineas, yet the absence of motive power precluded the possibility of a race for the large yachts. This was the more to be regretted as Commodore Bridson and the committee were disposed to do everything in their power to make a match, and the yachtowners equally anxious to show good sport. The larger prizes therefore remain in hand for the next season; and we believe it is the intention of the committee to give then a prize of 100 guineas for all yachts. This shows the praiseworthy spirit which animates Manx yachtsmen. Their station has year after year been rapidly rising to its present eminence, and when the new harbour works of Douglas shall have been completed, whereby ample shelter will be afforded to any number of yachts, we anticipate it will be the favourite yachting rendezvous of the St. George's Channel. The authorities seem to be slow about this new harbour. We were given to understand that the grant had been made, plans approved, &c., and yet we hear nothing of an undertaking which would so vastly improve old Manxland.

The first race started was for a Purse of 10 sovs., for all open pleasure boats belonging to the Isle of Man; a time race:—Martha, Lieut Hinds; Fanny, W. Curphey; Vivid, E. Christian; Alma, W. H. Daniels; Vision, Capt. Hamer; Fidget, W. Cowle. The Alma withdrew in consequence of the light winds; the remaining five vessels made a very pretty start, the Fidget and Vision ultimately showing the way. A flat calm, however, soon put an end to the chance of the race being concluded, and as the leading vessels did not put in an appearance until after the prescribed hour of nine o'clock, the match was adjudged to be sailed over again. A future day will clear up the difficulty.

The first class gig race came off next, when the Albert, with her Manchester crew, again proved victorious, beating the Lhiannan Shee, the Black Bess, and Mosquito; quite an excitement was produced by this race, and it fully exemplified the great advantages possessed by a trained crew over others, no matter how powerful or plucky.

Several other rowing matches were contested, when the Lily, pilot-

boat, Mr. Thomas Keown, owner, proved her superiority over the *Jay* (Mr. P. Cottier) and the *Jenny Lind* (Mr. J. Dawsey).

A sailing match, for small boats of 21 feet keel and under was won by the *Gannet* (A. Brown,) beating the *Douglas* (G. W. Thompson) and the *Mary* (Mr. J. Clucas).

Pig hunts and duck hunts followed, and the usual shore sports took place on the Head, such as climbing a greased pole, running in sacks, hunting a porker with a well soaped tail; and as the shades of evening fell, a brilliant display of fireworks took place from the Conister Rock, which brought the aquatic festival to a close.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the committee and honorary secretary, Mr. Joseph Harris, for their successful exertions in organising and carrying out this regatta. Commodore Bridson, to whom the revival of regattas in the Isle of Man may be justly attributed, was, as usual, at his post; and his practical experience, courtesy, and hospitality, are so well known as to need no comment. W. H. Daniels, Esq., by his earnest and indefatigable exertions secured the sinews of war, in which he was ably assisted by Captain Hamar and Mr. Harris.

The usual regatta ball was held on Thursday evening at the Castle Mona, under the auspices and management of the Regatta Committee. It was a most brilliant affair, fully equal to any previous years, the beauty of the fair visitors being strikingly remarkable.

BARROW REGATTA, PIEL OF FOUDRAY, MORECAMBE BAY.

UNDER the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, and under the auspices of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, this regatta took place on Monday the 2nd of August, and although the attendance of large yachts was not as good as was anticipated, from the handsome list of prizes set forth in the programme, which was owing, no doubt, to the superior attractions of the Cherbourg *fête*, yet the committee were indefatigable in their efforts, and a good day's sport was the result. There was a very fair attendance of yachts, amongst whom we observed the Plover cutter, Harry Bridson, Esq., Rear-Commodore R.W.Y.C. of Ireland (who kindly undertook the management of all the sailing matches, in which he was ably assisted by Lieut. H. B. Johnstone, R.N.); the *Alma*, W. H. Daniels, Esq., Sea Dove, J. Nicholson, Esq; *Nina*, Edward Dobson, Esq; *Spirit*, E. Troughton, Esq; *Meta*, H. St. Clair Byrne, Esq; the *Secret*, &c.

The first match was to have been for the Furness Cup, value £40, for all yachts belonging to the royal yacht clubs, and to the New York Yacht Clubs.

A number of clippers who had been competing at the Cork and Kingstown Regattas, some having engagements down south, and others being attracted by the grand *fets* of Cherbourg, and the race for the Emperor Napoleon's Cup, left the St. George's Channel previous to this, the Isle of Man, and the Royal Welsh Regattas; and the entry for the Furness Cup not filling, it was reserved for a future occasion. Next year, therefore, we may look forward in anticipation that all the yachting stations on the eastern and western boards of the Irish sea will have a very large attendance of racing vessels to compete for the valuable prizes, which will in nearly all cases be doubled; therefore, the best clipper of 1859 will have ample opportunity of filling her plate locker, as well as replenishing her bullion chest.

The first race was for the Ironmasters' Cup, value £20, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons, a time race.

The following vessels came to the starting buoys:—Meta, 8½ tons, H. St. Clair Byrne, Esq.; Spirit, 8 tons, J. Troughton, Esq.; Industry, 15 tons, S. White, Esq.; Hannah, 12 tons, E. Ashburne, Esq.; Alma, 14 tons, W. H. Daniels, Esq.; and Sea Dove, 10 tons, J. Nicholson, Esq.

Course from abreast of Piel Pier, round the Wyre Light off Fleetwood, back to a flag-boat moored off the entrance to Piel of Foudray, leaving it on starboard hand, and thence in through the Merchant Roadstead, winning between the flag-ship and Piel Pier.

Just previous to the starting gun being fired, the Alma was placed *hors de combat*, through the gross carelessness and want of attention on the part of those in charge of the Tourist steamer, which, with colours flying, drums beating, and horns braying, dashed *full speed* into the midst of the fleet of yachts and small boats, carrying away bowsprit, bulwarks, skylight, and sternhead of the ill-starred Alma, and leaving her a helpless wreck. It was most miraculous that no lives were lost. The disabling of the Alma, was the more to be regretted, as she had many backers, and being a fast and able vessel, was well qualified to test the powers of her antagonists in the troubled waters of Morecambe Bay. The Sea Dove also declined to start, so that the great interest of the match was centred in the little clippers the Meta and Spirit, the former especially, being now well known to be perhaps the fastest 8-tonner afloat. The other vessels were regarded as outsiders, who had no chance bar the favourites were crippled. There was a strong breeze of wind at

S.S.E., which, however, moderated very considerably before the hour of starting. At 2h. 15m. the gun fired, and the Meta and Spirit were underway like lightning; the Industry and Hannah fouled each other, and with some difficulty were enabled to get clear. Meanwhile the Meta was showing the way with the best of "Spirits," and both were speedily on the down track for the Wyre Light.

The yachts being well away, the succeeding race was a very interesting one, being a prize of £5, for fishing boats belonging to Morecambe Bay, not exceeding 26 feet keel; when eight as hardy and able little vessels as ever gladdened a seaman's eye ranged up alongside the flag-ship, displaying an amount of eagerness and alacrity that threatened a determined contest. To prevent confusion Commodore Bridson determined upon starting the gallant little fleet underway, and at 2h. 30m. the warning gun sent them flying out to sea, every stitch of canvas they possessed given to the breeze, and trimmed and watched with an anxious nicety that would have done credit to a Thames clipper. After a hard-fought match the three winning "fin-finders" were thus placed:—Maryport, 5h. 35m. 50a., Brenda, 5h. 37m. 25a., Midnight, 5h. 37m. 36a.

The next race was for the Barrow Cup, value £10, for open boats belonging to the Furness coast not exceeding 16 feet keel. For this prize there started the Express, Perseverance and Teetotaler, the Express winning as she liked. The Perseverance carried away her mast.

A number of rowing matches came off for various prizes, between boats belonging to vessels, frequenting the port of Barrow, &c., and afforded considerable entertainment. As the evening breeze was rapidly dying away it became evident that the yachts engaged in the contest for the Ironmasters' Cup would never be able to stem the strong tide now setting dead against them; it was, therefore, determined to shorten the course, as had been previously agreed upon in case of necessity, and the Meta having a great lead, the race being virtually her own, as she passed the flag-ship at 7h. 5m. the gun was fired, and she was proclaimed the winner. The committee were further, and we think most prudently influenced by the fear of trusting these long-beeled racers amongst the intricate banks of the Barrow Channel with a falling tide and approaching darkness. The Spirit rounded the flag-ship at 7h. 27m., and the Hannah at 7h. 27m. 23a.

The cup was presented in due form to Mr. St. Clair Byrne, the owner of the successful little Meta, by James Ramsden, Esq., the chairman, and founder of the regatta, and was acknowledged by Mr. Byrne, in expressive terms of the courtesy and attention which he, as well as all other yachtsmen attending, had experienced. Where credit and praise is due to many

it may appear invidious to particularise, yet we cannot avoid mentioning the names of James Ramsden, Esq., to whose untiring energy and perseverance this now annual yachting meeting entirely owes its origin; Edward Wadham, Esq., the indefatigable treasurer, and J. Allison, hon. secretary. To these gentlemen Barrow owes much, as by their exertions the beautiful locality of Furness Abbey has been brought prominently before yachtsmen, and will henceforth become a favourite station during cruising seasons. Commodore Bridson, under whose able management the sailing matches were contested, is so well known in yachting circles that any mention of his services would be superfluous; we cannot omit however to notice the unwearied exertions of his able first "luff," Lieut. Johnstone, R.N., in command of the Coast Guard, who rendered most valuable assistance towards securing the success of the regatta.

On Tuesday, the 3rd August, the yachtsmen attending the regatta and their friends were invited to a pic-nic organised by the committee. A special train bore a large party of ladies and gentlemen towards the scene of festivity, who were speedily landed on Holme Island in Morecambe Bay, where they were most hospitably received by Alexander Brogden, Esq., and family. A sumptuous entertainment passed off with all the auxiliaries to enjoyment. The splendid band of the 3rd Royal Lancashire Militia soon set fairy forms in motion, and the merry dance was prolonged to the little hours of morning.

Thus terminated the "right merrie" regatta of Barrow-in-Furness for the season of 1858; and, like its predecessor of last year, it has left pleasing memories, that will bring the bright "burgees" again to visit the "Lancashire witchet."

TORBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

On Friday, Aug. 20th, this grand *fete* was held under the stewardship of the following gentlemen:—G. H. Ackers, Esq., A. Arcedeckne, Esq., Sir John Bayley, Bart., J. F. Baller, Esq., J. A. Cameron, Esq., Commander De Vere, R.N., J. Weld, and W. H. Kitson, Esq.

The bay was studded with yachts of all denominations, among which were several clippers—Mosquito, Surge, Extravaganza, Violet, Secret, Phantom, &c. The weather and the wind was all that a yachtsman could desire, and a day's splendid amusement was enjoyed by thousands on land and water.

The prize offered was a purse of forty sovereigns, for yachts of any rig, not less than 40 tons, o.m. It was reasonably expected from the

presence of so many racing craft that this prize would have been well contested for, but not a single entry was made. The arrival of the Lulworth and Arrow was, it seems, anticipated; and the owners of the Mosquito, Extravaganza, and Surge intimated to the committee on the preceding evening that, although they were willing to enter, the only terms upon which they would sail with these formidable antagonists was the allowance of time—a stipulation that, being expressly contrary to the printed regulations, the committee were not disposed to accede to. However, although the non-appearance of both the Lulworth and the Arrow left no room for the objection, they still held back on the morning of the regatta, and the match was not made up.

The second prize was for a purse of thirty sovereigns, time race, for cutters of 25 tons and under 40 tons, o.m., the property of gentlemen, and kept for pleasure only. The following entries were made:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Ton	Owners
849	Secret.....	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
756	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
1035	Violet.....	cutter	40	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
276	Emmet.....	cutter	28	E. Gibson, Esq.

The course varied but little from those of previous years. The starting buoys were moored off the Torquay pier head, the first mark-boat was stationed about a mile to the eastward of Goodrington Sands; the second was moored midway between the Brixham breakwater and the hospital; and the third and last boat at a point about two miles to the eastward of Berry Head, the circuit comprised by this course, including the return to the committee-boat off the pier, constituting a distance of eleven miles, which had to be traversed three times by the yachts, and twice by the pleasure and fishing boats.

The Violet met with a fatal mishap while cruising about prior to taking up her station, the connecting shackle of the bobstay gave out, and away went her bowsprit close to the stem. Efforts were made to borrow a suitable spar from other yachts, but without success. The yachts having taken up their respective stations (determined by lot) off the pier head: at 1h. 13m. p.m. the signal gun was fired; the Secret had the weathermost station, and made a capital start; the Emmet was slow to cant, and before she had let go her slip-ropes, the Phantom which was to leeward, got upon her weather quarter; she gradually overhauled and at length passed her off Paignton. The run down to the first mark off

Goodrington Sands (a distance of about three miles) was extremely interesting: staggering under their lofty canvas and rushing through the water with lightning-like rapidity, the vessels presented a scene remarkably picturesque, and the mark boat was passed thus—Secret, 1h. 26m. Phantom 1h. 27m., Emmet 1h. 27m. 10s.

The two former maintained the relative positions here indicated (the Secret being a cable's length ahead) throughout the principal part of the first round; but, when abreast of Brixham, some of the Emmet's topsail gear gave, and a little delay was occasioned before she could get the sail reset. After passing the Brixham mark, the competing vessels, hauling by the wind, were obliged to shorten canvas and strike top-masts. Here the strong wind that had blown throughout the morning had caused pretty much sea; but the Phantom, contrary to expectation, so far from losing ground appeared rather to gain upon the Secret. Her performances were indeed marvellous; her slender hull seemed literally buried as she dashed through the sea; and the first round finished: Secret 2h. 27m. 42s., Phantom 2h. 28m. 2s., Emmet 2h. 44m.

After passing the committee-boat the Phantom and Secret clapped on more canvas, and the former gradually crept upon, and at length overhauled the latter; a sharp struggle ensued between them, which ended the second round in favor of Phantom 3h. 57m. 30s., Secret 4h. 1m., Emmet 4h. 10m. 45s. After this the Emmet began to flag, although she had continued a stern chase with great perseverance, when seeing no chance of winning she gave up. This pretty craft sustains no loss of character in her contest with two of the most celebrated racing vessels afloat. The Phantom kept the lead throughout the last round which she rather increased as the race finished thus—Phantom 5h. 19m. 40s., Secret 5h. 23m. 25s.

Thus the Phantom was declared the winner by 3m. 45s. independent of 1m. 30s. to which she was entitled from Secret for difference of tonnage.

The next match was for a purse of twenty sovereigns, time race, for cutter yachts under 25 tons. The following vessels entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
639	Midge.....	cutter	13	Capt. Commerell
	Chimera.....	cutter	16	E. Saunderson, Esq.
721	Oriole.....	cutter	24	J. F. Hepburn, Esq.

This race was, perhaps, more interesting in a local sense, from the fact that the Chimera was lately built on novel and somewhat Yankee lines, by

Mr. Mansfield of Teignmouth. The Oriole, being also a new boat, attracted much attention, although she has rather the appearance of a very powerful, bad weather boat, than that of a racer. Midge had sailed here on former occasions, and proved herself to be a fast little craft; consequently she possessed a host of admirers. The start was most admirably effected at 12h. 49m. Chimera occupying the most weathermost station, led off, followed by the Oriole and Midge. A good deal of jostling took place between the two first mentioned in the run down to Goodrington mark-boat. The Chimera, although slightly ahead, was to leeward, and threw her competitor considerably out of her course by occasionally luffing across her bows. Meanwhile the little Midge was making a straight course for the mark-boat, and nearly succeeded in cutting the others off. The close proximity of the yachts at this point will be manifest when we state that the Chimera passed the mark at 1h 5m. 0s., the Oriole at 1h 5m. 28s., and Midge at 1h. 5m. 40s. The contest between the Chimera and Oriole continued with unabating interest, and some miles they apparently ran bowsprit to bowsprit; but before Berry Head the Oriole manifested her superior qualities in rougher sea by taking the lead; and during the beat from the eastern mark she so materially distanced the Chimera that the record of the time at which the first round was completed shows her to have been five minutes ahead:—Oriole 2h. 28m. 30s., Chimera 2h. 33m. 30s., Midge 2h. 40m. Throughout the remainder of the race she had it all her own way, and the Chimera was ultimately beaten by more than half-an-hour; albeit she was entitled to four minutes on account of tonnage. The Midge met with a sad disaster on the second round; while off Brixham, and during a sudden squall, her mast went by the board, making a clean sweep; she lay like a log on the water, and in this prostrate condition was taken in tow by a trawler that happened to be passing, and brought to Torquay harbour. The second round was completed by the Oriole at 4h. 3m. 28s., and by the Chimera at 4h. 26m. 35s., and the third by the Oriole at 5h. 39m. 30s. and by the Chimera at 6h. 11m. 15s.

The Ladies' Purse, for pleasure yachts belonging to Torbay, was contested by the Lassie, cutter, Mr. Pridham, Paiguton; Mystery, cutter, Mr. S. Thomas, Torquay; and Sparrowhawk, yawl, Mr. G. H. King, Torquay.

The contest lay between the two last-mentioned boats, and terminated in favour of the Mystery, which is a fast craft, and had carried off many prizes before. The Sparrowhawk laboured under the disadvantage of her yawl rig, for with a cutter's mainsail she would in all probability have tied up her opponent very closely. The start was effected at 12h. 20m. and the boats were timed as follows:—First round: Mystery 2h. 29m. 30s., Sparrowhawk 2h. 39m. 30s., Lassie 2h. 45m.—Second round: Mystery 4h. 32m. 40s. Sparrowhawk 5h. 4m., Lassie 5h. 25m. 30s.

A Purse of Sovereigns for the Torquay fishing boats was sailed for, with the following results:—1 Lion, yawl, R. Harley; 2 Deceiver, cutter, E. Harley; 3 Anne, cutter, W. Nicass; 4 Nimble, cutter, R. Godfrey; 5 Venus, yawl, James Lear.

The Lion, by far the superior boat, parted company with the others at the outset.

The rowing matches were highly interesting. The first prize, £3, for four-oared-yacht boats, was, after a spirited contest, awarded as follows;—Santa Catharina 1, Extravaganza 2, Surge, 3.

The Dittisham cockle women next rowed with their usual dexterity for a similar amount; an exciting contest by no fewer than seven boats, for £2, offered to two-oared boats belonging to Torquay, followed; and an amusing gig and punt chase formed the *finale*. There was an illumination and display of fireworks after nightfall, and a grand ball at the Royal Hotel.

HOWTH REGATTA.

On Wednesday, Aug. 25th, the muster of yachts at the above port was considerable and the committee having provided ample funds to induce the entry of racing vessels—several celebrities put in an appearance bent on claiming the victor's prize. From the names hereafter specified it will be observed that Howth could on the two days of the sports boast of holding on its waters several that had won honor and fame.

The first prize was the Howth Cup, a handsome Claret jug, value forty guineas. Time race half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage.

The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1026	Vigilant.....	cutter	33	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
537	Kelpie	cutter	22	J. Todhunter, Esq.
139	Champion.. ..	cutter	29	R. D. Kane, Esq.

The course was from mooring buoys abreast of Howth Pier, out past the south end of Ireland's Eye, to a flag-boat moored $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles E.N.E., thence to a flag-boat moored off Malahide Bar, and back to the flag-ship in the sound of the Eye; three times round, a distance of 31 miles.

At 12h. the roar of the cannon announced the "order for sailing," and swiftly the snowy canvas fluttered in the breeze—"Hurrah! Vigilant for ever, see how she slips away." But still her competitors went boldly on, whistling for more wind which was only moderate at E.b.N. The Champion was next to Vigilant, but from the subjoined returns it will be found that each round she lost ground; and the Kelpie after the second round gave up, having no chance from the first starting. They reached the flag-ship in the following order and times :—

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Vigilant.....	1	39	0	3	8	0	5	11	0
Champion.....	1	43	55	3	26	43	5	45	0
Kelpie	1	47	15	3	43	0	not timed.		

The Vigilant was most warmly welcomed the winner, with 32m. to spare. The pace was about 6 knots.

The second match was for a purse of ten sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 12 tons, half-a-minute per ton allowed.

The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1855.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rtg.	Ton	Owners.
362	Flirt	cutter	7½	R. Battlay, Esq.
270	Electric.....	cutter	8	P. M. Thompson, Esq.
1025	Vidette	cutter	8½	T. W. Hodgins, Esq.
85	Bijou.....	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
1037	Virago.....	sloop	10	Capt. J. S. Byrne
242	Dove	cutter	10	Thos. D. Keogh, Esq.

The course as before but only twice round.

All were on tiptoe to see this match—the fame of these little clippers had travelled N.E.W.S. and the well known exertions of their crews to win added to the excitement which prevailed as the starting gun belched forth the summons at 1 p.m. they were covered as by magic, the Electric and Vidette showed first in front, but the Dove went out to windward. Here the Flirt and Electric were in collision, the Flirt carrying away the Electric's topmast. Shortly afterwards the Vidette came out from starboard and tacked on the Dove's port quarter, the Bijou, Electric, Flirt, and Virago well up. In this position they raced out in a wind until abreast of Howth Head, when the Dove tacked under the Vidette's lee and went out across her stern; the Flirt carried on in the first tack, working well to windward of the seaward flag-boat. The Dove now reached out boldly to sea, bearing well up to her work, and the Bijou tacked at nearly the same time; both these vessels watching each other's movements like a pair of hawks; but the Dove had the weather gauge of her determined rival, looking up nearly a point and a half nearer the wind. As they neared the second flag-boat the Dove and Bijou tacked together to starboard, setting balloon topsails for the run off the wind, the Flirt in the meantime had been making tracks, and weathered the Bijou going into second place. The second flag-boat was rounded first by the Dove, setting balloon jib as she did so, and closely followed by the Flirt, then the Bijou, with the Vidette, Electric, and Virago in succession. In the run before the wind to Malahide Bar the Bijou collared the Flirt, and overhauled the Dove, and the wind dropping light in the reach up to the sound of the Eye, the Vidette went into third place, and both vessels pushed the hardy little Dove very closely. A beautiful and exciting race ensued between these three little clippers for the honour of being first round the flag-ship, as they came beam and beam, but the Dove still held the pride of place, and seemed determined to prove her prowess on a day more favourable to her antagonists than to herself. The first rounding of the flag-ship was performed thus:—Dove, 2h. 49m. 52s.; Bijou, 2h. 50m. 7s.; Vidette, 2h. 50m. 40s.; Flirt, 2h. 53m. 35s.; Electric, 3h. 0m. 12s.; Virago, 3h. 0m. 26s.

And now again the Dove began to show her weatherly properties, going away to windward like a witch; she again rounded the second flag considerably in advance of her formidable antagonists, shifting her balloon canvas for the run off the wind in masterly style. The Bijou was not slow in following her example; she was sailed well and steadily, and though she must have been rather startled by the Dove, yet the cool waiting race was her game, and the wary crew saw that whenever the wind dropped light, or it came to running or reaching, they always overhauled the Dove. On the final reach up to the flag-ship the Dove rounded the last flag-boat three minutes ahead of the Bijou, but latter had now caught her in the toils, the wind fell light as the Dove drew near to Ireland's Eye, whilst the Bijou and Vidette carried a slashing breeze astern; gradually they all ran into the same breeze, but too late to shake off the Bijou. There she was, as if made fast to her hardy antagonist; neither could get an inch away from the other. The Dove had the Bijou covered; it was anybody's race yet, if but a friendly puff would lay them over on their beam ends. No such squall, however, showed even a distant ripple, and just at this moment the Vigilant, on her third round, joined them. The run home was unusually exciting, the vessels being stem and stem, and a beautifully-contested and well sailed match was ended at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—Dove, 5h. 15m. 12s.; Bijou, 5h. 15m. 32s.; Vidette, 5h. 19m. 30s. The remainder not placed. It will be seen that the Bijou was the winner in time by just 40 seconds.

Second day, Aug. 26.—This was a brilliant day as regards weather, but the wind was moderate from W.N.W.

The first race was for the St. Lawrence Cup, value thirty guineas, time race, half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners
139	Champion.....	cutter	29	R. D. Kane, Esq.
537	Kelpie.....	cutter	22	J. Todhunter, Esq
85	Bijou.....	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.

The course as the previous day, thrice round. At about 12h. 30m. the starting gun was fired, and the Bijou and Champion went away with the lead, the Kelpie close upon their weather quarters: the Kelpie made a rush to cover the Bijou at the first flag-boat, but the Champion quietly gave a yaw down to leeward, and then putting her helm down ran upon the Kelpie's weather, and left her. The hardy little Bijou then held the Champion a sharp tug, but was ultimately obliged to succumb. In the last round the Kelpie shook up from her drowsy state, and challenging the saucy little Bijou passed her, and endeavoured to overhaul the leading vessel, but without success. The match finished thus:—Champion 5h. 20m. 45s.; Kelpie 5h. 35m. 10s.; Bijou 5h 37m. 20s. The Champion was declared the

winner. The Vigilant was prohibited from entering in consequence of winning the Howth Cup on the previous day.

The second race was for a purse of ten sovereigns, for which the following clippers came to the buoys:—Dove, Electric, Flirt, and Vidette.

At 1h. 30m the gun fired, and a beautiful start was effected; the Dove went to the front at once, closely followed by the Vidette and Electric, the Flirt well up. As they neared the second flag-boat the Dove shifted her balloon topsail and jib, an example which was quickly followed by the Vidette, and all prepared for hauling on a wind; the Dove took the flag-boat first, Vidette second, Flirt third, Electric fourth, and so close were they that a sheet might have covered them. The Dove here again began to give them a sample of her weatherly propensities; Vidette held on the port tack away to the northward, and to leeward of the Dove; Flirt and Electric tacked to the windward to look for a stronger tide and a shore breeze. As the Dove and Vidette worked more to the northward the latter broke off, when she immediately tacked and got a slant of wind, which enabled her to lie up to weather the Dove; however, as she neared the latter vessel she again got into the true breeze, broke off, and the Dove weathered her, rather too close to be pleasant had it been the last round. The Dove tacked on Vidette's weather, and eat her completely out of the wind. The Electric now came rattling down on the port tack, with a fresh breeze, and weathering the Vidette, passed under the Dove's stern, when immediately the latter vessel tacked upon her weather, and a regular dusting match, dead to windward, ensued between the three vessels for the third flag. The Dove's powers of going to windward stood her here in good need, as the wind looked light up the sound, and she had good cause to make all the running she could in the strong breeze, to shake off her determined and fleet keeled little rivals. She got a good pull on them here, therefore, but, as was foreseen, they again overhauled her in the reach to the flag-ship, the Vidette and Electric setting balloon gaff-topsails, of vast dimensions, whilst the Dove was in nowise backward in sending her best *small mainsail* aloft. The rounding of the flag the first time was accomplished as follows:—Dove, 3h. 40m. 30s., Electric, 3h. 41m. 45s., Vidette, 3h. 42m. 5s., Flirt 3h. 49m. 7s.

The jibing round the ship of the four vessels was one of the prettiest and best executed manœuvres of the kind we have ever witnessed. The Dove had now all her work cut out, the Electric, with a new topmast on end, was making wicked sailing, and Vidette had challenged more than once. On the run out in the second round to the second flag-boat, she still held her own, with the Electric and Vidette pressing her hard, the Flirt overhauling them fast. It was again shift balloon canvas, and all came by the wind, stripped to their fighting sails, for the last turn to windward; the Electric this time held on the port tack, along with the Dove, away to the northward, but the Vidette and Flirt tacked to the westward for the last of the tide and a strong breeze. As they neared the last flag-boat the Vidette, by her judicious tack to the westward, placed herself in the second

position, and looked very like a final challenge to the Dove, but the latter hardy little ranger pulled foot for death or glory, and again took the flag-boat from her opponents. The reach home was watched with great anxiety, but the Electric had stood upon the northerly tack too long. The Vidette now began to make the running, but the Dove could not be caught. After as prettily contested a race as was ever witnessed they reached the flagship in the following order and times, the winning vessel of the first race, the Champion, bearing them company (the first class going round the course three times; the second twice.) Dove, 5h 20m. 5s., Vidette, 5h. 22m. 26s., Electric, 5h. 48m. 15s., Flirt, 5h. 52m. 10s.

The Dove thus winning by her time, and twenty-one seconds. Two better sailing than these little clippers afforded could not be witnessed. This concluded two excellent days' sports as regards yacht racing, rowing and other amusements filling up spare time. To R. D. Kane, Esq. (Treasurer) and W. Boyd, Esq., (Hon Secretary) are entitled to the thanks of all present on the occasion, for the excellent arrangements and successful termination to this annual fete

[Our little friend the Flirt seems to have met in the Irish waters others that are more than a match for her. We had anticipated a visit to her native shores this summer, but were disappointed.]

CRICCIETH REGATTA.

UNDER the able management of E. Mathew, Esq., D. Homphrey, Esq., and H. Owen, Esq., this regatta took place on the 24th of August; the weather during the previous week had been very unfavourable for aquatic pursuits, destroying the hopes that were at one time entertained that some of the Irish clippers would run over to contend for a very handsome cup, which was advertised to be run for.

The 24th broke with an alarmingly thick mist which portended plenty of heat, but not a breath of wind: crowds of spectators anxiously looking at their watches, which pointed nearly to the hour of eleven, before any sign of wind could be perceived, then however, flags and flounces began to move, and to the delight of every body a nice south-westerly breeze came from seaward. Various prizes were offered for yachts and boats, the races are well described in a letter from "Tourist," in *Bell's Life*, and we fear we can add but little to such information.

The first race was for the Criccieth cup, value twenty guineas, three yachts were entered for this race, the Minona, Scud, and Circe, owing to the bad weather alluded to the Circe was detained at Holyhead, the Scud making the voyage without accident to herself, but her boat bore evident signs of rough work, the bows being torn out in Bardsey Sound, we understood, where there was a tremendous sea. How they saved the

boat is a mystery. The Circe not making her appearance the committee most anxious to shew sport started the

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
643	Minona	cutter	17	P. Jones, Esq.
856	Scud.....	cutter	13	Captain Iremonger

Twice round a seven mile square course. The Minona won the Carnarvon cup from the Scud, a fortnight previous to this, and the race was looked forward to with considerable interest, the start was made at 12h. 28m., a nice gaff-topsail breeze sending them along at a tolerable speed, a short board towards the shore (a pretty sight for the spectators,) where about ship to seaward they both went, Scud leading, in tacking towards the first flag-boat she gradually drew ahead, rounding it 2m. 5s. before the Minona: balloon jibs were now the order of the day, Minona still losing ground. The wind headed them between the second flag-boat and flag-ship, which brought out some smart sailing on the part of both yachts. Minona trying hard to get nearer her little rival but in vain, they rounded the flag-ship for the first time—Scud 1h. 44m. 53s., Minona 1h. 52m. 45s.

From this point there was little variation in the sailing, and the wind freshening a little was all that could be desired for pleasure sailing, the Minona still dropping astern the yachts finishing at the flag-ship thus: Scud 2h. 52m, Minona 3h. 4m. 23s.—The former beating her rival by 12m. 23s.

The next race was for large sized pleasure boats, which excited much interest among the spectators, the competitors being all well known in the neighbourhood, the prizes were £6 for the first, £4 for the second, and £3 for the third: the following entered, Daniel, Mr. T. Jones, Flirt, D. Homphrey, Esq., Gwylan, Mr. T. Williams, and Neptune, Mr. J. Whittingham.

The course was the same as that for the yachts, only that it was once round instead of twice. The Gwylan took the lead at starting, which she maintained throughout, closely followed by the Flirt, which was well handled, and required but a small mistake on the part of Gwylan to become the victor; unfortunately for Gwylan the mistake was made; she rounded the flag-ship on the wrong side, little Flirt close at her heels saw the error, and before Gwylan could again round the Flirt passed the flag-ship 1m. 30s. ahead: the Daniel a good third.

The next race for large trawlers brought three wholesome-looking craft of some 15 tons to the fore, and after an excellent race a Port Madoc trawler won.

Many other boat races and various sports concluding an excellently managed regatta.

Criccieth possessing every requisite for aquatic sports, combined with beautiful picturesque views, we hope more of the "royals" will show their bunting at the next and future regattas, as we are assured it may be booked as an annual amusement.

BEAUMARIS REGATTA.

THIS was formerly an annual *fete*, but for some reason of late years it has been discontinued, however, not to be behindhand with their neighbours of Carnarvon and Holyhead, the inhabitants roused themselves this year, and under the patronage of Sir R. Bulkeley Bart. M.P., a most excellent regatta took place on the 31st of August. A good bill of fare was distributed early on that morning to many hundreds of spectators who thronged both shores of the Menai Straits, and, an unusual thing, many were the entries, so that there was every prospect of a good day's sport.

First race, the Menai Cup value 20 guineas; to contend for this, a very handsome Claret Jug, the following yachts started at 12h. 45m:—Petrel, 10 tons, R. Fawcett, Esq., Scud, 13 tons, Capt. Iremonger., Circe, 14 tons, L. Turner, Esq., Minona, 17 tons, P. Jones, Esq.

The Minona and Scud are two old antagonists, and met here for the third time this year to determine which was to wear the crown of Palm for 1858, each having won a Cup from the other this season; the Minona in a strong breeze at Carnarvon, the Scud in a moderate breeze at Criccieth. The Scud by no means satisfied that the manner in which she lost the cup at Carnarvon should be construed into a defeat, resolved, instead of detailing the various mishaps that then occurred, to follow up the Minona until she redeemed her character, which those unacquainted with the accident might fancy lost; in this she completely succeeded, having beaten the Minona twice in one week, and in this instance in a breeze to the Minona's taste completely. The wind was very strong and squally and many were the prophets that 17 tons would prove too many for 13. The course was from Gallows Point, Beaumaris, to a buoy off Craig y Don; thence to a buoy off Penmaen, back again to Craig y Don, twice round, to finish at Beaumaris Pier, which was twice passed during the race; the three larger yachts made a very bad start, the little Petrel on the other hand making a very good one, got away at once and took a very decided lead, she rounded the buoy off Craig y Don and away she went before the wind past Beaumaris Pier:—Petrel 1h. 15m. Scud 1h. 20m. 30s.; Circe 1h. 21m. 10s.; Minona 1h. 21m. 40s.; but the larger ones were gradually overhauling Petrel all the way down to Penmaen buoy, which she rounded first, Scud close at her heels, and now her race was run, the wind here was very strong, which with the short tacks soon found out what they were all made of, Circe and Petrel were immediately left far

astern, evidently having no chance with the other two, which carried on a most exciting race, but the Scud was making good weather of it, she crept away slowly but surely from her larger rival, and improved her position each tack, eventually finishing:—Scud 5h. 22m ; Minona 5h. 29m., Circe 5h. 41m. The Scud thus winning her cup well and fairly, and earning the crown of Palm, her owner being warmly congratulated on his perseverance and success.

The next race a purse of £10 for the first, and £5 for the second, was for smaller yachts once round the course of the larger yachts ; another good entry brought to the post:—Coquette, 10 tons, Mr. Roberts; Razor Bill, 5 tons, H. Griffith, Esq.; Dwarf, 8 tons, T. Williams, Esq., and Mary, 5 tons.

The breeze was rather strong for the smaller craft, causing many a wet jacket, they however went manfully to work, Razor Bill with a reef down, the others carrying whole canvas. The start which took place about half-past one, was very pretty, all getting off well together: the Coquette took the lead, and her backers, who were numerous in so strong a breeze, began to congratulate themselves on their prescience, still there were fears. The little Razor Bill was known to be an out and out good boat, and she was too close to be pleasant. Round the Craig y Don buoy they went, and here fell in with the yachts contending for the cup, the whole forming a very pretty picture. When we could again pick them out Coquette was still leading, but the Razor Bill was close on her weather quarter, and on passing the pier at Beaumaris it would have been difficult to decide which was leading—Dwarf and Mary a little distance astern: the buoy of Penmaen was first rounded by Razor Bill,—Coquette, Mary, and Dwarf close at hand: in the beat up this position was maintained throughout, the Coquette not being able to catch the “bird of the ocean,” they passed Beaumaris pier thus—Razor Bill 4h. 8m., Coquette 4h. 11m., Mary, 4h. 24m., and Dwarf 4h. 25m.

Sailing and pulling boat races in the meantime were carried on with great spirit: the numerous spectators from Liverpool, and those in the immediate neighbourhood, dispersing late in the evening highly delighted with the day's amusement.

Obituary.

THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH, ESQ., late Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club.—The death of this gentleman, on the 12th ult., has caused a void that will be felt for some time by all classes of society, for his associates mourn him as a dear and valued friend, and his dependents as an excellent and kind master. The poor of the neighbourhood of his estates lose a liberal and generous benefactor. He was a staunch patron of nautical pursuits, and a keen and ardent sportsman. To sum up the character of the deceased, he was of that class which are now rarely to be met with—“The fine Old English Gentlemen.”

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

MEASUREMENT OF YACHTS' CANVAS.

— • —
"The best way is as good as any." —NORTH COUNTRY PROVERB.
—

FOR years past I have noticed the arguments advanced on the question of Yacht Measurement, and that whilst those who studied the subject at all, admitted the old system to be wrong, and only calculated to encourage false principles of building, few had the boldness to propose any thing more than to make a compromise of the true principles of the question.

I had begun to despair that any beneficial alteration would be made in my time, but the first article in the October number of the *Yachting Magazine*, and the fact that the late Mr. Marett's "area of canvas" suggestions had been successfully adopted in some of the late matches, encourage me to hope that now is the time to press for an alteration of the old system.

The old mode of tonnage admeasurement was not exactly, but about as much to the purpose as the following:—"The length shall be taken from the heel of the mainmast to the main-royal truck, from which subtracting three-fifths of the length of the bowsprit, the remainder shall be esteemed as the just length of the gunwale, to find the tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the broadest step of the

companion ladder, without reference to the size of the whales that may have ascended or descended it, then multiplying the length of the gun-wale, by the breadth so taken, and that product by half that breadth, and dividing the whole by the number of shot that are in the lockers, the quotient shall be deemed the true contents of the tonnage, as well as the name of the captain." !!!

If the area of canvas rule, which I admit to be very desirable, is adopted, yachtsmen ought not to be satisfied with any other than an exact mode of measurement, and as I think I can prove that this is as easy as an empirical one, I propose it for the consideration of your readers.

Mr. Marett says, "One plan is to measure the actual sails, which is a principle unobjectionable, but forms a work of considerable difficulty and labour." In the first part of these two conditions I entirely agree, but not in the latter. He then says, "Another plan is to measure the spars, and then ascertain by *empirical* rules what is the area of the sails," &c. Now I think that the sails may be as easily measured as the spars; but, be it so or not, the latter method is not nearer to correctness than if a land surveyor were to measure the length of the fences, instead of measuring the fields on geometrical principles.

I enclose a rough diagram shewing my proposed mode of sail measuring, which being geometrically correct, would rid us of ingenious dodges, and all empirical rules. The number of dimensions (ten) to be taken in measuring the sails of a cutter would be more than those proposed by Mr. Marett, (for whom, tho' I had not the pleasure of knowing him, I in common with all the yachtsmen I know, entertain a very high opinion,) but they would be easily taken, and give an *exact* result with a smaller number of figures than Mr. Marett's rule, which he admits to be only an approximation.

The diagram with the figures upon it is arranged as a counterpart of the clever article in October Mag. page 387. I have not the exact dimensions of the Mosquito's canvas, so do not profess the sketch to be anything more than an approximation arrived at from Mr. M's book, page 86; but the difference, viz. 4012 feet given by your correspondent and 4004 as made out by my mode of measurement, is as little as any practical person can expect.

TOM TUG.

[We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the practical suggestions on "Sail Measurement," contained in the foregoing article of our correspondent "Tom Tug," who, tho' we have not the advantage of knowing "in corpore vili," we have no doubt can "handle his oar with skill and dexterity," and "will seldom be in want of a fair"—perusal.

If the measurement of sails is to be adopted, a correct method of doing it even if more troublesome, ought to be used, but we are by no means certain that the difficulties generally made to the *true system* (that of actual displacement) are so great as they have been represented.

Scientific shipbuilders are not generally in the habit of making a secret of the *lines* on which their ships are built. Mr. Marett has given us those of the *America*, *Mary Taylor*, *Mosquito*, and many others of the fastest vessels of the day, from such lines any practical draughtsman, or other person with the smallest knowledge of Geometry, would be able to calculate the true displacement at every inch between the greatest and smallest draughts of water, in two or three hours. The results of these calculations, we think, few builders would object to give, and they might, if thought necessary, be checked by an independent measurer.

We invite discussion on this important question, and recommend the subject to the consideration of the numerous scientific yachtsmen and marine architects who will, no doubt, be present at the next meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen.—Ed.]

WANDERING NOTES—MY TRIP TO FRANCE.

"Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake.

Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake."—DUNCAN.

THE summer amusements on the Solent having terminated so far as the royal regattas were concerned, I resolved upon paying a visit to France, in order to be present at an Imperial regatta, and to employ my pen in furnishing a rambling record of my cruise; garnishing my log with such observations as occurred on my passage to Havre, thence across the Seine to La Normandie, and home again. Home again! Sweet words, dear to every Englishman. Yes, in my early days I have wandered in every quarter of the globe, and traversed

the four oceans, north and south, east and west, and in the words of the Centurion,*

"Torrid and frigid zones have passed
And safe ashore arrived at last."

But after all I have arrived at this conclusion, as with the terminating initials to an Invoice,—“E and O E,” which literally mean “errors and omissions excepted,”

“There is no place like home.”

And such a home as no other country in the known world, besides our sea-girt island can offer to a stranger, in the English acceptation of the word. Neither French, nor Spanish, nor any Southern language, with all their richness of expressions and idioms can present any other signification for “my home” than *chez moi*, or *mi casa*, which literally signify “my house,” and which may be made pleasant or miserable as may suit the taste of the occupant.

Without stopping any longer to discuss that point I shall proceed with my erratic notes, and pen them as they occurred. It is universally admitted that the opportunity which our predecessors had of acquiring knowledge was very limited. A traveller in their days was deemed a prodigy. The fireside recital of his wanderings was looked upon with suspicion, as being somewhat marvellous, and the hairbreadth escapes were altogether miraculous. In those days a voyage to the continent occupied about as much time as the Overland route to India does in the present day. The facilities now afforded by steam, railways, and excursion trips have caused towns and counties to be frequently brought together, and the people now form one community. In short, every one has the opportunity afforded him of becoming “a traveller.” It is only here and there we find an exception, even though the extent of the journey be but a watch on deck—four hours. It is possible we may meet with an aged inhabitant who has not even visited the Great Metropolis, or has even been ten miles beyond his native village, and for the life of him might as well have been bedridden.

We have repeatedly listened to our country friends, and heard the self same tale repeated over and over again, and like a sponge sucked up the moisture, and inwardly laughed at the recital—of the wonders they alleged to have seen,—that in their traverse across Channel “the

* The figure head of Lord Anson's ship, near Goodwood Park.

sea ran mountains high ;" and we pitied their simplicity when they assured us that the "sea was always rough." In conversation with such persons we can give data, in nine cases out of ten, to the remarkable occurrences which have induced them to leave their homes, particularly during the present half of the 19th century,—few sands of which have escaped its hour glass,—commencing with, for instance, "when I was in London," that is in the year 1851, which the reader may be assured is an historical fact, was the year of the *Great Exhibition*, and in which the world was made acquainted with a new system of architecture in the combination of iron and glass, and which now it appears need only to be modified according to the object of the intended building and national taste. Again, "when I was in Paris," that is in the year 1854, which the reader may be assured was the year of the opening of the *Palais de l'Industrie*, "I visited the Tuilleries, the various Theatres, the Palais Royal, the Madeline, Notre Dame, I frequented the cafes and restaurants,—I danced in the Jardin Mabilly, which, by-the-bye, only cost three francs in our money, exactly half-a-crown,—the ladies being always admitted free; and after stopping nine days, having no other guide but Bradshaw, I returned highly gratified with my trip, but I brought nothing home with me (being afraid of the customs) beyond the gratification I experienced during my trip to Paris ;"—a nine days wonder. Such is about the quantum of information imparted by our country cousins.

Now, when I was in France, that is, in the year 1858, but not when all England took French leave, (from which the reader may infer that her children invaded Cherbourg to see the "marvels of Egypt ;" but beyond witnessing the gorgeous spectacle which "smoke and bunting" produced,) I could obtain no favorable information from my travelling friends which would at all enlighten me on the subject, or any particulars beyond what had been manifolded to the world through the ubiquitous personage known as "our special correspondent," or what some well known admiral or egotistical M.P. described on his return to his constituents, in an after dinner speech.

However, not being partial to military tournaments, I, on that occasion became an exception to the general rule, having deferred my visit to La Belle France until the opportunity was afforded me of witnessing an aquatic spectacle, and which occurred on Sunday, the 29th day of August, at Havre de Grace. I had previously made the acquaintance of a few residents there, when in our garden of Eng-

land. They assured me that if ever I went to France to be sure and call upon them, and I should be made welcome. All the civilities and attention I had shewn to them during their stay in La Grande Bretagne should be proffered tenfold. I flattered myself that none would be made more welcome than myself, and that I needed no other accompaniment than a passport, inasmuch, that no one, is permitted to visit France without one, that is, according to the ordinances, vide *Code Nap.*, titre —, art. —, and in these piping times of peace too, if a stranger were unaccompanied by such a necessary document he would be subjected to all the pains and penalties of detention, and probably have a taste of Cayenne. One species of which I am particularly fond of, as an old oriental acquaintance

Notwithstanding those assertions I ventured to entertain a better opinion of the character and sincerity of our "faithful ally" than even the Jupiter or Thunder of the day. Moreover, I had been reassured by my French friends that I should meet with every hospitality and I don't know what I should not see. Who could then resist the temptation? With such glittering prospects before me, coupled with an ordinary amount of assurance, and possessing a goodly smatter of the language I determined upon leaving again my home for foreign lands. Accordingly I provided myself with a passport, but which in the hurry of my departure I had left behind. *Quantum valet*—a crown.

To compensate me for such a loss I fancied I had a substitute — a travelling ticket,—I was a "gentleman of the press," and that there was nothing formidable about me, either in my pen or my appearance. There was no mistaking my identity: there was no brass about me but the Cherbourg medal, which a friend had presented to me in commemoration of the event, and as a memento of what I had not seen: this token I wore suspended to my Albert as a souvenir of respect to our allies. Moreover, with a John Bull like expression of countenance and a certain rotundity of figure,—a sort of peg-top appearance, that there could be no taking me for any vile *attentat*. I therefore resolved upon making a decent descent on the opposite coast without that required *visa*.

At length the day arrived for me to cross the Channel:—to be precise, at 2h. 30m. a.m. of the 24th of August, 1858, I was aroused from my slumber by a messenger from the E.T.C., which letters sometimes are taken for *et cetera*, but in the present instance signified

the Electric Telegraph Company. The messenger informed me that the United States Mail Company's steam-ship Vanderbilt, had just passed Hurst Castle, distant about twelve miles from my domicile—Cowes; thus affording me ample notice to get my travelling dunnage together, and the opportunity of stowing in my hold a cup of veritable Mocha.

At 3h. 30m. a.m., the booming of a couple of guns announced the arrival of the steamer in Cowes Roads. One was intended to apprise the small steamer which was in attendance, and the other for the French pilot to hasten on board. The stately steamer brought up for a short time to facilitate the disembarkation of such of her mails and passengers as were destined for England: and they were as expeditiously as possible, transhipped into the said small steamer, under the superintendence of the Custom's authorities and ultimately conveyed to Southampton. The hour had now arrived, when, who can depict the anxiety inwardly felt by those dear to a home, at the moment of one's departure for a foreign soil, but themselves. I had every reason to believe that the same feeling was inwardly suppressed on the wanderer quitting his home, only to be counterbalanced by the outward joy manifest on his return. But, to be descriptive rather than pathetic, I will proceed with my narrative.

In a few minutes I embarked in a small boat, and was rowed to the steamer, pleased to think that my ambition was about to be gratified with a trip on board one of Uncle Sam's Leviathans, the largest steamer afloat, 5,340 tons. On nearing her in the morning haze she loomed to that extent which might have induced me to imagine myself alongside the "Great Eastern", had I not known to the contrary. At length I found myself alongside, and having scrambled up her companion ladder, I boarded the vessel amid chaos and confusion of bags and baggage, caused in the transhipment of passengers, and I made my way along the deck to the Purser's berth, which after some little struggle I succeeded in reaching.

Having paid my respects to the gentlemanly purser and doctor—for these two departments are combined in this line of Ocean Steamers, who received me most cordially: I signified to him my wish to be gratified with a trip across Channel in his majestic vessel. He assured me of the pleasure of my company, and I considered myself henceforth as entered on the ship's books "*Compagnon de la Manche*," in which capacity I was to make my way into France *sans passport*.

After the lapse of a few minutes the sonorous bell of the Vanderbilt announced for the last time "All strangers to quit the ship!"—and the "Aid" then cast off with a portion of the Trans-Atlantic freight. Three hearty hurras greeted the departure of the passengers as the steamer wended her way to the northward.

In another few minutes the ponderous anchor was weighed, and at 4h. 20m a.m., Greenwich mean time, I found the stately ship majestically steaming onward in the further prosecution of her voyage to the harbour of Grace, and myself pacing the deck.

Gliding imperceptibly along the unruffled waters of the Solent, the steamer in 20 minutes more was passing Ryde Pier. That fashionable promenade presented a contrast at that early hour of a.m., to the usual hum of beauty it presents at the same hour p.m. All was now quiet,—the gaslights on shore dimly burning, and but one solitary individual—a policeman—guarding the pier-head.

At 4h. 59m. a.m. we were abreast the Warner light-ship. The steamer stopped her engines for a few moments,—her way was deadened—and the inward pilot left the vessel. This slight detention having been got over, the signal was given to go ahead; and she was now under charge of her sea pilot. At 5h. 10m. we were abreast the Nab light-ship, when the French pilot took charge, and from thence we take a fresh departure. Lat. $50^{\circ} 42\frac{1}{2}'$ N., and long. $1^{\circ} 02' W.$, course and distance to Cape La Hève S. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., 83 miles.

I had now recourse to my memorandum book, and hence begins my sea log. I found on working up the reckoning that she had thus early accomplished 14 miles distance run in 0h. 50m!

The weather continued delightful, a north-easterly air prevailed, something beyond a catspaw, just sufficient to make it refreshing. The weather, however, was overcast and there was much haze on the horizon, which scarcely rendered objects visible beyond 8 or 10 miles. But

"The air, oh, how pure, and the morning how mild,
And the waters lay hush'd like a sleeping child."

As we glided through the aquatic mirror almost imperceptibly, we soon passed along the east end of the Isle of Wight, and its romantic villages, until we were fairly on the blue sea. Dunnose had now sunk amid the haze, and

"The land was no longer in view."

The steamer wended her way to the southward with almost incredible speed: all appeared to me as a prolonged dream. On leaving Cowes the passengers and the watch below had all turned in again. I also imagined that I was still in the arms of Somnus. All was quietude: there was not the slightest motion in the vessel. "Not a sound was heard" save that of the converse of the officers as they paced the deck. The engines were now making $14\frac{1}{2}$ revolutions per minute, which the *civil* engineer informed me was not her ordinary pace, and that they could work up to 17, which would indicate the speed she would be then going.

The weather was getting more hazy, with a regular channel sky as the sun increased his altitude. We now discerned from the lofty hurricane deck several large vessels working up channel. At 5h. 35m. we met the U. S. mail-ship *Fulton*, steering towards the east end of the island, being bound to Cowes to receive her mails for New York, whither she was destined to sail at 4h. p.m. that day. The *Fulton* had left Havre the previous night. At 6h. 30m. we had gained a good offing, being then about 20 miles from the English coast.

Having before us clear sea room I wiled away the time watching the easy and regular movement of the stupendous "walking beams" as they are called. They reminded me of something like the slow but gradual revolutions of those huge black water wheels I had often seen in my boyhood at either end of old London bridge.

Eight bells at length struck, and the passengers were on deck. Many were the enquiries as to the news. When in converse with them a gentle announcement requested us all to step below to breakfast; had we not obeyed the second summons, we should have been wanting in respect to our friends—so far the morning watch was pleasantly and speedily got over.

On our return on deck we discovered through the haze at 9h. a.m. the coast of France, trending from Cape La Hève to Cape Antifer, at a distance of about 20 miles. We had previously been advised that our proximity to the coast would be demonstrated by the presence of a number of fishing vessels, which most certainly proved to be the case. The steamer was now rapidly approaching her destination, every minute she progressed towards the same, we fancied the land was brought nearer and nearer to us than under the ordinary circumstances we had been accustomed to witness, and this, as a matter of

course, could only be attributed to the extraordinary speed the vessel was then going.

At 10h. 30m. we were abreast of Cape La Hève, the eastern promontory at the mouth of the river Seine. On the cape at an elevation of 446 feet above the sea are two lighthouses, with fixed lights, which may be seen in clear weather at a distance of 18 or 20 miles. They are in lat. $49^{\circ} 31' N.$, and long. $2^{\circ} 13' 45'' W.$ of Paris, or long. $0^{\circ} 4' E.$ of Greenwich. The difference of time between the two meridians being 8m. 56s. too fast, that is to say when it is noon at Greenwich, it is 8m. 56s. past noon at Paris, and from which latter meridian the time throughout France is governed. Paris being in lat. $48^{\circ} 50'$, long. $2^{\circ} 17' 5'' E.$ of Greenwich.

From hence to the port of Havre is situate the beautiful bay of Ste. Adresse, with its scattered villas and houses intermingled with the most luxuriant foliage. On the shore are bathing rooms and the hotel of Frascatti, celebrated we were told as the rendezvous of the *élite* of France in the season, as the Isle of Wight may be considered to be that of the aristocracy of England. In this bay the Regatta of Havre annually takes place. About three or four miles to the westward of Cape La Hève is situate what is termed the outer roadstead, where vessels of heavy draft of water bring up, and wait until there is sufficient water to enable them to enter Havre.

We were now fast approaching Havre at the distance of about a mile from the shore, the vessel going at half speed, which afforded a favourable opportunity of witnessing the animating scene around us, aided by a brilliant summer's day, the sun having shone forth as he neared his zenith, and the cloudy weather disappeared. In consequence of there being several vessels entering and about to enter the port, the pilot made a detour to the southward and westward round the buoys. At 11h. a.m. we were off the entrance, when the engines were temporarily stopped. At 11h. 35m. the Vanderbilt was majestically steaming between the jetties or entrance to the Avant-port or Tidal basin. The piers were crowded with persons of every description; some, no doubt had come forth to witness the entrée of so large a vessel, while others were in attendance *pour le service du Port*, and were ready to catch hold of the warps on both sides to guide the steamer, if necessary. There were also several pirogues or boats well manned ready to carry out hawseers. Their respective *patrons* or coxswains, being under the direction of the

pilot of the vessel. We cannot help recording our praise at the systematic and quiet manner in which this branch of the service is performed; the pilot service being under Mons. Mazeras, *le pilot major*, nor must we omit to mention the respectable appearance of the pilots to whose care the commercial property is temporarily entrusted, and as the system appears to be so perfect it would be well that some similar plan or arrangement should be adopted by the heads of our great maritime nation. It is true our friends are military, and in every branch of the service there appeared to be a tincture of military discipline introduced.

Our passage across from the Nab light vessel to Cape La Hève was made in 5 hours and 20 minutes, a distance of upwards of 80 miles, which gives an average of 15 miles an hour.

At noon we found ourselves, or rather the Vanderbilt, moored stem and stern alongside the quay which was swarming with douaniers,—custom-house officers, and red trowsered gentry, whose occupations we have yet to learn. Every preparation was therefore made for disembarking the passengers, landing the cargo and coaling the vessel. Thus ends my Sea Log, which enables me to fall back upon civil time, and my ensuing Harbour Log will contain only 12 hours.

LIFE IN NEW YORK, OR, THE CITY CLOCK.*

LINNÆUS having watched the exact opening of different plants, imagined his floral clock, in which each of the members of the vegetable Kingdom defines time with much accuracy. Unfortunately, this agreeable mensuration is impossible for those who, like ourselves, walk over square paving stones, and who only breathe gas and the odours of a huge city. The shepherds, by the mere sight of stars, the angle of which increases or diminishes, tell the hour as exactly as an observation can. A person city bred knows nothing of the stars: but the aspect of a great city, at the different hours of the day, will replace this knowledge; and one learns to define time as exactly as the birds of Charles the Fifth or Gerbert could.

MORNING, I.—The glory of morning dims the gas lights dispersed by the municipality through the city. The sky is covered by a few clouds, and the moon, like an ungrateful Rosina, pays no attention

* Adapted from the French by Fayette Robinson for the *Spirit of the Times*

to the Almaveras, who, from their garrets, address it in sonnets and sighs. The city is hushed, and the countless instruments of the infernal orchestra are hushed, except the ripple-like sound of water from the gutter. There is scarcely any other sound. Suddenly, the clock strikes one, and the bronze throats of all the belfries thunder forth to humanity the announcement that the first hour of another day has passed. At the market-places, crowds of huxters and tradesmen glide about among their stalls and benches, and country-people display their fruits and flowers. They sit there quietly, yet anxiously, awaiting the coming of the earliest visitors, the great and first gathering of the multitude—the majority of which now slumbers around. Scarcely has this market world arranged itself, when a form is seen on a side walk, carefully looking around, like the miser who has lost a jewel. In one hand the new comer bears a wand-like rod, and on his back a huge basket, the spherical shape of which, added to the general *tournure* of the bearer is not an inapt resemblance of Atlas bearing the burden of the world. It is the impersonation of the first hour of the day—the German or Alsatian rag-picker, who gathers wealth from the refuse of the rest of the world, or who, in other lands, has almost become classical as *le chiffonnier*. Look into any of the romances of Eugene Sue, and see how immense a part he plays in the great drama of life.

II.—A sigh or groan passes through the windows of that house, it is the first awakening of the hackney-coachman, who must rise at this early hour to feed his day's span of horses, and to groom those which he has driven perhaps half the night. Poor fellow! Little does one think or care, as his horses whirl us through the crowded streets at noon, or in the morning bear us to the steamer, or to the railroad depôt, that we are using the slumber and the wakefulness of one who, while we hurry and urge him on, is perhaps weary with want of rest. Give him his fare, and let him pass.

III.—The needle is on the figure III of the alarm clock, the startling machinery is set in motion, and the student springs from his bed, and washes himself with the fervor of a Mahommedan, and then, in gown and slippers, resumes his seat at his desk, his eye resuming its place at the very word, on the yet open page of the volume, where it rested when slumber drove him on the night before from his not unthankful toil and study. The calm light of the lamp shines on his brow, and bright dreams rush through his refreshed

brain. At this hour, when all is quiet, the poet's brightest fancies come to him. In the silence of the passing night, nothing interrupts or quickens his respiration. He neither thinks of the approval of his friend, nor, if he writes, of the cynical criticism of the public. Pygmalion might bare his Galatea before him, and the nudity of the nymph in his reverie would be covered with roses. It is a glorious hour. He has no solicitude for what passes around him. Little he reckons of aught but of great fancies and of great dreams. All time unfolds itself in one feature; and the corruscations of the intellects of the past crowd around him, assuming new forms, and grander, and more beautiful types in the crystallization of the Alembic of his own mind.

IV.—What o'clock is it? Just four. Do you not see the gentlemen from Africa, passing hurriedly into Broadway from Worth-street and the purlieu near it, with their well blackened boots, over which, with not any impropriety, they may repeat Virgil's famous quatrain, beginning *Sic vos non nobis*. These are a useful class; and far be it from me to cast any reproach on them, or on their brothers of the broom, who in other seasons, replace the functions which, in other times, before *injunctious* became so fashionable, used to be performed by an official, known to the old Knickerbockers, when the government of the city was in the hands of the mayor, aldermen, and commonality, and not at Albany, and who used to be called Inspector of Streets.

V.—The fire in the furnace is not yet kindled; the workshop is closed. Wait a moment—the smoke will soon rise from that brick stack, and the saw, the hammer, and the bellows will soon begin their chorus. Whistling a joyous air the workman leaves his house, and hurries to work. The bar-rooms are open; and, as he passes one of them, a friend asks him to take his cock-tail, and he replies, coughing huskily, by a faint *no*. Alas! alas! as the day passes on, it will grow more and more faint; and the cough of negation will gradually become an articulate "Yes." Let him pass! let him pass!

VI.—The working-girl, though she rises as early as the workman, is not seen in the streets till an hour later. In spite of *mousseline de laine* dress, and little bonnet, she is a great coquette, and is perhaps as fond of a flirtation as if she lived in the Fifth Avenue, or in any other of the conservatories of *Japonicadom*. Her little boots

glitter at the toes, as if the tops were carved from ebony ; and her white cuffs and collarlet are pure as the driven snow. Her curls fall languishingly over her cheeks ; or her hair, if her face be classical, is twined in Diana tresses over the brow. What a wonderful intuition into the toilet all women have. How wonderful is their appreciation and admiration of their own charms ! She is beautiful ! Beautiful, as Augusta used to look in *Ariel*, and her step has caught not a little of the wonderful grace of that artiste's *Devil's Dance*. She trips by with a smile upon her lips—not that of angel's, but resembling the allurements of the nuns of Boieldieu's great opera. She, too, if she knew any Latin, as she sits in the work room of the fashionable *modiste*, and toils at robes to be worn at Saratoga and Newport, might, like the negro boot black repeat *Sic vos non nobis*. Ah ! she is not to be pitied. That silk she admires so, will, perhaps, cover an aching heart, while her own will, some day, beat happily, as she presses to her bosom the child of the mechanic whom she walks towards the Bowery with every night. Ah ! she has her happiness under her thumb ; and, perhaps, under the same little waxen *pollex*, the happiness of some stalwart shipwright, or mason.

VII.—“Green peas ! peaches !—here they are ! Six cents a half peck !” It is seven o'clock, and prudent housewives hurry to the door. The milk-man, too, comes with his yell, not unlike the war-whoop of a Pawnee Indian, in Nebraska—such a one as we used to hear, long ago, when our limbs were not wrenched and aching, as we rode over the flowery prairies south of the Missouri, happy as a bird, and lithe as “a lieutenant of light-dragoons.” The news-boys come to the tops of the steps with their *Heralds* and *Tribunes*, and even I am not a little “put out” metropolitan, as careless about all things have I become, because the storm of last night has interrupted the telegraphic communication between here and China, and the wires have not reported the sex of the Queen's last baby.

VIII.—The shops are all open. The attendants stand behind the counters, and look into the streets through the windows and doors. Young men return home anxious to get into the house quietly, so that Papa may not suspect they have been out, and Mamma's eye not discover the purpled and wine stained shirt-bosom, which tells of revelry, and, perhaps, something worse ! Alas ! alas ! it is in vain that the world will prate about youthful follies—it is the universal law of our being ; for we have all been young, and have committed follies.

IX.—It is nine o'clock; for our employer is just at the office. Always exact and precise, he insists that all connected with him shall be also. Before the stroke of nine is heard, he is at his desk, with the voluminous papers of Jones *v.* Smith before him, and is apparently as busy as if he had not left his chair during the long night. All is unchanged, except that the shadows reach towards the west. The dark office gives a sombre tone to the lawyer's features; and it is not unnatural, that one who ever looks at the worst side of human nature, should become gradually disgusted and dissatisfied with all that concerns it. Like the priest of the Catholic Church, he is the confessor of humanity; and, perhaps, is the recipient of more of the heart's true secrets than the most holy of those who enter into the tabernacle.

X.—Wall street is crowded, and the business of the day has begun; stocks, buying, selling, bonds, coupons, are the words most frequently used; and, in the quaint dialect of that vicinity, the bulls and bears are seen together, not being led by, but leading children. There is many a man there worse than the inmates of the penitentiary; and if Huntingdon be the only Wall street broker in the walls of Sing Sing, there are many who deserve to be his companions. It is believed they carry their hearts in their pantaloon pockets, and that, instead of conscience, they keep a bank-book. Perhaps, though, the latter part of this assertion is not true, and that only other people keep the bank-books.

XI.—Do you see that slovenly-dressed woman, with a roll of papers in her hand. It is Juliet—it is Desdemona on her way to the theatre. She has the air of a Siddons or Rachel. The reason is, that her husband was not pleasant in the morning, complaining of her flirtations; or it may be that her mantua maker insists on being paid a bill which has been owing six months. Near her is a sad and melancholy-looking man, who is he? Some doctor of divinity—a parson! Not so; it is Mr. Brown, the low comedian and buffo singer. How little he looks like it! Yes—you remember Grimaldi died of a broken heart.

XII.—The curtains are drawn, the blinds are opened, and the sun rays play on the carpet. Half dressed only, the fine lady dawdles over her breakfast, and lounges as she reads the letters that lie before her. The melodies of the *fete* of the last night float vaguely through her memory, and her dress falls in harmonious folds over

the arm chair. Her eye suddenly lights up as she sees a letter, strangely scented. It is the epistle of one she loves. She lapses into reverie, delicious as the noon of a glorious September day.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE AFLOAT AT CHERBOURG.

CHAPTER I.

"Far upon the Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew and strong."—SCOTT.

How natural it is for the human heart to look forward, how often does "Hope tell a flattering tale" of joys to come, never to be realized.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."

Thus it is that a yachtsman having finished one successful cruise, instead of resting satisfied with the quiet reminiscences of the past, begins to look forward with earnest speculation, to the when and where of his next voyage.

Having in four successive seasons visited with 'the same thirty-three ton cutter the Caledonian Canal, the Pentland Frith, the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and the Coast of Norway, (cruises, some of which have been already chronicled in the pages of this Magazine,) my dreams and imaginings during last winter, naturally turned to the fair South, as a pleasing variety after so many Northern Cruises. With this view I provided myself with an ample supply of Charts of the East coast of England, the British Channel, (not forgetting that most useful little work Lieut. Hay's Channel Pilotage) as well as of the Bristol and St. George's Channel. Having circumnavigated Scotland, I was ambitious to perform the same pleasing duty to Old England.

The cruise as originally projected was confined to the northern coasts of the British Channel, and was intended to include a visit to Cowes, Portland, Plymouth, Falmouth and Ilfracombe; but the rumours of the great *fetes* at Cherbourg, which while fitting out, so frequently reached my ears, induced me so far to alter my plan, as to add a visit to the Southern Cronstadt to my programme for the summer's entertainment. The exceeding gratification derived from the visit, proved that the alteration was a judicious one.

Cherbourg and its *fetes* have been treated by a variety of writers and

speakers, including the whole House of Commons (at least such of the honourable members as can either write or speak) and a large proportion of the House of Lords politically, aesthetically, and strategically, and in every possible "ally" except socially. We hear in China of floating cities, streets, squares and crescents of vessels, here a Belgravia of high pooped brightly painted junks, there a St. Giles of low-decked filthy bumboats. But I am not aware that this fashion of the flowery land has been adopted anywhere else, except for five days last August, by the *elite* of the fashionable world, when all Mayfair with a small sprinkling of the city may be said to have established a gay and graceful London, on the coast of Normandy, open to the sunny South, and sheltered from the rough blasts of the North and East, by the wide *enceinte* of the *Digue* of Cherbourg. Metropolitan architecture is often abused, and doubtless brick erections, even when faced with plaster, are not to be compared to the Parthenon or Coliseum, yet Rome or Athens in their best days would have confessed their inability to compete with the architecture of that fairy town, which in a moment, at the beck of that potent enchanter—Louis Napoleon, sprang like Amphitrite from the sea, radiant in full grown and perfect beauty.

To some few reminiscences of the manners and customs of the denizens of this bright city of the waves I mean to devote a chapter of the log of my summer's cruise, thence and therefore the title I have selected. But first I must tell how I got to Cherbourg.

On the 19th of July, after some days detention from fogs, I started from Leith Roads in the same well tried vessel, about 3 p.m., with my old cruising friend A——, and a juvenile kinsman of fifteen, new to yachting, whom I shall designate as "Willie," when I have occasion to allude to him in the course of the narrative. We had been in considerable doubt, whether to take passports or not: the French consul at E—— said he thought they would not be necessary, but as he did not know, positively, certainly the safest way was to take them. However, we delayed until the last day, when some notice in the newspapers, of a party who had gone across in a steamer from the English coast being refused liberty to land at Cherbourg, without passports, determined us to take them. They turned out quite unnecessary and proved only a source of trouble and delay to us and emolument to the French consul. A week or ten days later a circular was issued by the Admiralty to all the royal yacht clubs, intimating that exhibition of passports would not be required from yacht owners, provided they produced their Admiralty warrant and club certificate; but this came too late for most of the yachtsmen at Cherbourg—at least all those I met had passports. It is worth the

while of yachtsmen to observe that this regulation is still in force. As I have seen no notice of it, in the *Yachting Magazine*, I may as well quote its terms from the extremely polite letter of the Lords of the Admiralty, now before me:—

"The Minister of the Interior has instructed the Prefects on the coast of the Channel, to give orders to the Police Authorities under their control, that for the future the owners of yachts, their friends, and the crews, shall be permitted to land without passports on the production of an Admiralty Warrant and a Yacht Club Certificate."

This is as it should be, and is but a just acknowledgement of the fact, that yachting has become a great institution, I only wish that the *Magazine* which chronicles its doings would become a great institution also. Yachting is *par excellence* the amusement of our aristocracy, to be literary and to patronise literature is now the laudable ambition of the best of that aristocracy, why then should they neglect the periodical, and the only periodical devoted to their favorite amusement? "Oh! answers his lordship, (the commodore of some aristocratic club,) the *Yachting Magazine* is but a poor affair, it is not worth our support." "My Lord, it is because you and such others don't support it, that it is poor; but poor as it is, let me tell you that nowhere else will you find the tenth part of the useful information on yachting subjects its pages contain. In my vessel I know its volumes are constantly in requisition, and rarely are they applied to, without throwing some light on the subject on which information is sought. As a *repertoire* of yachting knowledge, its volumes are invaluable, and I trust the next time I visit your Lordship's magnificent schooner I will find on the table of your elegant drawing-room, or on the shelves of your otherwise well stored library, all that has then been published of the *Yachting Magazine*."

We had the wind light and variable all the afternoon of Monday. About 10h. 30m. p.m. we passed the Bass Rock, keeping to the south side of it. On Tuesday, at 8 a.m. we were off St. Abb's Head, wind freshening and right ahead. At 9h. while stretching in towards Berwick Bay, our starboard backstay gave way, and the topmast buckled with the weight of the big topsail to such an extent that I thought it was over the side, but the halliards being speedily let go, it soon resumed its perpendicular position once more. It took us all day to beat her down to Emanuel Head, the eastern extremity of Holy Island, through the fair way between the Goldstone "*infamis scopulus*," execrated for the loss of the Pegasus, and the Plough buoy, round which is the entrance to Holy Island harbour. As the weather was looking rather unsettled, and the south wind was bringing up a bit of a sea, we thought of seeking

shelter by visiting this same Island, famed as the spot where the body of the good St. Cuthbert lay peaceably interred, until frightened away by the incursions of the heathen Danes. But the entrance is bad, and the exit is worse so we held on our way to old Bamborough.

Few vessels take Holy Island harbour if they can possibly avoid it, although it is a snug enough place when once in, and the leading marks for the entrance are easily seen in daylight. Most windbound vessels taking the inner passage between the Farn Islands and the main, come to in Skate Roads, under Bamborough Castle. The holding ground is good, and the riding in south winds, if they be not too far to the eastward, very fair. In northerly winds, the anchorage to the south of the larger Farn, or House Island as it is called, is very good. I have seen fifty or sixty sail of French fishing luggers at anchor there during a north-east gale. While beating out between the Megstone and Bamborough the tide turned, and we got the benefit of the flood setting us to the southward. The evening looked very threatening, but loth to lose the tide we kept working to windward. Stern and stately looked the Old Border Hold as we passed close under his time worn walls: well might we say with the Abbess of St. Hilda:—

“Thy tower proud Bamborough marked we there,
King Ida's castle huge and square,
From its tall rock look grandly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown.”

At 8 p.m. we were abreast of North Sunderland, when we tacked and stood off the land. When we got a good offing we hove to, shifted jibs, reefed boltspit, and double reefed mainsail, as the glass was falling, wind increasing and sea rising fast. After making all snug for a dirty night, I was sitting on the after cabin skylight consulting with my first hand, who was at the helm, what course we should adopt if we were caught in a heavy gale on that exposed coast, and we had just come to the conclusion to keep her standing off till midnight, so as to have a good berth clear of the islands to heave her to, if it came too heavy to carry sail, when Master Willie came up from his berth where he had been seeking ease for a troubled spirit, and perhaps a little of a troubled stomach, most of the afternoon. He stood in the companion till he could steady himself after a tremendous dive the cutter took bowsprit under, a green greedy looking wave, and then he crawled up to me, and sat down beside me on the skylight. His feelings for five minutes were too much for him, but by the expiry of that time he gathered breath, and turning to me with a pale and woe-begone countenance, whispered in sepulchral tones “Is not this awful—isn't it very dangerous?” I of

course told him that although the knocking about was rather unpleasant there was no danger, but the best thing for him was to go to his berth and try and get some sleep. On going below after giving the watch their instructions for the night, I found basins in more request than tea cups.

It blew very hard during the night from S.S.E., and the sea was severe on the little vessel, though she shipped nothing heavier than spray, yet it knocked her about till every timber and bulkhead creaked again. In the morning of Wednesday the 21st of July the wind fell, and when I went on deck about 6h. we were standing in for the land. From the number of collier brigs in sight we concluded we were near Tynemouth, though no land was in sight. By and bye we got a slant of wind from the N.W. which took us up almost to Hartlepool, where we were flat becalmed till 8h. p.m. when a fine fair westerly breeze sprung up, to which we set topsail and square sail: we were soon abreast of Whitby, when the breeze freshened so much that we had to take in our topsail, our topmast rigging being but imperfectly repaired. It was a fine clear night and the number of vessels we passed running, and met close hauled astonished me beyond measure. Those we passed seemed very much surprised at the extraordinary rapidity with which we passed them. We generally found them in clumps of three or four in company. We first saw on the horizon a dark object, in a few minutes with our glasses we could make out the number of the vessels, then the rig, then how they were standing, and in half an hour we were alongside of them, past them, and looking out for a new lot ahead. I never was so much struck by the superiority of the cutter's sailing before. This was a charming night to be on deck, and amply made up for the *disagreements* of the previous one. Even Master Willie had got his spirits up, and was as cheery as pretty little Mrs. Dot, or even her pet cricket could be on a Christmas night. He had even been able to give us a small specimen of his capabilities in the consumption of bread and butter, which when fully developed certainly astonished us.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS affair took place September 15th, and drew to Harwich an immense concourse of people. The programme was not of that attractive character which the Royal Harwich Yacht Club has been in the habit

of offering, and the number of entries was unusually small. These circumstances may be attributed partly to the fact that the R.H.Y.C., from some cause or other, has lost some of its leading supporters, and partly to the regatta being fixed at so late a period of the season, when owners of yachts are likely to be engaged more with pastimes on land than upon water. However the committee and their Honorary Secretary (Mr. H. Darken) did all they could to secure the success of the undertaking, and there was nothing wanting, in the way of zeal or activity on their part, to make the affair pass off with the accustomed *éclat*.

The harbour, of course, presented a very animated appearance, filled as it was with craft of almost every style and size—steamers and smacks, pleasure boats and trading barks. A very conspicuous object was Her Majesty's guard-ship Pembroke, and among the gentlemen's yachts present were the Dewdrop, belonging to Arthur Cobbold, Esq., Rear-Commodore of the club; Folly, R. Blanchard, Esq., Walton; Undine, Boyd, Esq.; Frolic, A. Cox, Esq.; and the Edith, J. Berners, Esq.

Of the appearance of the neighbourhood on such a day there is not much occasion to speak, seeing that almost every one is acquainted with the scenery near the estuaries of the Orwell and the Stour—the bold outlines of Landguard and Felixstowe—the breakwater, the lighthouses and the prominent buildings at Harwich, including the coast-guard barracks, which now occupy the site were formerly stood the cement factory.

The course decided upon was for the vessels to leave the committee's boat, which was anchored off the Esplanade, and proceed to the Cork Light-vessel, thence to the marked boat at the Stonebench, and back into harbour, passing the committee vessel, and sailing on to Erwardon bay, thence round the flag-boat to the place of starting.

The first race was for first class yachts, not exceeding 35 tons, and not less than 20: the prize being £30 for which the following entered:

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List, for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
721	Oriole.....	cutter	25	J. G. Hepburn, Esq.
863	Silver Star.....	cutter	25	J. Mann, Esq.
	Eva.....	cutter	20	J. Hope, Esq.

The start took place at 11h. 48m. a. m. Silver Star going ahead, but closely followed by Eva. In rounding the point at Landguard, Silver Star got ashore, and Eva here, by judiciously making a tack or two to windward, gave promise of assuming the premier place, but Silver Star

was soon righted, and the yachts re-entered the harbour in the following manner :—Silver Star 4h. 10m.; Eva, 4h. 17m.; Oriole, 4h. 40m. In the progress through Erwarton Bay Eva gained upon Silver Star, the contest became very spirited, but on returning towards the Committee's boat, Eva lost the advantage she had previously gained, and the yachts thus reached the winning place:—Silver Star 5h. 54m.; Eva 5h. 59m. Silver Star thus being declared the winner by five minutes in point of time, and two and a half minutes after making the proper deductions on account of extra tonnage. Oriole a good way behind.

The second race was for £20, given by the Eastern Counties Railway for any rig under 20 tons, belonging to the club.

The following yachts entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yacht	Rig	Ton	Owners
539	Kitten.....	cutter	18	R. Leach, Esq.
836	Salute.....	cutter	10	J. Cardinall, Esq.

The start took place about 12h. This was entirely a one-sided affair, the Kitten took the lead, and so far kept it that she finished the race before her competitor came in sight the first time. It is but justice to the Salute to state that she is not kept for racing, and that her worthy owner only entered her to prevent disappointment to the spectators. The Kitten beat the first class yachts by nearly an hour.

Races by dredger boats and pleasure boats followed; and the sports concluded with rowing matches and a duck hunt.

A few days after the regatta, in consequence of the owner of the Eva not being satisfied with his defeat, sailed another match with the Silver Star, which again proved victorious.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE 16th of September was appointed for the race for the Challenge cup, in Queenstown harbour, the morning was thick and hazy, but before the hour of starting it cleared off, and from the number of first-rate well known craft that had entered, a clipping match was anticipated. The breeze was light from S.S.E. at the hour of starting, viz 11 a.m. when the following yachts were timed as they respectively passed the Club flag-staff:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Started.		
					h.	m.	s.
1254	Zuffa.....	cutter	8	A. Hargreave, Esq.....	11	0	20
864	Siren.....	cutter	19	Admiral T. G. French....	11	0	40
378	Foam	cutter	26	M. Longfield, Esq.....	11	0	50
	Mask		25	Hon. C. Moore Smyth....	11	1	10
637	Meteor.....	cutter	33	D. O'Sullivan, Esq.....	11	1	20
524	Julia.....	cutter	50	G. Howe, Esq.....	11	1	50
539	Flirt.....	cutter	19	H. H. O'Bryen, Esq.....	11	2	0
493	Imp.....	cutter	11	E. Newnham, Esq.....	11	2	10
253	Dream.....	cutter	31	M. Hayes, Esq.....	11	4	10
401	Gauntlet.....	cutter	32	F. Lambkin, Esq.....	11	4	50
427	Glance.....	cutter	34	Major Longfield	11	5	5
1028	Vigilant	cutter	34	John C. Atkins.....	11	5	8

The course was round the Spit beacon, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence round the Great Sovereign Islands, leaving them on the starboard hand; returning leaving the Spit beacon on the port hand, and winning opposite the Club flag-staff: the distance about 40 miles.

The yachts on rounding the Spit (going out) were lying well together; soon they hauled on the wind, each taking advantage of a slight puff to weather his neighbour: presently the Dream began to shoot ahead from the forest of masts by which she was surrounded. Tack and tack with each other were the remaining yachts: abreast of the harbour lighthouse the Dream shewed her increasing distance, the Foam in her wake, closely followed by Flirt, Vigilant, Meteor, Glance, Gauntlet, &c. this position continued until reaching Ringabella bay; here the Dream stood in too far, and for two or three minutes was quite becalmed, Foam overhauling her hand over hand, and getting to windward of her, put about and stood off from the shore. Dream, after getting out of her slumbers, soon came and gave challenge again. Vigilant and Flirt were working hard for the third place, the Glance on their lee keeping pretty near. Foam and Dream were still standing off so as to make one stretch for the island about ten miles from them. Presently was observed the Foam putting about, and slowly setting her large topsail, laid down to her work, but was not ahead of the Dream by more than about one minute. The Dream was changing topsails, and now they were beam and beam with each other. Vigilant was making a good third, and was also standing out, but soon came about, changed her topsail, settled to her work, and hugged the shore more than her leading antagonists. Flirt tried a short tack towards the shore, which did not advantage her. Julia was gradually losing ground, and the Meteor was also losing her chance of the cup.

The two leading boats were now closing the island, but stood on

about a mile so as to avoid (what they thought) a calm. Vigilant had kept close to the shore, thereby cutting off the long sweep which the others had taken; however, the Dream was the first to show round the island, four minutes before the Foam, and seven before the Vigilant. The Foam, previous to rounding, hoisted a larger topsail, the yard of which gave way when she jibed; while in this fix the Vigilant quickly overhauled her, and getting into the second berth challenged the Dream for a run home. Flirt was the next to round, then Gance, Gauntlet, and Meteor. For the remainder of the race the greatest interest centred in the three leading yachts, the others being some distance behind. On nearing Roberts's Cove, which is about three miles from the island, the Vigilant seemed to be closing on the Dream, the Foam looking well up. They were now drawing close to the mouth of the harbour; still the Dream kept her position, but she had in her wake a clipping craft, which, with a free sheet, could scarcely be beaten; the Foam was closing up also, and from this point to the Spit beacon the excitement was very great. As they closed on the Spit beacon the crews of each yacht were standing alongside each other on deck, so as to increase the speed, and not let a breath of wind if possible be lost. The two boats now gibed together round the Spit, the Vigilant's bowsprit almost touching the leech of the Dream's mainsail. In the run up the reach the Dream gradually stole away, and increased her lead by twenty seconds when the gun fired. Foam was now anxiously looked for, having done so well outside the harbour, and, being allowed a little time, it was thought she would have saved her distance; indeed, had it not been for the accident that happened to her rounding the island, she would very probably have done so. The times of arrival were as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Dream.....	4	42	20	Meteor.....	5	11	0
Vigilant.....	4	42	35	Siren.....	5	32	15
Foam.....	4	46	45	Gauntlet.....	5	34	35
Flirt.....	5	1	0	Zuffa.....	5	48	32
Gance.....	5	4	55				

The time lost by each boat after the gun fired for starting, if not exceeding three minutes, was to be allowed after the finish of the race, the Dream therefore beat Vigilant 3m., and the Foam 4m.

In consequence of an undecided race at the Youghall regatta in Aug. last, the money was handed over to the R.C.Y.C., to be given to the winner of the Challenge Cup, provided such vessel had been entered for the prize—consequently the Dream took possession of the money.

WEYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS ancient town, once the favorite summer retreat of George III., held its annual aquatic amusements on Aug. 30th and 31st. As usual a large concourse of persons attended, and many prizes were given for sailing and rowing matches, the most prominent of which was the renowned Challenge Cup (the history of which we gave last year,) and before proceeding with details, we congratulate the town on its being at length permanently relieved from the responsibility of keeping the treasure any longer; altho' we must add it would have been still in their custody had not the committee liberally offered it for competition a second time at this regatta—the reason of this is recorded below.

The first race was for the Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, to be sailed for by yachts of 10 tons and upwards; open to all the world, and to be won twice by the same yacht; four to start or no race; entrance £2 10s.; half-a-minute per ton allowed; schooners allowed time for tonnage according to Ackers' scale.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1858.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
1637	Wildfire	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
273	Ella.....	schooner	105	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.
305	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.
984	Vesper.....	schooner	33	W. H. P. Weston, Esq.

The Phantom had entered but was withdrawn in consequence of the strong wind; and rather than the match should not come off Mr. Weston generously entered the Vesper to make the number complete according to the regulation.

The course was defined by four marks, extending from the Committee boat in the centre of the bay, to No. 1 flag-mark off Ratcliff Head, along the shore to the south-east round No. 2 mark, near Burning Cliff, thence to No. 3, about three miles off to the south-west, round No. 4 in Portland Roads, and back to the Committee boat—three times round; distance about thirty miles.

At 12h. 5m. the four yachts having taken their station, the start took place. There was a splendid breeze, though rather squally, the wind steering from W.N.W. The Ella had the lead, followed closely by the Wildfire, with Extravaganza well up: the Vesper shortly after starting retired from the contest. Ella and Wildfire close together hugging the shore, when between marks 2 and 3, the Wildfire passed the Ella, (hav-

ing got rid of some heavy spars, a portion of Vesper's moorings which had caught her keel,) and she rounded the Committee boat at 1h. 35m. the Ella 1h. 39m. The Extravaganza had given up. The schooners had the race to themselves, the contest was exciting, and they ended second round thus:—Ella 3h. 2m., Wildfire 3h. 2m. 20s. They were now equal, and away they dashed for the final trick, which the Wildfire succeeded in gaining, finishing thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Wildfire.....	4	28	0	Ella.....	4	32	0

The Wildfire thus won by 4m. independent of the 24½m. allowed for difference of tonnage. She did not, however, receive the prize for the Ella entered a protest, charging her with fouling in the first round, which being proved, the committee decided that it should be resailed the following day.

The second prize was for a purse of twenty-five sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 50 tons, three to start or no race; distance twice round former course. Time race.

Only two entered, the Vesper and Oriole, and the former being a schooner offered to sail the latter as a cutter.

In consequence of the foregoing not filling it was agreed to give a prize of ten sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 15 tons. Twice round the course. The entries therefore were Mr. Talbot's Little Dorrit, Mr. Briscoe's Fanny, and Mr. Grant's Fanny.

The two classes started at the same time, Mr. Grant's Fanny leading for a considerable distance, when unfortunately she carried away her mast, and she was taken in tow by the Cygnus steamer. The race was concluded by the Vesper receiving the first prize, and the Little Dorrit the second.

There were several excellent rowing matches; and in the evening there was a display of fireworks on board the Wildfire, which was also illuminated very prettily with oil lamps.

Tuesday, Aug. 31st.—The state of the weather this day was very unpromising, the rain fell in frequent showers, and the attendance of "holiday folk" was very short of preceding day.

It having been arranged that the Challenge Cup should be sailed for again, it was decided by the Committee that the prize for a second race should be sailed at the same time. The terms were a prize of thirty sovereigns for yachts under 100 tons o.m. Time race half-a-minute per ton. The same course as Challenge Cup.

The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1858.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
756	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
984	Vesper.....	schooner	33	W. H. P. Weston, Esq.
273	Ella ..	schooner	105	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.
1037	Wildfire.....	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.

The gun was fired at 12h. 17m. and they got away in glorious style, the Ella with the lead, followed by Wildfire, Phantom, and Vesper, in this order they passed the first mark 1, but the Phantom severally passed the leading yachts, and she kept ahead during remainder of race, winning the cup a second time, therefore her owner became its permanent possessor. The Wildfire met with an accident in the second round; having lost her topmast, and part of her cutwater. The Vesper received the sovereigns.

The Little Dorrit, Fanny, and Dolphin, had a sharp contest for £10, which the first named won.

Several exceeding good boat matches followed.

THE IMPERIAL REGATTA AT HAVRE.

The twentieth anniversary of this nautical *fete*, under the distinguished patronage of His Imperial Highness the Prince Jerome, came off on Sunday, the 29th of August, under very favourable auspices, there being a whole sail breeze from the northward and westward and smooth water, but there was mingled *éclat* and disappointment—*eclat* as regards the number of persons present; and disappointment to those, who, by some unfortunate misunderstanding of the regulations, were declared *hors de combat*. The site selected was as heretofore, the beautiful bay of Ste. Adresse, formed on the one side by the Cape la Heve, and on the other by the Mole and entrance to the port of Havre, and certainly a more picturesque site could not be selected. The hill from the base to the summit, is studded here and there with beautiful villas and overtopping foliage, *restaurants* innumerable from the celebrated “*Descente des Phares*,” to the renowned “*Frascati*,” thus presenting a perfect amphitheatre on shore and a living panorama afloat. On the beach fronting L’Hotel Frascati was erected an elegant saloon for the illustrious visitors and authorities, and on either side were covered platforms, tenanted by elegantly-dressed personages from the neighbourhood; the whole of the erections being surmounted with countless “*Tricolours*” and flags

of all nations, among which the English, American, Spanish, and Portuguese were predominant.

At 1h. 30m. the Committee and Local authorities assembled in the pavilion prepared for their reception. The Prince Jerome was on board H. I. M. Steamer *L'Antilopes* which was anchored in the roadstead, dressed low and aloft, and from whence the signal for the start in each match was effected.

The following was the programme, and the order in which the several "victors" were announced.

First match for decked pilot vessels : first prize given by his Imperial Highness the Prince Jerome 700f.; second prize 400f. ; third prize 200f. *La Maria*, Patron Laceyne, 1; *Celeste Aglase*, Aubert Alexandre, 2; *Felicité Desirée*, Picard Louis, 3; *Juene Emile* (of Honfleur) Cardon, 0; *Belle France* of Honfleur, 0; *Hirondelle*, Guerrier, 0; *Neptune*, Victor Boudin, 0. This was a very excellent match, and a very exciting one as between the first four pilot vessels and also between the last two. The course having been fixed, viz: round certain buoys and flag-boats stationed so as to form a circle in the bay—a distance upon the whole, of only four miles; with the previous regulation that, in the event of the wind being in either of the northern quarters the vessels should start to the southward, and, in the event of its being in the opposite quarters, to perform the same course, but proceeding first to the northward. The wind being from the W.N.W. was consequently in the northern quarter, and the *Hirondelle* and *Neptune* accordingly proceeded first to the southward, which appeared to have been judged wrong ; the other vessels proceeded in the opposite direction, and returned in the order we have named, and the prizes were awarded by the judges to them. The *Neptune* arrived at the goal three minutes before her consort, *Hirondelle*. There was a difference of only six seconds between the first and second vessels, which performed the course in the opposite direction, and which was declared to be correct.

Second match.—Boats of any dimensions appropriate for the service of the port, not exceeding nine metres in length :—first prize by Prince Jerome, 300f. second prize, a medal and 100f. by the Minister of Marine; third prize 100f. There were five entries. The first prize was won by the *Mistigria*, Aug. Mazaras ; the second by Grandin, Haumer ; but in consequence of the few boats which started, *L'Alphonse Karr*, Soury, which came in third, was not awarded any prize.

Third match.—Pleasure vessels, with or without decks, of all nations, under 12 metres. First prize 300f. second prize 200f. third prize 100f. There were eight entries, but only the following started :—*Satanicle*,

M. de Drenille Senecterre, owner also of the *Caprice*, a frequent visitor at the ports in the Mediterranean and North Sea, and we believe is the only yacht that has carried the French flag in our ports; *Fleure de Mai* M. de Barois; *Union*, *Martiniere*. The *Bataclan*, M. Nion was dismasted at the commencement and rendered *hors de combat*. The prizes were consequently awarded to the victors in the order above named.

Fourth match for whale boats first prize 300*l*. second 200*l*. Only two started. Won by the Winslow, Poitevin.

Fifth match for small boats decked or open did not come off.

Sixth match for amateur galleys of all nations. First prize a piece of plate, second 100*l*. It was expected that for this match there would have been many competitors, but the public were disappointed owing to the regattas of Meulan and St. Valery having come off the day previous, which prevented the gentlemen rowers of the Parisian sports from putting in an appearance. The result was that the *Flammeche*, Caillet, found only one competitor *La Heve*, manned by some young men belonging to Havre. The match was well contested. The *Flammeche* passing the *Heve* in the first round, and maintained her position throughout. Only one prize was given.

Several other matches followed or rather proceeded with, and intermingled with each other during the afternoon, which though of interest to the locality, were not of a nature to call forth any particular remarks.

Royal Welsh Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Wednesday, 3rd inst.; the Rear-Commodore presiding.

The following new members, proposed at the previous meeting were ballotted for and elected,—Rear-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, M.P., Richard Carreg, Esq., Cefnmaen, near Pwllheli, and Richard Fawcett, Esq., Leeds, yacht *Wyvern*.

The Rear-Commodore read a copy of the letter of condolence written by him to Mrs. Assheton Smith, and her reply thereto, which were ordered to be entered on the Minutes.

On the motion of Major-Genl. Gore, seconded by Mr. Sampson, Colonel the Hon. E. G. D. Pennant, M.P., of Penrhyn Castle, was unanimously elected Commodore of the club.

On the motion of the Rear-Commodore, seconded by Major-Genl. Gore, it was resolved that the tender of Mr. David Williams, Builder, (for the repair of the Curtain Wall and corresponding work,) be accepted, and that it be done under the superintendence of the Special Business Committee, before whom specifications should be placed, and that the works be proceeded with immediately.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS YACHT.

THE former volumes of "Our Magazine," contain the perilous adventures of yachts, to different parts of the world, and as one of our trans-atlantic friends has visited us a second time in small yachts of his own construction we will reiterate the *Times* account, 5th Oct.

"Southampton, Oct. 4th.—Many of our readers will doubtless remember the arrival at Liverpool, in July 1867, of a small craft, named the *Charter Oak*, only 20 tons burden, from New York, her owner and builder having performed the perilous passage across the Atlantic in this frail bark, with a single companion. The adventurous navigator, whose name is Charles R. Webb, has now accomplished a second enterprize of the kind, having arrived at this port on Saturday evening in a small cutter, named *Christopher Columbus*, this time accompanied by two boys, both 18 years of age, neither of them previously acquainted with nautical pursuits. The cutter sailed from New York on the 19th of August, and has occupied 45 days in the voyage. She is only 45 tons burden, 53 feet in length over all, 45 feet keel, 16 feet in width, and the mast is 50 feet 6 inches long. She has no raised bulwarks, the deck being merely protected by a stout rope sustained by iron stanchions. Her greatest draught of water is 6 feet. A more frail-looking bark in which to cross the stormy Atlantic it is scarcely possible to conceive, and as she laid off the town quay, surrounded by the larger craft built for the purpose of our river and coast, few would imagine, or scarce believe it when told them, that this miniature vessel could have travelled over such a wild waste of waters. The *Christopher Columbus* was built at Stamford, Connecticut, in 7 months, every part of the work being executed by Webb himself, except the stepping of the mast and the rigging, even to the cutting down and shaping of the timber with which she is constructed. Webb is a native of Stamford, 29 years of age, and a shipwright by trade, his nautical knowledge, as he tells us, having been gained while working as a carpenter on board a Liverpool packet ship. This is the seventeenth voyage he has made across the Atlantic, nine out and eight home. The two boys by whom he was accompanied in his daring adventure are named George Colles and Samuel Scholefield. The voyage has been conducted throughout on strict temperance principles, and the stores of provisions were of a very modest and un-epicurean character, comprising only biscuit, mackerel, and hams, with a little salt beef. The vessel is built of oak, and sloop-rigged. A plain cabin, with sleeping recesses on either side, in the centre of the vessel, the stores occupying either end, constitutes the whole internal economy of this remarkable craft. She arrived off Cowes on Saturday at two o'clock, and came on here in the evening. Not the least curious part of the affair is the log, kept in a very rough manner on a few sheets of foolscap paper stitched together; the entries all made in pencil, ink being evidently an unknown commodity on board. We subjoin a copy of the log for the benefit of nautical readers who may feel interested in the daily progress of so very remarkable a passage:—

- Aug. 19th.—Passed the Hook light, 8 a.m. Wind N. 12 noon, lat. $40^{\circ} 31'$ distance sailed 26 miles.
- 20th.—Noon lat. $40^{\circ} 11'$; 112 miles. Wind N.W. 8 p.m., spoke ship Aurora, bound to Liverpool.
- 21st.—10 a.m., passed full-rigged ship bound west. Noon, lat. $40^{\circ} 26'$; 83 miles. Wind S.W.
- 22d.—Light air of wind to the southward; cloudy; no observation, 43 miles. Passed three vessels.
- 23d.—Fresh breeze, N.W. Lat. $40^{\circ} 51'$; 122 miles.
- 24th.—Fresh breeze, N.W. Lat. $41^{\circ} 6'$; 158 miles.
- 25th.—Light breeze W. Lat. $41^{\circ} 33'$; 120 miles. 10 p.m., light breeze N.
- 26th.—Light breeze N.E. Lat. $41^{\circ} 39'$; 94 miles. 4 p.m., passed a large ship bound west. 8 p.m. N.E., hove to.
- 27th.—Wind N.E. 6 a.m. passed a large ship bound west. Lat. $41^{\circ} 25'$, hove to.
- 28th.—Wind N.E. Lat. $41^{\circ} 32'$, hove to.
- 29th.—Wind E. Hove to. No observation.
- 30th.—4 a.m., got under away. 6 a.m., light W. winds. Noon, lat. $41^{\circ} 4'$. 4 p.m. wind S.W.
- 31st.—Wind S.W. 10 a.m. passed a ship bound west. Noon, lat. $42^{\circ} 32'$, 143 miles.
- Sept. 1st.—Light winds, foggy, no observation. 6 p.m. wind N.W.
- 2nd.—Dead calm. Lat. $43^{\circ} 54'$. On the Banks, 4 p.m. two vessels in sight to the southward.
- 3rd.—2 a.m. wind N.E., foggy, rainy. 6 a.m. dead calm. Noon, lat. $43^{\circ} 52'$. 4 p.m. light air N.W. 8 p.m. calm.
- 4th.—Light air from the south. Lat. $43^{\circ} 52'$; made sail. 2 p.m. ship in sight bound west.
- 5th.—Wind S.S.W. Lat. $44^{\circ} 45'$, 132 miles. Afternoon, wind W., foggy.
- 6th.—Wind W., foggy, rainy, and squally. No observation, 131 miles.
- 7th.—Rainy, fresh westerly gales. No observation, 128 miles.
- 8th.—Fresh gales, west, 10 a.m. ship passed us steering east. Lat. $46^{\circ} 46'$, 158 miles.
- 9th.—Heavy westerly gales. No observation, 123 miles, hove to. 12 p.m. gale broke, leaving a tremendous cross sea running.
- 10th.—Light breeze west, made sail, commenced raining. No observation, 60 miles. 6 p.m. wind shifted to N.E.; still raining: 8 p.m., hove to again. 10 p.m. blowing hard. 12 made sail.
- 11th.—4 a.m. hove to again. 6 a.m. blowing hard from N.N.W. 10 a.m. saw two ships under close-reefed topsails. Noon, lat. $47^{\circ} 25'$. 6 p.m. hove to, still blowing hard. 8 p.m. made sail.
- 12th.—Wind N.W. Lat. $47^{\circ} 40'$, 139 miles.
- 13th.—Wind N.E., 8 a.m. sail in sight, close-reefed. No observation, 88 miles. 6 p.m. wind N.N.E. 8 hove to. 10 wind E. blowing hard.

Sept. 14th.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 14'$. blowing hard, E.

15th.—Light breeze E. lat. $46^{\circ} 55'$.

16th.—Strong breeze N. 6 a.m. made sail, Noon lat. $46^{\circ} 47'$.

17th.—Wind N.W., squally. Lat. $47^{\circ} 16'$, 144 miles.

18th.—6 a.m. saw a large ship steering west. Noon, lat. $47^{\circ} 35'$, 121 miles, very squally.

19th.—Beautiful day, very little wind. Lat. $47^{\circ} 38'$, 40 miles. 4 p.m. light breeze, E. 8 blowing a gale, hove to. 12 a ship passed us steering west.

20th.—8 a.m. blowing a gale from the eastward. Noon, lat. $47^{\circ} 10'$, hove to. 4 p.m. a brig passed us steering east, under close-reefed topsails. 8 blowing hard and raining.

21st.—2 a.m. made sail, light breeze W. 8 wind dying out. Noon, lat. $47^{\circ} 1'$, dead calm. 4 p.m. wind N.W. and squally. 8 rainy.

22nd.—Wind N., blowing hard, rainy. 10 a.m. spoke the brig Fordmill of Swansea, lat. 48° long. $18^{\circ} 12'$. 6 p.m. passed a piece of floating wreck. 10 wind N.W.

23rd.—Wind N.W., 6 a.m. spoke the ship Courant, of Bath, bound to Pembroke, lat. $48^{\circ} 15'$, long. $15^{\circ} 10'$, 167 miles. 2 p.m. spoke hermaphrodite brig Pallas, Prince Edward Island.

24th.—Dead calm, lat. $48^{\circ} 39'$, 80 miles. 6 p.m. spoke ship Robert Cushman, bound to Charleston, lat. $49^{\circ} 20'$, long. $12^{\circ} 15'$.

25th.—Wind S.W., lat. $49^{\circ} 40'$, long. 10° W., 85 miles.

26th.—Wind to southward, lat. $49^{\circ} 50'$, 42 miles.

27th.—Light air, lat. $49^{\circ} 56'$, 37 miles; calm.

28th.—Light breeze from N.E. with rain, foggy. No observation, 18 miles. Hazy at night.

29th.—Thick and hazy, lat. $48^{\circ} 30'$. Sunshine at noon. Wind N.E.

30th.—8 a.m. Scilly bore N.N.E. 10 a.m. split scudding sail. 2 p.m. wind N.W.

Oct. 1st.—8 a.m. made Start Point, bearing E.b.N.

LIGHTS AND FOG SIGNALS.

THE Admiralty have issued the following Notice which renders it imperative on all Sea-going Vessels to observe to prevent collision. It came into force, on the 1st of October last.

Steam Vessels.—All Sea-going Steam Vessels, when under Steam, shall between sunset and sunrise, exhibit the following Lights:—

1.—A bright White Light at the Foremast Head. A Green Light on the Starboard side. A Red Light on the Port side.

2.—The mast-head Light shall be so constructed as to be visible on a dark

night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least 5 miles, and shall show an uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of 20 points of the compass, and it shall be so fixed as to throw the light 10 points on each side of the ship, viz.: from right ahead to 2 points abaft the beam on either side.

3.—The Green Light on the Starboard side and the Red Light on the Port side shall be so constructed as to be visible on a dark night with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least 2 miles, and show an uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of 10 points of the compass, and they shall be so fixed as to throw the light from right ahead to 2 points abaft the beam on the Starboard and on the Port sides respectively.

4.—The side Lights are to be fitted with inboard screens projecting at least 3 feet forward from the light, so as to prevent the lights from being seen across the bow.

5.—Steam Vessels under Sail only, are not to carry their mast-head Light.

Fog Signals.—All Sea-going Steam Vessels, whether propelled by paddles or screws, when their steam is up, and when under way, shall in all cases or Fog use as a Fog Signal a Steam Whistle, placed before the Funnel at not less than 8 feet from the deck, which shall be sounded once at least every five minutes; but when the steam is not up, they shall use a Fog Horn or Bell, as ordered for Sailing Ships.

SAILING VESSELS.

1.—All Sea-going Sailing Vessels when underway or being towed, shall between sunset and sunrise exhibit a Green Light on the Starboard side and a Red Light on the Port side of the vessel, and such Lights shall be so constructed as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least 2 miles, and shall show an uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of 10 points of the compass, from right ahead to 2 points abaft the beam on the Starboard and on the Port sides respectively.

2.—The Coloured Lights shall be *fixed* wherever it is practicable so as to exhibit them; and shall be fitted with inboard screens projecting at least 3 feet forward from the Light, so as to prevent the Lights being seen across the bow.

3.—When the Coloured Lights cannot be fixed (as in the case of small vessels in bad weather,) they shall be kept on deck between sunset and sunrise, on their proper sides of the vessel, ready for instant exhibition, and shall be exhibited in such a manner as can be best seen on the approach of, or to, any other vessel or vessels, in sufficient time to avoid collision, and so that the Green Light shall not be seen on the Port side, nor the Red Light on the Starboard side.

Fog Signals.—All Sea-going Sailing Vessels, when underway, shall in all cases of Fog, use when on the Starboard Tack a Fog Horn, and when on the Port Tack shall Ring a Bell. These signals shall be sounded once at least every five minutes.

Sailing Pilot Vessels are to carry only a White Light at the Mast head,
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and are to exhibit a Flare-up Light every 15 minutes, in accordance with the Trinity House regulation.

VESSELS AT ANCHOR.

All Sea-going Vessels when at anchor in roadsteads or fairways, shall between sunset and sunrise exhibit where it can best be seen, but at a height not exceeding 20 feet above the hull, a White Light in a Globular Lantern of 8 inches in diameter, and so constructed as to show a clear, uniform, and unbroken light all round the horizon, at a distance of at least 1 mile.

DECISION IMPORTANT TO REGATTA COMMITTEES.

INSTOW REGATTA CASE.—*Cutland v. Colebrooke and others.*—This was an action brought by the plaintiff, in Bideford County Court, to recover a piece of Plate, called the Ladies' Cup, won, as he said, by his boat at the Instow Regatta, but which the Committee afterwards refused to award him, on the ground that one of the crew was not an "amateur," as required by the printed regulations.

Mr. Chanter appeared for the plaintiff, and observed that the question would be whether one of the crew, named Colwill, was an amateur or not; he should show that he was an amateur, within the meaning of the term.

Mr. Lionel Bencraft submitted for the defendants, the Instow Committee, that there was not a shadow of ground for this action, the proceedings of the Committee having been fair and *bona fide* throughout.

A protest had been handed in to the Stewards against the crew, relative to the man Colwill, and after the regatta an enquiry was instituted, and it was decided that the crew of the boat was not in accordance with the printed regulations, therefore the second boat was entitled to the cup. In the printed regulations there was a clause which stated that "in all cases of dispute, or matters relating to the regatta, the decision of the committee to be final." He referred to a racing case decided by his honour some time since in Barnstaple, and pleaded that the court had no jurisdiction.

Mr. Chanter argued that the court had jurisdiction, because a certain time was allowed for the Committee holding the cup to give an opportunity for bringing the case into court; consequently their decision was conditional, not final. The cup had been fairly won, and he claimed it on the part of Bideford. (Much applause from part of the audience, which was checked by the judge.) He did not impute any improper motives to the Stewards, the man Colwill was a wheelwright, and therefore an amateur.

Mr. Bencraft answered that the man, although a wheelwright and a sawyer, was also employed about ships, and acted occasionally as a pilot; he read certificates to that effect. The judge said that if the man chose to get any part of his living by going to sea, he was not an amateur; his impression was that the Committee was right.

Mr. Bencraft said he was not prepared, on the part of the Committee, to

give evidence in this case, because he depended upon the want of jurisdiction by the court. Captain Fenwick, and other gentlemen of the Committee were in court, and said that they had not only been threatened with the county court, but had been threatened that the Cup should not leave Instow.

His honour said the question had been already decided by a court of competent jurisdiction, and he should be doing injustice to the Committee and to the public if he exercised a jurisdiction which did not belong to him. It would not do, in such cases, for a Committee, who had exercised their best judgment in accordance with their regulations, to be brought into a county court at considerable expense. He had no jurisdiction, and therefore the case could not be heard.

Costs were applied for on the part of the defendants, but his honour considered he had no jurisdiction to grant costs.

Mr. Bencraft said Capt. Fenwick had been brought a very long distance as one of the committee, and it appeared to him to be a great hardship if he could not claim his costs; the learned advocate was of opinion that his honour has jurisdiction in such a case to allow costs to the defendants, and he should be glad to be heard, at the next court, in support of the application.—His honour said he would consent to that; upon which Mr. Chanter intimated that he should oppose the application.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THIS first-established Model Club, has been under a cloud for some considerable period, but now it has resolved to hold an annual match on the Thames, we shall find members of other clubs coming forward to support it; at least such is our wish. However our immediate business is with the last match, which took place on the 2nd October, from East Greenwich to the Ovans buoy, near Coal House Point, and return to the starting place. The prize was a silver cup; and the following took their stations:—Gnat, 5, Mr. J. West, Eugenie, 6, Mr. White, Blink Bonny, 5, Mr. G. West.

The wind was W.S.W. fresh at 11h. when they started, the Blink Bonny was the first to hoist the cloth, and she took the lead, followed by Gnat, with Eugenie well up. When off Blackwall she challenged the Gnat, went well to windward of her and took second place; but after some manœuvring in Half Way reach the Gnat recovered her position. They now sped along at a rattling pace, Blink Bonny passing Erith considerably ahead of the others. On they went in this order, without any change taking place, to the turning point, Ovans Buoy, which was rounded thus:—Blink Bonny 1h. 26m. 30s. Gnat 1h. 30m. 5s., Eugenie 1h. 33m. 32s.

After rounding, the weatherly qualities of the Gnat were soon made manifest, as in a few tacks she shot ahead, and kept so to the finish. Blink Bonny was much hampered by an attendant vessel, which frequently took the wind out of her sails. Such conduct is highly reprehensible, and is practised more on the Thames than in any other place. The Eugenie lost way consi-

derably, as will be seen by the time of their arrival at Greenwich—Gnat 6h. 59m., Blink Bonny 7h. 17m. 15s., Eugenie 7h. 45m.

IRISH MODEL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ON Sept. 15th, the waters of Dublin Bay bore a large number of craft of all denominations to do honour to the above club, and as will be seen by the subjoined entries some of the little cracks were to the fore on this occasion.

The first prize was for a purse of fifteen sovereigns with an allowance of half-a-minute per ton. The following started:—

Bijou, 10 tons, R. D. Kane, Esq., Dove, 12 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq., and Virago, 12 tons, Capt. J. S. Byrne.

The course was from their own anchors in the harbour, round a flag-boat moored one nautic mile E.N.E. of the harbour's mouth, leaving it on the port hand; thence to the West Buoy of Dublin Bay, off Poolbeg lighthouse, leaving it on the starboard hand; from thence to the Eastern buoy of the same bar, also to be left on the starboard hand, and back to the harbour flag-boat. This course to be raced three times round, winning in the harbour leaving the flag-ship, the Champion yacht, (R. D. Kane, Esq.) on the starboard hand. Distance about 16 miles.

At 1h. 56m. the starting gun fired, in the midst of a fresh south-west squall, and the three little clippers careened to the strong blast as if they never meant to right again, causing many a fair bosom to beat anxiously for the safety of their reckless crews. The Virago having dragged her anchor for a considerable distance, obtained a decided lead; but the Bijou and Dove, fresh on her track, soon settled down to their work, and ranging alongside of each other beam and beam, seemed scarcely to heed their flying antagonist, so absorbed were they in their relative manœuvres. The wind was very fresh at south-west, veering occasionally to south-east, bringing a heavy rolling sea into the bay. It was a beautiful sight as they ran the down course for the buoys of the bar, each daring little vessel alternately lifted on the summit of a great foam capped wave, the tiny black hull, a mere speck beneath a pile of snowy canvas, sweeping along with amazing speed. On nearing the west buoy the Dove challenged for the lead, and drew a clear length ahead of her rival, who luffing short up, endeavoured to fasten upon her weather quarter; they were at this time carrying their booms on the starboard hand, and closing the buoy fast, so that Bijou took nothing by her manœuvre, and "jibe ho" it must be if they carried the masts away, for neither would yield an inch, and the craft that stayed round was doomed; in they went determined to do or die. Down came the topsail of the Dove like magic, over went the boom, with the mainsheet rounded to a nicety, and away she went, with the wind abeam, for the Eastern buoy.

The Bijou, handled in equally beautiful style, jibed without hurting a rope, and both went a rare pace through the heavy cross sea, overhauling the Vi-

rago hand over hand, who, handled admirably and with great judgment, had held the lead up to this point well. Now they prepared for the struggle to windward; housed topmasts, stowed away topsails, and sharpened the sheets home on a taut bowline. In a short time the Dove began to move away from the Bijou and Virago, looking up nearly two points to windward of both, and, declaring to win, went for the harbour flag-boat, which she weathered in two tacks; the Bijou, steadily and exquisitely handled, running a cautious waiting race, the wary Virago watching both vessels like a hawk, waiting but the fatal moment of a spent topmast or bowsprit to make her dire swoop. Onwards, however, scathlessly and fearlessly dashed the hardy canvas backs, and second and third rounds were accomplished in a like fashion. After rounding the Eastern buoy for the last time the wind veered more to the southward and eastward, and a "fresh hand to the bellows" came roaring up the bay; the vessels just a good full for the harbour; the crew of the Dove proceeded to take in her gaff-topsail, when the cleat at the end of the gaff drew, and the topsail sheet getting jammed between the sheave and it, all efforts of her crew were unavailing to start the sheet, and to send a hand aloft to clear it would have been madness in such a sea. The Bijou, with a neat narrow headed gaff-topsail set, came bounding along at a speed which threatened speedily to wrest the well-won and hardly-sailed laurels from the Dove; but she was not caught so softly; clapping a tackle on the gaff-topsail balliard, her crew steadied the sail aloft again, and driving her along a good clean full, shoved her bowsprit past the flag-ship a good winning first, where one of the best contested and hardest-sailed matches of the season was terminated in the following order and times:—Dove 4h. 54m. 25s., Bijou 4h. 55m. 18s., Virago 4h. 59m. 10s.

The Dove after allowing time had eight seconds to spare. A protest was entered respecting the winner's measurement.

During the first race the following started for a purse of ten sovereigns:—Vidette, 8 tons, T. W. Hodgans, Esq. and Electric, 8 tons, P. Thompson, Esq.

In consequence of the heavy sea, the course for these vessels was more sheltered than the other, accordingly a boat was moored off Bullock harbour, twice round which and the harbour flag-boat constituted the course. An excellent sailed race ensued, and they finished tempest tossed and storm-worn in the following order—Vidette 3h. 46m. 40s., Electric 3h. 49m. 50s.

This club is under the Commodoreship of Lord Otho Fitzgerald, and it is also highly patronized by the Royal Yacht Clubs of Ireland.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE 15th of September witnessed the last of this club's matches for the season, viz, the third and fourth by yachts of the first and second class. The weather was very fine, and as usual a large and fashionable company repaired on board the steamer Wasp, which had been engaged by the committee.

The prize for the first class was an elegant silver salver, value fifteen guineas. The following started:—

Spirit, 4½ tons, J. Troughton, Esq., Snake, 7½ tons, W. Wilkinson, Esq., Charm, 7½ tons, J. Poole, Esq., and Meta, 7½ tons, C. J. Byrne, Esq.

The course for this class was from Woodside Pier round a flag-boat moored off Brombro' Pool, thence round a flag-boat stationed southward of the Dingle, back to flag-boat at Brombro' Pool, thence round flag-boat southward of the Dingle, returning to the flag-boat off Woodside Pier, back round the flag-boats stationed off Brombro' Pool and the Dingle, returning direct to flag-boat at Woodside Pier, passing between the shore and flag-boat, leaving the last mentioned flag-boat on the starboard hand. All other marks and flag-boats to be left on the port hand.

The prize for the second class was a neat drinking cup, value five guineas. The following started:—

Mosquito, 2 tons, J. S. Bishop, Esq., Elfin, 3½ tons, A. Whitworth, Esq., and Wasp, 2 tons, J. Martin, Esq.

The Phantom, 7 tons, and Mayflower, 7 tons, were also entered but did not compete. The course for the small yachts was the same as for the first class, but ending on the first arrival at Woodside Pier.

At half-past one the gun was fired, and the yachts got away in good order, the Meta slightly leading. The Snake hung a little at starting, and was last off. It was a beating wind up to Brombro', during which the Meta gained considerably, though not so much as we expected, beating being her forte, the Dingle was passed in the following order, Meta 2h. 14m. 48s., Charm 2h. 17m. 3s., Snake 2h. 17m. 6s., Spirit 2h. 19m. 15s.

The run back to the Brombro' flag-boat did not create much interest, although the Snake overhauled and passed the Charm, she could not overtake the Meta, and they rounded as follows:—Meta 2h. 24m. 45s., Snake 2h. 27m. 45s., Charm 2h. 28m. 30s., Spirit 2h. 35m. 15s. Returning the second time to the Dingle flag-boat the Meta got ahead of the wind, which was gradually dying away. The Snake, however, brought up a nice breeze, which her enormous balloon jib enabled her to use to its utmost extent, being nearly up to the Meta on rounding the Dingle flag-boat. Meta 2h. 41m. 50s., Snake 2h. 42m. 30s., Charm 2h. 44m., Spirit 2h. 50m. 20s.

After rounding the Dingle it was a dead run before the wind, and the Snake speedily took the lead, followed by Charm, which passed the Meta, and the Woodside flag-boat was rounded thus:—Snake 3h. 19m. 40s., Charm 3h. 22m. 40s., Meta 3h. 24m. 56s.

The Spirit was not timed as she was decidedly out of the race. Shortly after rounding a breeze sprung up, and the tide still flowing, the race became interesting; and the three yachts continued in the same order to the Brombro' flag-boat which was passed by Snake 4h. 2m. 5s., Charm 4h. 4m. 35s., Meta 4h. 6m. 2s. From this point it was evident the Snake (barring accidents) would be the victor, by some unaccountable cause the Meta's usual good qualities seemed to have deserted her. The Dingle was rounded, Snake 4h. 12h. 40s., Charm 4h. 15m. 15s., Meta 4h. 15m. 30s.

The Snake now increased her lead, arriving at the Woodside Pier considerably in advance, and the vessels were timed as follows:—Snake 4h. 41m. 55s., Charm 4h. 46m. 2s., Meta 4h. 48m. 4s.

The winner was hailed with repeated cheers both from the steamer and the shore.

In the second class match the Wasp gained considerably on the run to Brombro', but being short handed got her jib-boom foul, losing fully ten minutes, before getting her balloon-jib set, and though she afterwards gained three minutes when rounding the Brombro' flag-boat, she was so unfortunate as to carry away her balloon-jib, which getting under her bow, lost her any chance she might have had: the Wasp was evidently out-paced. The Elfin was well sailed, and her owner has won his maiden prize in the club.

WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE REGATTA.

THE sports at this place came off July 30th, under the direction of a managing committee, comprising J. Cardinall, Esq., Capt. Norman, and other gentlemen.

The first match was for yachts from 10 to 25 tons, the prize being a silver tankard, value 10 guineas, which was won by the Silver Star, 25 tons, J. Mann, Esq. beating Folly, 12 tons, R. Blanchard, Esq., Fanny, 15 tons, P. Bruff, Esq., and Greyhound, 11 tons, J. Francis, Esq. The Silver Star took the lead at starting, kept it throughout, and came in a winner considerably in advance.

The next race was between yachts not exceeding 10 tons, for a silver cup, value 6 guineas, which was won by Mr. Chamberlain's Rifleman, beating Mr. Baxter's Veritas, Mr. Moore's Irresistible, and Mr. Stannard's Gem. The latter took the lead at starting, but the Riflemen eventually passed her and came in the winner.

This was followed by a smack race and other matches.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE last meeting for the season of this club took place at Dunoon on Sept. 3rd, for the purpose of running for the club's challenge cup—John Eaton Reid, Esq., commodore, on board his fine yacht Diamond. The weather in the morning gave little promise of a favourable day, being dull and calm, but by 12 o'clock the day broke up, and a fine breeze from the S.S.W. had sprung up. There was a good attendance of yachts cruising about the shore, and the scene was animating. On Castle Hill and along the shore there were a good many spectators.

The Clyde Model Yacht Club's Challenge Cup, value 50 sovereigns, for yachts under 8 tons to be won for two successive years, when it becomes the property of the winner. Cup won last year by the Fairy Queen.

The following yachts started:—Armada, 8 tons, Mr. J. Dickie; Fairy Queen, 8 tons, Mr. J. Grant, jun; Bella, 8 tons, Mr. R. Walker.

The course was from the Commodore's yacht round Boomerang moorings off Knock, thence round Toward Buoy and back, passing inside commodore's yacht. They started about 12h. 30m., the Armada taking the lead, followed in 40s. by Fairy Queen, and the Bella about 15s behind the second vessel. The race was well contested; after four hours hard battling they came in thus:—Fairy Queen 3h. 50m. 30s., Armada 3h. 52m. 30s., and Bella 4h. 16m. 30s.

The Fairy Queen this year again carries off the Challenge Cup, which is now her property, and her owners may well feel proud of the honour they have gained. Of the Armada, we would say the same. Although she has been unsuccessful in gaining prizes, she has gained a name that does honour to her owners and builders, the Messrs. Dickie. The arrangements for the race were complete, and did credit to the Commodore and assistants.

MALAHIDE REGATTA.

THIS place situated about five miles to the northward of Dublin Bay, was the scene of a very spirited affair on Tuesday, the 3rd of August. It was got up under the patronage of Lord Talbot de Malahide, and through the exertions of his agent, F. W. Cusack, Esq., assisted ably by W Butler, Esq., honorary secretary.

The proceedings commenced with a match between the following yachts for a purse of fifteen sovereigns.

Dove, 12 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq., Gazelle, 4 tons, J. Johnston, Esq., Vidette, 8 tons, R. W. Hodgans, Esq., Temeraire, 4 tons, E. Bolton, Esq., Virago, 10 tons, Capt. J. C. Byrne, and Bijou, 10 tons, R. D. Kane, Esq.

The Electric, P. Thompson, Esq. entered, but she did not arrive in time.

An excellent start was effected at 3h. 2m., by all except the Virago, who was very badly berthed, being fully a quarter of a mile astern of the position taken up by her competitors. Gazelle went away with lead, but was soon overhauled and passed by Dove, Vidette, and Bijou, and the run out to the first flag-boat was exceedingly closely contested; the Virago pulled up her lee-way wonderfully, overhauled and passed the Gazelle and Temeraire, and went into fourth place. There was a nice whole canvas breeze at W.N.W., veering occasionally in the showers to S.W., but north of west was the prevailing wind. Dove, Bijou, and Vidette rounded the Lambay flag-boat together, the Gazelle and Temeraire a few minutes after. The Bijou then got clear of her companions, the Dove and Vidette, which immediately struck

their large gaff-topsails, the Vidette being hampered with hers, during which the Virago passed her. Bijou carried on until everything cracked again, making the running whilst her antagonists were shifting topsails; and when she had secured a good lead she down with her own, and prepared for a regular dusting match. Dove, in order to regain lost ground, set a small top-sail, but it rather injured her than otherwise, as it did not appear to stand well in a wind, so that she speedily sent it down again. In the meantime the Vidette, having struck her topmast and made all snug, went to work with a will, and, racing past the Virago, took third place. Bijou was the first to tack close by the Portrane shore, followed by the Dove, Vidette, Virago, Gazelle, and Temeraire. These positions were relatively maintained until nearing the bar flag-boat, on the stretch across the bay, the Dove overhauled the Bijou considerably. In the turn up the Channel the Bijou worked beautifully; the Dove, drawing much more water, could not stand in so close to the banks on either side, and consequently her ready little rival obtained an advantage. Vidette began to make play now in the short tacks, and also the Virago, but the latter vessel had scarcely weathered the bar boat, when she touched the tail of the Centre Bank and went aground. Meantime the Bijou was turning up tack for tack; she was winning fast. Dove and Vidette altho' well handled could not again reach their leader. The race finished thus—Bijou 4h. 58m., Dove 5h. 3m., and Vidette 5h. 2m.

Virago, Gazelle, and Temeraire not timed. The former got afloat again without any injury.

Several rowing matches took place, and the Dublin University Club crew added to their laurels. A very beautiful display of fireworks closed a really happy day.

It was intended to continue the sports the following day, but it turned out very wet and disagreeable.

CORNWALL ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta came off at Falmouth, on Sept. 15th, the wind about N.W., a very fine breeze. The first race was by Pilot boats, which was ably contested, and of course excited much interest amongst the natives.

The next race was by yachts not exceeding 25 tons, for £15 for first in, and £8 for second.—Time race, one minute per ton allowed.

The following started:—Esk, 10 tons, R. Mangin, Esq., Dolphin, 20 tons, Capt. Storey, R.N., Foam, M. V. Bull, Esq., and Frolic, 6 tons, C. Rule, Esq.

The course was from the starting buoys round a buoy moored abreast Castle Point, then round a boat in the Cross channel, then round the committee vessel, leaving all the marks on the port hand: thrice round.

About half-past eleven they started and got well away together, but unfortunately, in the first round, the Dolphin fouled the Foam and carried away her outrigger, thus depriving her of her mizen. Dolphin therefore was disqualified, and the Esk was awarded the first prize, the Foam the second.

The third race was by yachts not exceeding 8 tons, for £8 for first in, and £4 for second: time race two minutes per ton allowed.

At 12h. 5m. the following started:—Foam, C. Rule, Esq., Blue-eyed Maid, T. Beauchant, Esq., Cygnet, F. Anglesea, Esq., Gipsy, Capt. M'Dougall, Enigma, J. H. C. Pope, Esq., Flora, R. F. Mitchell, and Little Jenny, G. Clark. The course the same as for the 25 tons, thrice round. Flora in the first round unfortunately carried away the head of her mast, and was therefore forced to give up; as did Little Jenny also. Enigma gave in during second round, having injured her mast. The first prize was given to the Frolic, and the second to Blue-eyed Maid.

Several boat races followed, which were ably contested; and the whole affair passed off satisfactorily, with one exception, an accident, which happened on board the committee boat, through the indiscretion of one of the seamen belonging to H.M.S. Russell, who imprudently jumped in front of the gun just at the time the match was applied. A serious wound was inflicted on the higher part of the thigh. Fortunately Mr. Miller, surgeon, son of the hon. secretary, was on board, who immediately adopted the necessary measures, and had him conveyed on board H.M.S. Russell.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

THIS was under most distinguished stewardship, and the weather on the first day, Sept. 15th, was magnificent for the loungers, but fatal to yacht racing. Here we had good subscriptions,—four capital prizes, but no wind, and consequently no sport. Up to mid-day there was a trifle more than a capful of wind from the southward; and if the committee had arranged to commence at ten o'clock, the sailing matches might probably have come off, but they fixed one or two o'clock, and by that time there was scarcely wind enough to blow a candle out. There were many yachts present.

For the first prize twenty-five sovereigns, the Phantom, S. Lane, Esq., the Violet, J. R. Kirby, and the Oriole, J. G. Hepburn, Esq. entered, but as the latter was windbound off Babbicombe the match did not come off.

Two other matches were in the programme but neither came off. The afternoon was therefore chiefly occupied by rowing matches.

On the following day there was a little more wind, and the following yachts entered for a prize of fifteen sovereigns—Chimera, 16 tons, W. Sanderson, Esq., Midge, 13 tons, Capt. Commerell, Fairy, 9 tons, F. Bricknell, Esq., and Firefly, 11 tons, P. Adams, Esq. They got well away, Chimera with the lead, closely followed by Midge, with the others well up, in this order they rounded the first time. Shortly after Firefly challenged the Midge, and shot into second place, which she kept to the finish. The Fairy finding that her chance was gone, gave up and stood in for the shore. The third round was finished as follows:—Chimera 6h. 40m., Firefly 6h. 55m. 30s., Midge 6h. 59m. The Chimera allowing time beat by 5m. 30s.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THIS club has had two more matches since we last noticed its proceedings;—The first was for a silver cup, value £5. This was won by Mr. Searle's Spray, 5 tons, beating Mr. Ridgway's Blue Bell, 6 tons, Mr. C. Grave's Saucy Lass, 4 tons, Capt. Copplesstone's White Spur, 2 tons, Mr. W. Greave's Wellington, 5 tons, and Mr. Burney's Cremorne, 3 tons. The wind at starting blew fresh, but towards the finish it fell slack, nevertheless it was a well contested race, and afforded considerable amusement to a large party on board the accompanying steamers.

The last match was got up by the members as a friendly contest, and was considered a club match:—the entrance fees constituted the prize, which was won by the Spray, beating Blue Bell, Cremorne, and the Hawk, 4 tons, Mr. J. Hampton. There was little or no wind, and it was a very tedious affair throughout.

Editor's Locker.

AMERICAN & BRITISH YACHTS.

October 26th, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—Having noticed a paragraph in the papers referring to the fact that an American Gentleman had navigated two vessels, the one of 23 and the other 45 tons, across the Atlantic, as if it were an extraordinary performance, I have been induced to look back to the first volume of your Magazine for the Log of the Teazer, in 1852, I there find that this little vessel of 22 tons, O.M. but only 14 N.M. made the passage to Jamaica and back, a distance about three times greater than from New York to England. Sir John Ross the Arctic Explorer, a short time before his death, assisted by a "Small Boy" (I don't know whether he might not have had a Nun Buoy as well) navigated a 7-ton boat from Stockholm, where he had been English Consul for some time, to this country.

The largest of the discovery ships of Columbus* was if I recollect right only 36 tons. American yachtsmen too, do not adopt our rusty old system of Measurement, so that the difference of size is greater than at first appears. The American yacht was rated at 170 tons,—but by O. M. she was 211.

A yacht of mine 20 tons O. M. was only 14 N. M., and the Teazer seems to have been very similarly circumstanced by the old rule.

This would make the relative sizes of the vessels above mentioned.—

Christopher Columbus	.	.	45 tons
Charter Oak	.	.	23
Teazer	.	.	14
Sir John Ross's	.	.	about 5
Columbus's ship	.	.	36

* " Whose name I have forgot
As well as the sublime discoverer's date."

A reference to page 149 of the Yachting Magazine will interest young yachtsmen, as well as the Log of the Circumnavigation of the British Islands by the "Pet" (8 tons O.M.) (about $5\frac{1}{2}$ N.M.) in your 1st and 2nd volumes.

Yours truly

To the Editor Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

RETROSPECTION.

WANTS OF A YACHTSMAN.

Oct. 23rd 1858.

SIR.—A thorough water-dog and an enthusiastic lover of boat-sailing, I have been a Subscriber to the Yachting Magazine from its commencement, watching its progress with the same anxiety one at times takes in the fate of a craft trying to knock to windward against a tide-way, with the breeze gradually dying away. I as well as many others would be thankful for hints on ballasting, cutting and roping canvas, dimensions of spars and sails under the various rigs for small craft, and a thousand other subjects on yachting which you perhaps might furnish, and which I cannot but think would greatly increase the circulation of your publication.

Can any, or rather will any, of your readers fill a gap so many have found in Mr. Marett's delightful work? All goes on smooth as oil, and easily to be understood till we arrive at page 47, which said page, however, is a regular poser to those who are not up to Logarithms. If Chapman's Theory can be worked out without the use of Logarithms will some kind hearted fellow have compassion on an ignoramus, and then in your next number show how it is to be done? If it *must* be by Logarithms, he might possibly give a little more insight into the calculations Mr. Marett has taken for granted every one would be able to follow.

I have a minor want or two which you can probably supply—one is a recipe for the best thing to put on a boat's bottom from keel to water line. Some of the small London craft have an application that looks almost like copper in colour, can you inform me what it is composed of, and if it is easily kept clean when the boat is moored in still water?

I am making a cloud of canvas for a fine weather suit, and for the sake of lightness, have used wide calico, running two false seams in to give them a neat and ship-shape appearance; can you give a hint how to prevent mildew? For my little craft must not be seen with mildewed canvas, nor in tanned sails like a fishing boat. I find I have spun you a considerably long yarn; what lover of boating cannot when hauled on this tack? Nor will I promise not to trouble you again should you think fit to insert this, and it should produce the information I require. For the present however, I will bring up, subscribing myself.

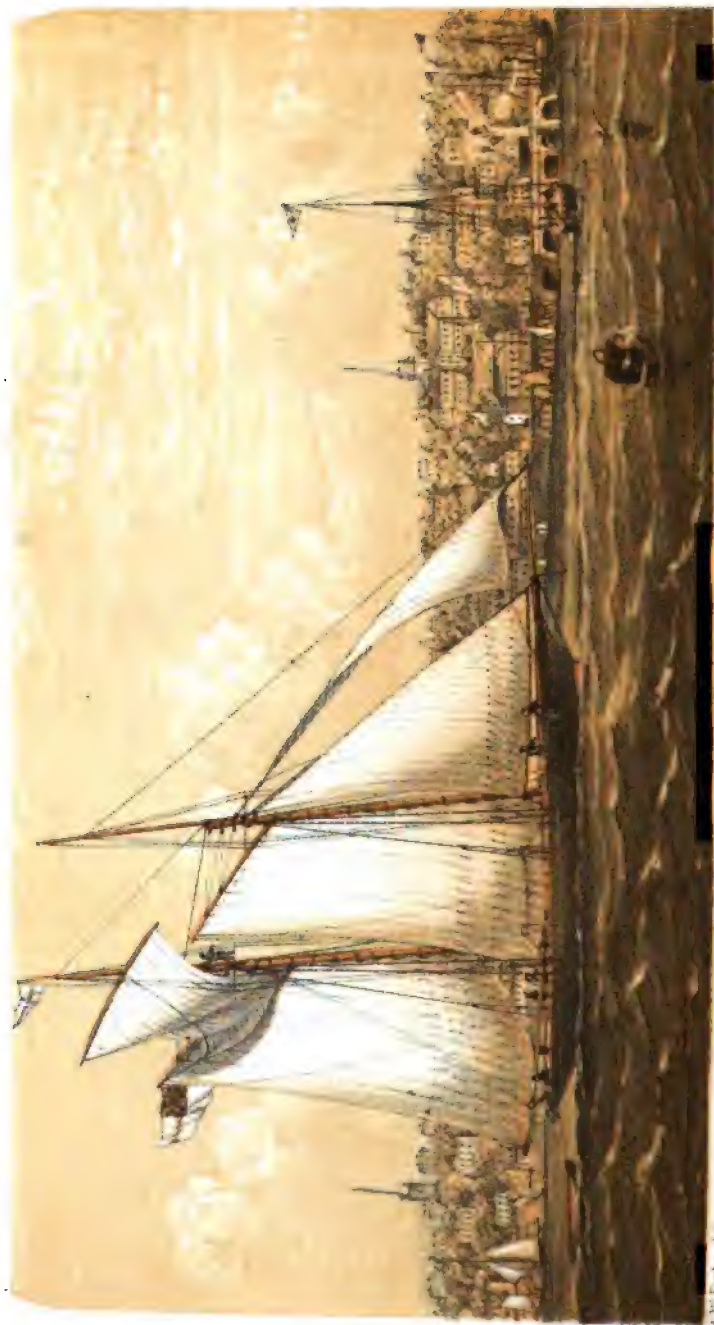
Your obedient servant,

To the Editor H.Y.M

BOBSTAY.

[We shall be thankful if some of our readers will comply with the requests of this gentleman.—Ed.]





A. W. FOWLER del.

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The New York Public Library, Astor Lenox Tilden Foundation, has the honor to announce that it has acquired a complete set of the *Works of William Hazard*, published by the New York Public Library, Astor Lenox Tilden Foundation, 100 N. 4th St., New York, N. Y. The set consists of 10 volumes, bound in half leather, and contains the following titles: *The Works of William Hazard*, 10 vols., 100 N. 4th St., New York, N. Y. The set is now on hand and is for sale at the price of \$10.00 per volume, or \$100.00 for the set. The set is also available for loan to libraries and individuals on application to the New York Public Library, Astor Lenox Tilden Foundation, 100 N. 4th St., New York, N. Y.

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•HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1858.

THE ZOUAVE SCHOONER.

(*See Plate.*)

THIS beautiful model of Naval Architecture, was built by Mr. Inman, for Richard Arabin, Esq., and is a powerful sea-going vessel, of great stability, possessing first rate accommodation, and is in all respects a thorough commodious floating family mansion. She was not designed for a racing craft—although possessed of sufficient speed to render her a match for some whose pretensions are often before the public.

The Zouave has received two prizes since she was launched in 1857; one at the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner match last year, and one at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta. On both these occasions we believe she was entered to make up the required number of starters.

Her builder's admeasurement is as follows:—

Length on deck	.	.	.	80 feet 6 inches
Do. for tonnage	.	.	.	74 " 6 "
Breadth extreme	.	.	.	17 " 7 "
Tonnage	.	.	.	105

Our artist (Mr. Fowles of Ryde) has sketched the Zouave furling her topsail off Ryde, and we do hope that the accuracy of drawing, and the style in which we present it to our patrons will give them satisfaction, and prove our anxiety to merit their approbation of our exertions.

WANDERING NOTES.—MY TRIP TO FRANCE.*

IN about an hour after the Vanderbilt was safely moored the whole of the passengers disembarked, and were escorted by the officials to the customs. I then bade adieu to the officers of the ship, at the same time thanking them for the courtesy they had shewn me. during my short but pleasant trip on board, I then placed myself under the tutelage of my *bon ami*, to whom I entrusted the key of my valise and hat box, in order that they might pass through the necessary form of inspection. We then embarked in one of the pirogues, and in a few minutes landed at the steps near the tower of Francis the First. This formidable looking fortress presents a very antiquated appearance. It is studded all over with *bosses*, which stand out in *alto relievo* from the stone, and their decayed appearance at a short distance resemble heraldic designs, but more properly speaking a "tower remarkably disfigured with the small pox." Our luggage was then examined, and in reply to some enquiries as to myself, I had no hesitation in assuring the *gen d'armes* that I belonged to the Vanderbilt, and that I enjoyed the highly favoured and distinguished title of "*Compagnon de la Manche*," to which I received a very polite acknowledgment of "*Pardon Monsieur, merci*," which a greenhorn might interpret as "pardon and mercy." This ceremony of examination occupied about as much time as it has taken me to describe it. Having got over this excitement and entrusted my baggage to the porteur to be conveyed home, we repaired to an hotel, and there enriched the inner man with *un petit goût de cognac*. It was here we found ourselves answering the many enquiries after *le petit garçon*, whose parents had left in England to acquire the language.

After a short sojourn at the restaurant we took our departure for La Rue de Paris, the principal street, where in a few minutes I found myself on the *troisième étage* and in the presence of a *déjeuner à la fourchette*; to which we all did ample justice. Finding myself somewhat refreshed from the fatigue which my first meal in France had occasioned, I was desirous of losing no time during my sojourn, and with my most particular friend to circumnavigate the town, and pass away the ennui of an indoors sojourn, although every

kindness was shewn to me to prolong my stay and render it agreeable, still I was anxious to be moving. At length I gave the parting salutation of *au plaisir*, and in company with my guide strolled through the town. I had scarcely passed a dozen doors before I found my *entree* into France was to be publicly made known. At every introduction it was "my friend, your friend", and that was the greeting which at frequent intervals I received from my new acquaintances, that I found myself necessitated at each introduction to "touch glasses". We were again *à pied*, and I could not help remarking the gratifying spectacle of so many Victoria or Crimean medals which were prominently displayed on the breasts of the soldiery, whereas few, if any, had any accompaniment beyond an occasional cross of the Legion d'honneur. The soldiers did not appear to have any national commemoration. It was a pleasure to observe the pride they manifested in displaying this our Queenly gift to advantage. I also observed some officers with as many as half a dozen medals and crosses on their uniforms betokening the part they had taken in recent campaigns. We continued our promenade through the town and suburbs, and I occasionally resorted to my *memo* to jot down such observations as occurred to me *en passant*, with the intention of extending the same during the hours of solitude for my friend *Hunt*, in the hope that others would follow the example in his *Magazine*.

About the hour of sunset, 7h. p.m., the melancholy tidings reached the ears of my hospitable host that a domestic bereavement had that morning occurred, which necessitated him and his amiable family to hasten at once to Honfleur, where their presence was required to pay the last rites to the remains of a respected parent, the funeral ceremony having been appointed to take place early the next day. "As time and tide wait for no man" so it was with my friends. The necessity of the measure was urgent, and they at once engaged a small boat to convey them to the opposite shore of the Seine, a distance of about nine miles, at the same time inviting me to accompany them, but under the circumstances I declined. They would however not part from me unless I pledged my word to follow them by the next morning's packet, which I did. They thereupon surrendered me the keys of their domestic citadal and left me therein to be the

"Monarch of all I surveyed."

Being yet a stranger to the locality I felt myself somewhat embarrassed at the lonely position in which I was left; nevertheless, as there was no help for it I concluded upon making myself as comfortable as possible, during the temporary absence of my friends. After making a short tour by myself through the principal streets I returned at an early hour to my strange domicile, and to destroy the ennui, I took up my pen thinking of

“ ————— What is man
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed?”

At the same time bearing in mind that a Roman historian once spoke of the rare felicity of his time, when a man was allowed to think as he chose, and to speak as he thought, and knowing that this rare felicity is the common birthright of mankind, I determined upon continuing my Wandering Notes, and recording such as had occurred to me during the day, and so pass away the few dreary hours of solitude.

Although the topographical and statistical information which accompany my notes may not be properly adapted to a Nautical Miscellany, I should indeed be naughty if I omitted or attempted to conceal any portion of my gleanings during my nine days' wonder. In fact, as the Chinaman says, I should be depriving *my pigeon* of its chief plumage, and omit much that is varied and select.

As regards the place I am about to describe, beyond its commercial importance there is very little to interest the traveller but its Docks. The town itself has an antiquated and gloomy appearance, the houses very lofty and irregular, many of them seemingly dangerous to inhabit, particularly those on the Grande Quai and near to the entrance of the port. The suburbs however afford pleasant drives, and the faubourgs of Gravelle, Ingouville, and Ste. Adresse, situate on the face of the hills overlooking the town, amidst pretty villas scattered here and there among rich foliage, render the scene from the suburbs of Havre delightfully pleasant and salubrious, and plainly denote them to be the favoured residences of the merchants and gentry of this commercial port. The situation is one of no common attraction. From Ste. Adresse and Ingouville the spectator has a commanding view of the broad bosom of the Seine, with its passing and repassing crowd of vessels, and in the far west the wooded coast

of Normandy from Honfleur to Cape Dive, all contribute to produce a pleasing prospect for the residents.

As for the port itself—Havre de Grace—it is truly a commercial port. It is situate on the port hand, or left bank at the mouth of the Seine, and is celebrated for its capacious docks or *bassins*, which the hand of man has brought into existence. Like all the ports on the north coast of France, it would not, I was told, exist but for the labour of generations, who for centuries past have been exerting themselves to protect the harbours against the constant invasion of the sea, sands, and shingle. Nature appears to have done little for the south coast of the British Channel—France; but she is unceasingly striving to destroy what has been created by perseverance, talent, and an immense outlay of treasure. The tides at the entrance of the Seine rise and fall with a vehemence only to be compared to some of our estuaries.

The entrance to the port is about two miles and a quarter S. 36 E. of the lighthouse on Cape la Heve. It is open to the S.W., and consequently there is much sea on at times with fresh winds from the N.N.W. to S.S.W. Between which western points of the compass the port is exposed.

The entrance to the harbour and docks is notified by a fixed light on the northern jetty or pier which on entering is left on the port hand. The light may be observed at a distance of ten miles. In the event of fog the mariner is warned of his approach by means of the tolling of a bell, placed near the tower of the lighthouse.

At the end of the south pier, on the starboard hand, which jetty is considerably much shorter than the other, there is a small light of an orange colour which may be observed at about one mile distant; but this light has no other object than to light the end of this jetty, to enable vessels to keep clear thereof in dark nights.

The Port of Havre consists of a large tidal basin, or as it is called Avant-port, communicating one with another by locks, with several floating docks. The entrance to the Avant-port is between the aforementioned piers or jetties, and is about 184 feet wide, with a depth of water in the channel of eight feet at the lowest spring tides, and about thirty feet at the highest. The full and change is at 9h. 53m. After entering between the jetties we pass the Round Tower of Francis the First, which we have already referred to.

The place appears to be well fortified and has a very military

appearance, owing to the number of Troops, Douaniers, and Gen d'armes who are continually passing through the streets or loitering about the quays. The number of steamers and vessels of every nation in the docks indicate the importance of the port. The floating basins which communicate with the Avant-port are as follows:—

The three largest are specially destined for large merchant vessels; they are named "Bassins de la Bar", "Commerce", "Vauban." The fourth is the old bassin devoted to the service of the State, and to steamers which embark passengers for foreign ports. The *retinue* de la Floride is a provisionary basin since October 1847 (according to the almanack) to receive and accommodate afloat the largest Transatlantic steamers. This basin will accommodate three of such vessels with quayside room for two, and here the Vanderbilt layed afloat. This communicates with La bassin de l' Eure, and thence at the side by the bassin Vauban, and on the other with that of La Floride.

The Avant-port or tidal basin is bordered with extensive quays on both sides. The north quay is appropriated chiefly by passage steamers which navigate the Seine and to neighbouring ports. Tug-boats occupy the Quai de la Floride. The steamers which ply on the Seine, between Havre and Rouen are very fast vessels, with a light draft of water, but carry large cargoes; they are of great length and are propelled by paddles which are placed aft on each side of the steering apparatus. They make the passage in about six or seven hours.

In this manner I amused myself during a watch below, when I found it necessary to retire, but my head was full of all manner of thoughts and fancies, and I could not seek repose under the tent-like canopy which was prepared for my reception. I slept not, thinking of the "Nocturnal Tormentors" which a fair authoress has so graphically described in her tour through Brittany, and which she states are so peculiar to all France. Oh, the idea! After lingering midst fear and direful apprehensions for some two or three hours, a certain tickling sensation came over me, and my olfactory nerves soon convinced me of the approach of those midnight visitors. I resolved however to keep the discomforture to myself, and pass the few hours which remained of night in a snug elbow chair, and in which I managed to dose like a dying duck until about 3h. a.m., when I was again disturbed from my half and half slumber by a noise

in what I imagined an adjoining room. A thousand "what can it bes?" came over me, and not the least was that some *voleurs* had made bold to pay a visit to my sanctuary during the temporary absence of its real owners, under probably, the impression that the *troisième étage* was then tenantless. I got up, dressed myself, and cautiously proceeded from room to room, now and then stopping to listen, here a silence, there a noise in some other chamber. At last I came to the *salle à manger*, and on softly opening the door I discovered the cause for my disquietude. Reader, what think you it was? 'Twas not a ghost. It was a kitten amusing itself with "Bell's Life" which I had left on the table, but by some accident or other the newspaper had fallen on the floor, and was vibrating to the northerly beeze which entered through the open window, and the kitten playing its antics round it.

Having satisfied myself with the cause of this second disturbance, I returned to my room, but the shock which my nervous system had sustained precluded all further rest that night, and this feline intruder became my companion until daybreak. Thus terminated my first day in France—my first visit to Havre de Grace.

Throughout the night a strong breeze had prevailed from the N. N.E., which occasioned me to labour under some little anxiety for the safety of my absent friends. This, together with the trifling disturbances already mentioned somewhat deprived me of the rest, which after a lapse of forty-eight hours human nature had sought for, but in vain. Nevertheless, *au point de jour*, I was upon the *que vive*, desirous of taking advantage of every spare moment I possessed, in order to see all that could be seen. I accordingly locked up my apartments and descended from *le troisième étage* with the intention of taking a promenade; but to my astonishment, after opening the "great gates," on looking to the right and the left not a soul was to be observed in the street; all was silence. There was not one stirring but myself; I had no alternative but to retrace my steps, and pass away the time by keeping watch at the window. At length the clock of Notre Dame struck five, and it now seemed that the patron of labour or his spirit had moved. The whole population was out for the day: the workmen were going to their respective avocations. I afterwards ascertained that between the 1st of April, All Fools Day with us, which is St. Irene with them, and the 21st of September, or St. Mathew (for in France as in all Catholic coun-

tries there is a saint for every day of the year,) the established day for the workmen and labourers at Havre, is between the hours of 5 a.m. and 7 p.m., which accounted for the movement.

The orb of day had risen some degrees above the horizon, and was casting his cheering rays over the town that I could no longer withstand the temptation to be on the move also. I thereupon quitted the premises and proceeded to the Grande Quai to make my arrangements, and having ascertained that the steam-packet for Honfleur would not depart before 11 a.m., I took advantage of the interval afforded me, and made my way towards the hill I saw overlooking the "gray town," as it has been, not inappropriately termed. Without a friend or guide, or any fixed route, I proceeded through the principal street, keeping my "port tacks" on board until I found myself edging on to the ascent of a steep hill, which I ascertained led to Ste. Adresse. Here and there were erected neat scattered villas, all of which appeared to be of recent erection, and in situations of no mean importance in point of salubrity. The white houses standing out in deep contrast to the dark green foliage behind them. Having with some little difficulty reached the eminence, about two or three miles from the town, I was gratified by the commanding view of the panorama beneath me—the broad expanse of the embouchure of the Seine, the villa du Havre with its grey slated and heavy tiled buildings—the docks and shipping interspersing the same betokened the importance of the port. The scene from hence was one of the most cheering description.

After resting a few minutes to regain my breath, I began to feel that I had an English appetite, and I concluded upon returning to the town. By 8h. a.m. I found myself in the enjoyment of a substantial breakfast. After having appeased the foreign cravings I took a further stroll until the hour arrived for my departure by the steam packet to the opposite shore.

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT ALBATROSS.

JUNE 12th, 1858.—This being the appointed day for our annual cruise, I embarked at 10 p.m. on the North Kent Line to join my friend J—O—, who had proceeded on board some few hours before me to cater the ship:—egad, if Soyer himself had invested a portion of his abilities in the stewardship of which my friend had so liberally undertaken, I don't think he could have eclipsed him; suffice it to say I found her catered with the good things of this life in superfluous abundance.

At a few minutes past eleven I was standing on that causeway where many a yachtsman oft has trod; and gazing with delight on the craft that was destined to carry us across the briny deep in storms or calms, when I soon found the crew alongside, leaving little time for reflection, I was immediately rowed off to the yacht. On stepping on board my friend gave me a hearty response; and I need hardly express the social feelings evinced by me at this meeting. Our ship's crew consisted of four souls—myself (captain), my friend (honorary steward), and two seamen before the mast.

Having sailed many cruises on the French and Belgium coasts; I therefore determined on this occasion to make my trip to Holland. There is not perhaps a country in Europe that will be found more interesting to the traveller, and although it abounds with sandbanks at the entrance to the different rivers, causing in heavy weather a rough and turbulent sea, still with a good wholesome craft, of easy draught of water, found with every requisite for navigation, can in my opinion be safely navigated even by an amateur.

“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes.”

Oh! what a beautiful morn was Saturday, the 13th June, and what an agreeable surprise when Jem hailed us from our slumbers with the welcome news of Gravesend passed, the mist cleared away, and the craft opening Sea Reach with a free breeze. There was quite as much wind as we wanted, for all sails set, and as it filled our balloon jib and monster topsail she careened before it, leaping and plunging from wave to wave, in a manner that made our spars tremble from its pressure. The bright sky above us, the blue sea gleaming in the light of morning, over which we sped, the dry clear atmosphere now that the sun was up, and the mist dissipated, the breeze mingled with the heat of the sun, together with our rapid and bounding motion, had an exhilarating effect.

We were now abreast of the Nore light, and finding the flood making and the wind shortening, we brought up on the Cant at 8 a.m.

This our first morning at sea, we indulged in a bathe, and after some twenty minutes rowing, the signal at the masthead told us that breakfast was ready; and I leave it to the imagination of those would-be yachtsmen to guess whether we found an appetite for this, our first meal on board; and to which my friend slightly thought we did ample justice.

At 2 p.m. tide done, and wind chopped round from S.b.E. to south. a not at all unwelcome change; and altho' fallen extremely light, it enabled us to lay our course, and therefore considered the shift all in our favor. Our course for Margate S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. allowed $\frac{1}{2}$ point for set of tide; the ebb out of the Medway and East Swale setting strongly over the sands to the E.N.E. It was a beautiful day,—the winds were hushed, the surface of the sea remarkably smooth, and the tide at its full height. The sun had just surmounted the hills behind the Isle of Sheppy, and formed a brilliant appearance on the noble expanse of water that was now before us. The grey clay cliffs on the Kentish coast presenting the aspect of a range of dark mountains, whilst the sea towards the northern shores appeared like a clear polished mirror, interspersed with a fleet of more than a hundred sail of merchantmen, all bound in the pursuit of gain, trying to outvie each other, with every sail expanded to catch the slothful breeze. We could not but help thinking of the advantages of steam over canvas as two steam colliers passed through the whole fleet, far outstripping each lagging sail; and I have no doubt 'ere long almost every vessel engaged in commerce will be more or less fitted with the screw. My friend O. declared, that if he kept a yacht she should be fitted with a screw, even to the sacrifice of cabin room, &c. I certainly do think the introduction of steam into a pleasure vessel, unless bound far foreign, depreciates the beauties of yachting to a great extent, where your very enjoyment is based upon your independance of time. The few calm days one meets with in this country renders steam in my idea a perfect bore to a yacht.

At 6 p.m. Herne Bay abreast, light wind, went below to tea. 8 p.m. the S.E. Margate buoy bore north: the young flood making, we hauled into shoal water to avoid its strength, which is not felt very strong even with spring tide, as the first of it sets to the southward; you therefore get it abeam till nearly a quarter flood. The lead-line brought into requisition, the hon. steward volunteered to take first spell, and very jocosely gave soundings up to the knot; setting the crew in a roar of laughter. This was the first time my friend had ever handled a lead-

line, and therefore his definition of a fathom was received with a great deal of humour. At 9 p.m. we brought up in Margate Roads, and went ashore, returning at eleven, and turning into our bunks were all soon in the arms of Morpheus; our craft riding quietly on the briny main.

"The rosy-fingered morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears;
The sun arising mortals cheers,
And drives the rising mists away
In promise of a glorious day."

Sunday.—4 a.m. woke crew, anchor weighed, and steered for Ramsgate, fine morning, calm and no wind, let go anchor off the Cudd Channel to prevent driving on the Brake Sands, the Minx cutter also brought up abreast of us waiting a wind to go in the harbour. At 8 a.m. hoisted P.W.Y.C. colours, and crew towed yacht into harbour, and moored her in East Gulley. Dressed, and at the suggestion of the Hon. Steward attended Divine Service.

Monday began with calm, and no wind. At noon a light air sprung up, and having replenished what few stores were used, preparations were immediately made to get yacht ready for sea. At 5 p.m. cast off moorings and shaped our course for the North Sand Head: by 7 we had come up with it, and the crew spoke us; we gave them a newspaper and some stout, and they returned the compliment by bringing us some dried fish, appearing very thankful for our kindness. At 7h. 30m. the log hove, and course set, E.b.N., 1 point allowed for set of tide, that was going S.W.b.W. till 1h. 30m. a.m.

"Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night."

Having looked round the ship as is always my custom before dark, the binnacle lighted, and light hoisted at masthead, our watches were divided into port and starboard—myself and Jem taking the starboard, the hon. steward and Bill the port. At 1h. 30m. a.m. log hauled on board, and registered 15 miles: no wind.

Tuesday.—Starboard watch turned out; still calm. Our soundings gave us 23 fathoms, and allowing a six hours tide setting to the north-east considered we were about 7 miles to the north-east of the Falls Head: at 9 a.m. light air sprung up and we set our course for Flushing S.E.b.E.; the log hove; at noon 38½ miles run, and 3 fathoms found, which told us the West Hinder Bank was not far off. We were now bowling along with a nice breeze from E.b.N. At 6h. 30m. p.m. wind fell light, log hauled on board, and registered 59 miles; barometer fall-

ing, and lightning in the east; the sun was nearly completely obscured in the darkened atmosphere: the wind, which was nearly all round the compass, had fell into a perfect calm, which is often the precursor of a change of weather; and as there was a strong tide running to the westward we brought up at 7h. 30m. in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms; Ostend bearing S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., Blankenberg S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.

"The clouds dispers'd, the winds their breath restrain,
And the hush'd waves lie flattened on the main."

At sunset every trace of the storm by which we had been so recently encompassed had vanished, the sky except along the western horizon was without a cloud, and not a breath of wind ruffled the sea. The grandeur of this night I think I never shall forget; the transition from early twilight to the darkness of night was beautiful beyond description: the array of clouds in the west just after sunset, their forms, arrangements, and colours, with the manner in which they blended and melted into one another, composed a spectacle of the magnificence of which neither language nor the art of the painter can convey any adequate idea. Along the edge of the horizon stretched a broad tract of the deepest crimson, reflecting far upon the waters a light that gave them the appearance of an ocean of blood. Above this was a band of vivid flame colour, then one of a clear translucent green, perfectly peculiar, unlike that of any leaf or gem, and of surpassing delicacy and beauty. This gently melted through many fine gradations into a sea of liquid amber, so soft and golden, that the first large stars of evening floating in its transparent depths could scarcely be distinguished as they twinkled mildly amid the flood of kindred radiance. During the earlier part of this glorious display the eastern sky, as if in rivalry of the splendour of the opposite quarter of the heavens was spanned by two concentric rainbows, describing complete semicircles with their basis resting upon the sea. The rainbows vanished with the sun, and soon afterwards the fiery glow in the west began to fade, whilst in the east the darkness of night was distinctly perceptible. But the scene only changed its character without losing any of its beauty, so smooth was the sea on that night, that the whole dome of the sky, with every sailing cloud-flake and every star, was perfectly reflected in it. Until the moon rose the line where the sky joined the ocean was indistinctly defined; and the two were so blended together that the yacht actually seemed suspended in the centre of a vast sphere: the heavens instead of terminating at the horizon, extended, spangled with stars, on every side, below as well as above and around.

My friend who had been during this time lounging on the deck, gazing on the ocean, admiring the beauties of nature, suddenly looked up, and exclaimed,—“Captain, I want you to tell me truly, do you still think that this little craft, will live in any gale.”

“My dear friend, rest perfectly satisfied on that score, you have only to make yourself believe that a cork will swim as well as a bung; and you will not have much to fear for your safety in this ship.”

At this moment Jem's visage appeared through the forehatch, announcing that supper was ready, and as it consisted of some mackerel, the produce of our own catching, our enjoyment of the meal can easily be imagined. At 10 p.m. light hoisted at masthead, and all hands turned in for the night.

Wednesday.—Fine morning, wind east light, bathed and amused ourselves with fishing till 1 p.m., when a breeze springing up, we got underway, and stood into the shore working our way to windward, soundings gave us three fathoms, which warned us to go about; and catching a south-easterly puff, enabled us to lay along the land. We had a beautiful view of the coast of Blankenberg: the town is easily known by the number of bathing machines and boats upon the beach. Where the tall rampart juts against the land presented to our view a Dutch peasant girl sitting under a rock, a troop of soldiers, with numerous other spectators, all seeming to gaze with wonderment upon our little cutter, as she walked away to windward, with her lee-deck under water, and every fibre in the weather rigging as taut as harp-strings. The light-house at Blankenberg, which was now abreast of us, is brick-built, with a green top: to the westward of it is a church with a spire steeple; the land for about a mile is low, then two hills may be observed, one larger than the other, also two barns, a church with a bluff steeple, and a windmill, whilst immediately to the eastward a red built house. We overhauled two full rigged ships bound to Flushing, whilst under our lee to the right was the village of Heyst, appearing to seaward view to consist of only ten houses, to the westward at a distance inland is a square tower of a very ancient and rugged appearance. About half a mile to the eastward is the lighthouse, interspersed by two barn houses, a church with spire steeple, and a solitary house. The land now appears more hilly with a solitary windmill as a land mark; and gradually declining flat, interspersed with a few furze bushes.

At 4h. 30m. p.m. the Pared lightship bore E.S.E.; at 6h. Baron Ozy steamer passed bound to London, the tide now strong to the west no wind. At 7h. a tug in sight towing a large ship; we spoke her with Marryat's signals, when she took us in tow. At 9h. 30m. when

abreast of Flushing our warp snapped, through the gross neglect of the sailor who was steering the yacht, not watching the tug's helm, and there was no help for us, as the current was running like a sluice, so we made the best of it, and stood away to leeward, bringing up in 8 fathoms for the night.

Thursday.—6 a.m. all hands turned out, canvas set, and sailed over to Flushing; bathed: at 7h. brought up off the town in 15 fathoms:* at 8h. hoisted P.W.Y.C. colours, manned gig, and went ashore with hon. steward. On landing at this ancient fortified little town, which, has all the appearance of Sheerness, the first thing that took our notice on landing was the barracks, with some eccentric looking Dutch soldiers, all in full dress in consequence of it being the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen of Belgium. There was a review on board the men-of-war in the Government Dockyard, and as I went ashore in (P.W.Y.C.) uniform was at once recognised as belonging to the pleasure navy of our own dear native Isle. We exchanged civilities with a Dutch General in full dress, and I cannot but express with feelings of pleasure, the courteous manner in which we were treated, by the authorities of this war-like little place. Before leaving we had a look at the eastern harbour; where I found that a small vessel, say under ten tons, could lie afloat at low water; but as the ebb tide runs at the rate of four miles, setting right athwart the harbour's mouth, a vessel can only get safely in with the flood. Having catered the ship with grog, cigars, &c., we returned on board, and at 1 p.m. weighed anchor for Rotterdam.

The author of *Hudibras* describes Holland as

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak."

And its inhabitants,

"That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they sink;
That live, as if they had been run aground,
And when they die, are cast away and drown'd.
That dwell in ships like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' ships convey.
And when their merchants are blown up and crack,
Whole towns are cast away in storms and wreck:
That feed like cannibals on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

* Many of my yachting friends cannot understand an eight ton vessel wanting 60 fathoms of chain, which is a mistaken idea, as I have found in many cases that it is quite essential.

A little distance from the town of Flushing, on the port hand, is the entrance to the Slough; and running for it with a fine breeze, the first thing we noticed was an old fashioned Dutch public-house; and as we could not get any water at Flushing, sent a man ashore to get some, and for a few cents we had all the casks filled. In the meantime there was no delay in getting our large topsail set, and away she flew with her spars bending to the breeze, through a labyrinth of intricate channels. We were told at Flushing, it would be impossible to go round without a pilot, which was rather difficult to make me believe, as I entertain an idea that a pilot in so small a craft as mine, is seldom or ever wanted. Having left several white buoys to starboard, and black to port, in the distance on the left hand we observed the town of Middelburg, the capital of Zeeland. (The telescope was invented at Middelburg, by one Hans Lippershey, a spectacle maker.)

At a little distance farther on the port hand is a lighthouse, built on piles, and painted red; and when bearing W.N.W., an E.b.S. course will lead into the best water for Zand Creek; Middelburg appearing in the distance between two clumps of trees, with three steeples bearing W.S.W., and the cathedral of Veere N.W.b.W.

A peal of thunder accompanied with a squall, compelled us to strike our topsail, and bowling along at a merry pace by 5 p.m. the town of Cortgeene, with its church resembling that at Erith, on the port hand; a beautiful Dutch scenery with the town of Oostkerke in the distance. The channel is here much narrowed, and all white buoys must be left to starboard. At 6 p.m. the lighthouse on the northernmost point of South Beveland on our right: being high-water, we shaped our course N.E.b.E., about six miles, carrying us over the Vondelinger Plaat Sand. In this course it is necessary to leave the red buoys on the latter, and on the northernmost spit of the Dortsman Plaat Sand to port, on a falling tide these buoys must be left to starboard. Darkness now rose and brought on lowering night, and having no wish to continue this varied navigation by the moon beams misty light, we dropped the hook under the lee of a gentleman's mansion for the night.

Friday.—Dull morning, wind W.b.N., light breeze; at 2h. 30m. a.m. underway, all sail set; stood up the Keetenmost Channel: at 6h. spoke a Dutch vessel; the Onde Tonge town bore E.b.N.; at 7h. passed the town of Prinsland, with a small creek running up to it, leave three black buoys to port, and a white one with a red stripe to starboard. The town of Oollgensplatt is left to port, and we shape our course, from the lighthouse on Fort Frederick E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N.. The morning being excessively hot, we all indulged in a bathe. Jem the youngest of the

sailors anxious to outvie us all, swam away from the yacht, which seemed hardly to be moving through the water; but to Jem's great surprise found the craft, altho' only apparently drifting, he was unable to swim fast enough to catch her, and not showing us any signs of his inability to continue swimming, until nearly exhausted, when the hon. steward perceiving his perilous position, jumped into the boat, and with great dexterity pulled off in gallant style, and reached him only just in time to save him from a watery grave, as he could not have swam a minute longer. After this warning I allowed no bathing from the yacht, without the boat with one hand in it to accompany them.

At 10h. 30m. a.m. the town of Williamstad bearing S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., and bears immediately from the Krammer Channel to the right; this part is called the Holland-Deep. Near here the Voorne canal is, and leads to the Maas river, and is the channel for large vessels entering from the sea at Goeree.

The town of Williamstad is easily known by a peculiar clump of trees appearing on a slope of ground, a church with spire and belfry having a square full appearance westerly; a windmill and steeple to the eastward, with a lighthouse appearing to westward of the mill: brought up off the town and went ashore. The perfect uniformity of the plan of the place consisting principally of two streets parallel to each other; the main street having a haven at the top, and a large protestant church at the bottom, with a double row of trees up the centre. The whole town seemed to consist of respectable burghesses, with scarcely any appearance whatever of trade. It was with some difficulty we procured meat and other provisions; and returning on board proceeded some eight or nine miles up the river; you leave on the port hand a drawbridge, with a lighthouse and dyke; abreast of it is a large flat in the middle of the stream; a N.E.b.E. course from the black buoy leads into the northernmost channel clear of the sands to the second lighthouse on the north shore. At a little distance above this second lighthouse there is a narrow channel off to the left, easily to be discerned by a long row of evenly trimmed poplar trees, cut Dutch fashion, standing on the star-board shore, which is the correct channel for Rotterdam; a gentleman's mansion with a light beacon commands the entrance, which bears N.E. by N. Sailing some three or four miles up this river bear away to the right, through a very narrow channel that will lead to Dort, or you can continue the course, and go round the island which forms another channel, either will do; but the former is the nearest. The Holland-Deep Channel continuing an E.N.E. course a few miles farther up where it finishes like a pond, not navigable only with a flowing tide: at its end

are two towns, one to the right is Geertruedenberg, and the other to the left Gucum.

After having left Williamstad we had not seen much population along the shores of the islands; but in approaching Dort, the scene began to change,—cottages and workshops of various kinds skirted this narrow navigation close to the waters' edge; and here and there a neatly painted house was seen planted in the midst of a garden. At some little distance from Dort the uniformity was relieved, and the unvaried scene much enlivened by some twenty or thirty windmills busily whirling round. We were now abreast of a large steam engine used for pumping the water from the land into the river, whilst to the left was a Dort Canal boat of exceeding long dimensions. The reedy banks of the channel had given way to little patches of garden ground in front of these mills, the lower part of which were generally very neat inhabited dwellings: the roofs and sides of the mills above the habitable part were mostly thatched with reeds, in a very neat manner, and so continued that nothing but the points were visible, which gave the appearance of their being covered with a brown rough coat of sand or pebbles; but at a little distance this covering resembled the skin of a mole. The shades of evening closing fast upon us, log, lead, and look-out was our only guide: our chart not extending further than Williamstad. By 9 p.m. we had arrived off Dort, and in the twilight of the evening just caught a glimpse of the cathedral that appeared among a cluster of trees, also a fine hotel that seemed filled with travellers, gaily sitting over their wine. We also observed various places of amusement brilliantly lighted up. The river here is much widened, and forms a sort of bay immediately in front of the town, and is a snug anchorage for small craft.

“ Along the river's smooth intricate line
 Beguiling time with light discourse we went,
 Nor wanting savoury, food, nor gen'rous wine,
 Ashore too, there was feast and merriment;
 The jovial tourists at some village fair,
 Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.”

The town of Dort left in the darkness of night, we were just able to discern the winding of the river at about a cable's length from the town, which divides into two branches, we bore away to port with a strong tide running. It is here the river Merwe falls into the Maas, and is considered as far as Rotterdam to be the united branches of the Rhine and Maas. One of the crew who had been ailing since we left Williamstad, became so bad that he was unable to keep the deck, and as there were several Dutch galliots running up this narrow channel before

the wind, I could not afford to lose a man at such a crisis. They seemed to pay little attention to the well known law, that vessels going free must give way; one of them shaving us so close, that his main-boom nearly carried our mast away; whilst another who had been working to windward with us, and was immediately under our lee, put his helm suddenly down, and came head first into us, but as we were weathering on him fast at the time, did us little or no damage. I certainly must confess I did not feel inclined to test my right for weather-gage with these illiterate Dutchmen, who appeared to entertain a reserved contempt to bear up for any thing smaller than themselves; and as the night was dark, the tide strong, and channels various, we brought up in two fathoms, till

“————— the morn;
Dim night her shadowy cloud withdraws,
Wak'd by the circling hours with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.”

Saturday.—Turned out at break of day; but as a doubt existed as to the exact channel we were to take, J. O. was rowed off in the gig, and spoke a Dutchman, and altho' he could not speak the language he was tolerably up in German and French, and seemed to have the ability of making himself generally understood; it appeared to me as if they used their hands almost as much as their tongues, however, he returned to the yacht, with the course, &c., and after passing numerous establishments of ship and boat builders, small villages, and now and then a gentleman's house and pleasure grounds. Though the charm of variety of aspect and inequality of surface have been denied by nature to Holland, it is made up for, in a certain degree, by the high cultivation of its fields and gardens. They present the most perfect pictures of prettiness, with their meandering walks and fantastically cut parterres, filled with flowers of gaudiest hue. Steamers innumerable were continually passing to and fro, and we were anxiously looking at every turn of the river to bring us to our destination; when after sailing through a very narrow channel, we suddenly arrived in to an extreme wide one, almost like a lake, and nearly a mile long: to the left the river bears again, whilst to the right is the town of Rotterdam, facing a beautiful piece of water, of sufficient depth for the largest India vessels to approach quite close to the houses, and the steamers land their passengers on the fine quay called the Bropjes, extending along the river more than a mile. It is planted with a line of vigorous elms, from which it gets its name, (little trees is the meaning of the word,) it reminded me of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, only on a much larger scale. We at once went into

clock, the charge being one guilder in and the same out; but I found the best plan is to lie at anchor in the river, immediately in front of the town, where a yacht can ride as safely as off Gravesend.

Proceeded ashore to see the place, which is the second city in Holland, and appeared to have as many canals as streets. A stranger who has never seen a Dutch town, will find more amusement in merely walking through the streets, than in any of the individual sights which guide books are usually content to enumerate. The novel and picturesque combination of water, bridges, trees, and shipping, in the heart of a city; the canals traversed by innumerable drawbridges, the carts running upon sledges instead of wheels, with barrels of water placed in front, which is jerked out through several small holes, so as to sprinkle the pavement as the horse moves on, and diminish the friction; (the horses' shoes are the nearest approach to pattens;) the wooden sabots of the peasants, the brass milk pails glistening like polished armour, the little mirror fastened before the windows of many houses, with the extremely large earrings worn by females, and many other novelties, not to be met with in our own country. We visited the Hague and Schevingen, and were much interested with some of the paintings. At the Museum one of most remarkable is Paul Potter's Bull, valued at £5,000; and it is stated that the Dutch government offered Napoleon four times that sum if he would allow it to remain at the Hague.

Tuesday, June 22nd.—At 5 a.m., left Rotterdam, beat down the Maas river, off Brielle was boarded by a custom-house boat. When very near the mouth of the river, Bill put about close to one of the buoys, and caught the ground, where we laid much to my annoyance the whole of the day, on the edge of the Rogunburg Sand.

Wednesday.—Began with a light breeze; at 6 a.m. anchor weighed, and we made sail: at 7h. the outer Brielle Gat Buoy abreast, the log hove and course steered west. At 10h. 30m. a.m. the extreme point on Goree bore S.S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., Reneese lighthouse S.b.E. 14 miles run. At sunset log hauled aboard and registered 46 miles, the lead hove and 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms found; it was a perfect calm, and a beautiful evening. Having worked up our reckoning for the day we found we were about 30 miles to the N.N.E. of Ostend.

"Thou glorious sea! before me gleaming,
Oft wilt thou float in sunset pride,
And oft shall I hear in dreaming,
Thy resonance at evening tide."

It was not until 2 a.m. that the hon. steward who had taken the first watch, woke me from my placid slumbers, I immediately turned out

and found the yacht still only drifting. At 8 a.m. a light air sprung up, log hove, by noon we had a fresh breeze, and log registered 70 miles: at 1 p.m. a strong wind, topsail struck and No. 2 jib set, a few minutes had sufficed to change everything about us. The sea no longer smooth and glassy, was ruffled by long towering waves with foaming crests that gave it altogether a new aspect. Several ships in company with all hands reefing topsails quite enlivened the monotonous scene of calms that preceded this delightful change.

At 2 p.m. the log registered 88 miles, land ahead, made out to be the North Foreland: at 4 p.m. Long Nose buoy on the port hand, log aboard and registered 101 miles. There was a tremendous sea in Margate Roads, and one of our men who had been twenty years at sea, said he had never seen it so rough there before. At 8 p.m. we brought up off Southend for the night.

Friday.—7 a.m. turned out and proceeded up the river, moored off Erith at noon, and thus ended a most agreeable and pleasant cruise.

A. B.

MY LOG FOR 1856.*

ST. MALO (the ancient Maelovium,) is in 48° 38' N. and 1° 57' W. It is now a fortified city, i.e. it is walled all round, and the gates and drawbridges are closed every night at Curfew. Formerly when the gates were shut it was the custom to unloose a number of savage mastiffs to prow! about the ramparts to prevent surprises: fortunately for us the dog days are over, for I made particular enquiries as soon as I was able, whether this pleasant custom was retained in the city, as I confess I don't at all like the sensation of a strange brute of a mastiff, seven or eight hands high, with a sulky black overhanging muzzle, poking and snuffing at the calf of my leg; and I am sure the Maloins need fear no molestation from ocean wanderers, as their harbour is so amply protected by natural defences in the shape of rapid tides, sunken rocks and dangerous reefs, that no stranger could ever venture without the guidance of the local pilots. In 1668 they privateered so extensively that Great Britain was compelled to fit out a fleet to suppress them, and still more recently they harassed our merchant vessels greatly, dashing out of the

* Continued from page 60.

harbour and pouncing on our East Indiamen, would bring them in from under the very eyes of the men-of-war protecting the convoy.

St. Malo was twice bombarded by the English, and on one occasion, in 1693, an English bomb vessel blew up, doing much damage to the fleet; and strange to say, we were shewn a large shell supposed to have belonged to this same vessel which had only just been dug out of the sea, whilst some alteration was being made in the fortress. All these details which we gathered from time to time had not much effect upon us, notwithstanding that they were evidently narrated to us with many legends of a similar nature, both ancient and modern, in order to impress us with the conviction of the immense superiority of France over England, and in one respect they certainly succeeded, for nothing could exceed the kindness and consideration with which we were received during our sojourn; and more especially we could not help noticing the natural politeness of the people as they stood on the quay, criticising the vessel, &c., for although the conversation was loud and incessant while we were below, so soon as any one appeared, all obtrusive interest ceased, and our friends, admiring or the contrary, retired for a time, evidently from a desire not to intrude.

Many were the remarks we did hear nevertheless, the meaning of which we contrived to make out notwithstanding our combined knowledge of the language was very uncertain as I remarked before, and we were much amused with the various speculations and suggestions volunteered, as to our real calling and purpose in coming hither. Some would have it, we were driven in by stress of weather, and again that the vessel was a privateer. One said, and the only one who hit the mark, that it was a "*vaisseau de plaisir*." "Ah! non!" said a young priest, "*voilà, le petit canon*." But what was the ultimate conclusion they arrived at we never learnt.

The consideration of the Harbour and Customs officials was also most freely and largely extended to us, for whilst we remained we were exempted from all the annoying surveillance that every passenger vessel and others are subjected to in being searched each time any one, no matter whom, goes ashore; but not a single instance of interference had we, and further than this, one night when we had lingered in the city, unwittingly beyond the hour of closing the gates, one of the drawbridges was lowered, and we were ushered out with all courtesy. There was only one exception to our total immunity, which was, that no vessel in the harbour is allowed to have fires or lights, except under the charge of a "*garde à feu*, the price of the services of this functionary being two francs a day. Our pilot (with the assistance of a friend he had met

with) soon found us one, with this recommendation in his favor, that he wouldn't trouble us by coming on board, in case we preferred "his room to his company;" and also instructed us in the art of satisfying him our lights were really out, by the simple expedient of throwing a sail or cover over the skylights. This being done, and the shore tackle carefully tended and made fast, we all retired to rest in the first dry harbour we had entered since we left the Isle of Man, my dreams being a confused mass of soldiers, priests, sisters of charity, potashes, and "John d——ns."

It was some time next morning before I could sufficiently realise where we were, the familiar appearance of the cabins and the well known voices of the crew, persuading my sleepy senses we were still in England, whilst the incessant conversation of those on the quay above, quite audible through the skylight, now open to admit the pure morning air, very soon dispelled the illusion, and brought us out of bed without any of the usual reluctance which I am bound to say was sometimes displayed when on less agreeable occasions, as at Milford for instance. Here however, all was novelty, and as may be readily imagined no time was lost before we were dressed and ashore; and crossing the drawbridge at the main gate we roamed eagerly through street after street, cautiously taking our bearings at each turn, well knowing, if we lost our track it would be a difficult matter to ask our way out again.

It was some time before we returned to breakfast, and on reaching the quay found an incipient row in progress. It appeared that two of our crew had been dispatched for fresh water, and naturally enough had helped themselves at the first fountain they came to, on which they were immediately surrounded by a troop of old washerwomen clamorous for payment. Jack and Harry, of course in profound unconsciousness of the claim, took little heed, but quietly shouldered their breakers and marched away, followed by the whole female tribe, and it was at this point that we arrived on the scene of action; but, little good could we do, for all the copper money we had was Guernsey halfpence, which they declined to accept, however liberally offered. No,—two sous was the charge, and they would have it! While this difficulty was still unsettled on shore, another little episode occurred on board the yacht, for I found the mate in a tearing passion with the unlucky "garde à feu" who, having come on board (contrary to the express stipulation our pilot had made with him,) and incited, possibly, by a desire to make himself useful and indentify himself with the yacht before the eyes of a numerous body of lookers on, and whilst the crew were drying down the decks, polishing, &c., neatly coiling away every rope and setting up each

slack halliard, must needs busy himself with casting loose all the shore tackles within his reach, and "putting his foot" into every thing, in a variety of ways. Hence the ire of the mate.

"Please sir," said he, "I wish you'd come and speak to this here Frenchman, and order him ashore."

"Why what's the matter now, George?" said I.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "he can't keep his dirty fingers off nothing. I've belayed this sternfast a dozen times this blessed morning, and he's cast it off again, now— (then in an angry *aside* to the unconscious Frenchman,) d——n your eyes, I should like to heave you overboard—you a man! Why you're nothing but a monkey raised upon," &c.

Most fortunately at this crisis a card was handed to me bearing the address of a "M. Luc Boué, courtier maritime." I need not say how gladly we accepted his proffered assistance, and matters were therefore soon amicably settled. He stayed to breakfast with us, and accompanied us afterwards to the custom-house, where our papers were examined and a passport given for the vessel and all hands for any port. Our Admiralty warrant seemed to go a great way with the "big wig," and strict orders were given to the "douanière," not to interfere with us, a civility we appreciated the more as we found that a yacht lying off Dinard, on the opposite side of the bay, was subjected to a rigorous surveillance.

The next business of importance was to go to market, which being Friday, we found was closed after eight in the morning; so no fresh meat to-day. It was no hardship certainly to fast on a fish dinner, but it was more difficult to get the fish than we had imagined, not but what there was plenty of it, yet somehow or other we had got foul of an old deaf fish-fag, who could not have understood us if we had spoken the purest French. So there was nothing for it but to seize the fish and potatoes—leave some money, and be off, and though I am sure we paid double the proper price, I believe the old lady is to this day, under the impression that she was robbed by foreign burglars in broad daylight.

After an early dinner my brother and myself walked over to St. Servans, but did not stay long, as it appeared to us, a very uninteresting sort of place, compared with St. Malo, though I believe it is the more aristocratic of the two as a place of residence. In returning across the harbour, which was now dry, we staid a little while to watch the men at work at the new docks. An English "navvy" would, I am certain, do twice as much as any two Frenchmen at this kind of work. One of them filled, with a long handled spade (to save him the trouble of bending his back,) a sort of hand barrow, which two other able bodied Gauls leisurely bore away as soon as it contained about six good spadefuls of

earth. I was really very much struck with the comparatively little work done by so many men, and I confess have no very exalted idea of their capabilities for hard work.

A much more pleasing sight were the ferry boats between St. Malo and Dinard, and exceedingly striking and picturesque they were when freighted with peasants returning from market; the men with bright blue caps and blouses, and the women wearing their high coxcomb Norman caps, some with a profusion of lace thereon; indeed, I understood that frequently the lace was extremely valuable, being heirlooms from many generations. One thing certainly puzzled me, I noticed there were no umbrellas, and I wondered greatly as to the probable fate of the lofty well starched head pieces in the event of a shower of rain, or even in a good breeze of wind, for a dozen of them would capsize the boat almost. These ferry boats are however large shallow floaty affairs, capable of containing fifty or sixty passengers, and are propelled by a large lug sail and three long oars, one of which is towards the stern and acts as a helm as well. The canvas instead of being barked or tanned is treated (as I was told) with a preparation of sulphate of copper, and being of a pale green, the sails look remarkably pretty. The process too is said to preserve the canvas much better than the ordinary method of tanning, and certainly is infinitely cleaner and better looking. I could not succeed in finding out the proper mode of applying the sulphate of copper, but I believe it is quite a recent invention.

I noticed several fine vessels varying from 500 to 1000 tons, very handsomely finished, and the fitting of the rigging particularly neat. French rope however is proverbially much superior to English, (I need not say I took the opportunity of purchasing a quantity before leaving,) the price also being much lower than with us.

A pleasant evening at the Casino (where we made several agreeable acquaintances,) ended our second day at St. Malo, and eight o'clock next morning found us on our way to Dinan, our friend, M. Boué, having kindly chartered a *voiture* for the very moderate price of 20f. (the distance being twenty-one miles,) including a *pour boire* for the driver.

LIFE AFLOAT AT CHERBOURG.*

CHAPTER II.

"The gazing seaman here entranced stands,
 Whilst fair unfolding from her concave slope,
 He Scarborough views."—FOSTER.

At midnight on the 21st July, we were abreast of Scarborough, where we had intended calling had we passed it during the day. Much of the property in and around this fashionable watering place now belongs to Lord Londesborough, and under his auspices it is rapidly becoming more of a place of interest to yachtsmen than it has hitherto been. The anchorage in the bay is exposed, and the harbour dry or nearly so at low water, still when once in the shelter is good. That fine craft the Ursuline lay here, some time this season, and many other smaller yachts visited the port. An odd accident happened to a small schooner yacht, belonging to some friends of mine, while here this summer,—when lying near the quay supported by her legs, one of the hands went aloft to scrape the mainmast; while thus employed a youngster belonging to her must needs go skylarking on the cross-trees above his shipmate, and amuse himself by shying missiles at his head. This top weight proved too much for the outside leg to bear, and it either slid away or broke, when the vessel fell over on her beam ends and with the jerk sent the young jack-anapes flying in the air. After describing a parabolic curve of some sixty or seventy feet he fell plump into the harbour up to the neck in a mixture of mud and water. When this untoward accident happened, the gentlemen to whom the yacht belonged were at breakfast in the cabin, great alarm and a general average of crockery was the result; but no farther harm to vessel or crew ensued. A worthy fisherman, in a huge pair of boots, rushed to the rescue of the young rascal who had caused the mishap, and when pulling him out of the "Slough of Despond" into which he had fallen, intimated his conviction "that though a good 'un to fly, he was a darned bad 'un to light."

The harbour of Scarborough, such as it is, has not been left unsung; no, Mark Foster, in a poem y'clept "Scarborough," after descanting on its size and vastness in terms much more befitting Cherbourg, thus magniloquently describes its construction:—

"Hills of rock
 Upturn from ocean's bed, where fixed they slept
 In beauteous order since the sea was formed,
 Returning tides that groan beneath their weight,
 Bear home to Scarborough—Each a Delos seems."

* Continued from page 452.

Ye gods and little fishes!—what would the Pythian Apollo say, could he but hear his birth place—the fairest island of far-famed Cyclades, likened to a Yorkshire boulder.

The morning of the 22nd, 2 a.m., brought us to Old Flamborough, flaming away like a good 'un. The etymology of this famed promontory has puzzled antiquarians not a little; one party headed by the learned Camden will have it derived from "Flam" or "Flame," there having been from the earliest days a watch tower here from which lights were exhibited to guide ships; another derives it from Flensburg in Denmark, from whence the Pirates who built the famous fortification called "the Danes Dike," in its immediate neighbourhood came. The two derivations are probably both equally near the truth, though the first has certainly the advantage, of *vraisemblance*, but the *vrai* in philology as in other things, is not always *vraisemblable*.

By 6 am. we were up with the Spurn, wind still fair but light. This remarkable cape is believed to be the *Ocellum Promontorium* of Ptolemy, and to owe its present name to a corruption of the Saxon word *Spurien*, to look out, which it certainly does most notably do.

What is now the long low inquisitive mean looking spit of land, called the Spurn, was so late as the 14th century the site of the flourishing city of Ravenspur, where the famous family of De la Poles, afterwards Earls of Suffolk, long flourished as merchants before their migration to Hull, in the days of Edward III., when William De la Pole was dubbed by that monarch a knight, and made by him first mayor of that city. This city of Ravenspur with many other towns and villages was washed away by the Humber during extraordinary high tides. The exact date when this catastrophe happened is not recorded by historians. To look at it now, one would think the cape was rapidly following the city and gradually sinking into the sea.

From the Spurn we steered a course which took us midway between the bank, called the Race, and the Dudgeon lightship; we were abreast of the latter by 2 p.m., having met and passed no end of craft of all sizes and rigs, including a fore and aft schooner yacht, during our morning's sail. The number of vessels one meets along the East coast of England from the Tyne to the Thames, though it no doubt adds to the danger, certainly increases the interest in no small degree. Steering inside of Sherringham Shoal, we passed close to Cromer, much admiring the handsome tower of its church, which rises to the height of 159 feet: had I been the architect I would have added the odd foot for the sake of a round number. In passing through the Would and Hasborough Gat, the wind failed us, and the tide being done we were obliged to

come to, with a whole host of colliers in company before we were quite up to Winterton Ness. Opposite to our anchorage lay the well known Hasborough Sands, on which Lord Yarborough's yacht, the *Zoe*, was lost, on the 24th of May, 1857, having drifted on the Sands in a calm. That everything was done, that could be done to save this fine vessel, I do not doubt, his Lordship intimating that such was his conviction in a letter published in the *Times*, shortly after the accident; but why—knowing their approach to the shoal, by the floating lights on the north end, they did not let go their anchor, I never could clearly understand. Doubtless there were some good reasons for it.

Winterton gives the title of Earl to the family of Turnour, who besides being Irish peers have the additional advantage of being English landlords, having considerable estates in this part of the county of Norfolk. There must at one time have been giants as well as earls in this neighbourhood, for a bone weighing 57 lbs. and 3 feet 2 inches in length was discovered near the Ness, and pronounced by physiologists to be the leg bone of a man. If this individual had a body in proportion to his legs, he must have been at least 10 feet high.

The tide turned at 2 a.m., on the 23rd, and we lost no time in lifting our anchor and getting underway for Yarmouth Roads. This intricate piece of navigation we entered by Cackle Gat, keeping the light ship on our port hand. At 6 a.m. we were passing close by Yarmouth, and were much amused by watching the evolutions of a whole regiment of soldiers bathing: their movements regulated by the notes of a bugle, just as if they had been ashore. Perhaps they were undergoing a little amphibious drill to enable them to defend the coast in the event of a French invasion. We passed close to a Trinity-House yacht with an invalid light vessel consecrated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Yarmouth, in tow. A substitute for the sick ship had been already moored in the entrance to the Roads, known by the name of St. Nicholas' Gat. It seems hardly worth while dropping the final "e" in this word, it might as well be written "Gate" at once.

At 8h. a.m. we were passing Lowestoft, the most easterly point of Great Britain, and famed for its fishing boats, said to be of the best construction in England. From the sea it has the appearance of being a very handsome thriving town, with many elegant new houses fronting the sea. We found a 20-ton cutter at anchor off the pier-head, and another yacht of some 45 or 50 tons coming out of the harbour. We passed Stamford Gat on our port hand, and left Yarmouth Roads by Pakefield Gat, the most southerly of the exits. This is the Gat by which Mr. Hughes on his return from his last eventful cruise to the Baltic reached the English coast, after his tremendous tossing in the North Sea, when

the Little Pet was all but lost. Where is the Pet now, does anybody know? Does she still flaunt her big topsail under the "glimpses of the moon;" or has she gone to that bourne from which neither yachts nor travellers return. Are we not to be favoured with some Chronicle of the doings of Mr. Hughes in his new cutter the *Sorella*? The yachting world is impatient for another of his cheery pleasant Logs. We are all but humble imitators, he is the true craftsman, the only writer who has been able to give the real nautical zest to a Narrative of Yachting Adventure.

Between Southwold and Aldborough the wind fell light and then headed us, and we spent all the day in beating up along the Suffolk shore, the Lowestoft yacht a little way astern of us. She was a handsome powerful looking cutter, with remarkably well cut sails, but we did not learn her name. A party of ladies were on board, and we hoped she was bound for Cherbourg like ourselves, but at Orfordness she kept away to the westward, steering probably for the Thames, as she carried the burgee of the R.T.Y.C., while we shaped a course for the Shipwash Floating Light. Aldborough is a pleasant looking place, and a very handsome Italian villa at its north end, with a remarkably octagonal building in the centre particularly attracted our attention. We have since learned that it was built some years since by a Mr. Vernon, and the octagon is said to contain a room of fine proportion and remarkable elegance. The river Alde behaves in rather a shabby way to its named daughter the town, for after approaching within a hundred yards or so, it turns its back upon it, in a most unceremonious manner, as if the river had suddenly changed its mind and wished to cut the town's acquaintance: it then steals away under high banks of shingle nearly parallel to the sea for a good many miles, and at length after much hesitation pours its flood into the ocean in Hollesley Bay, some way to the south of Orfordness. It is said to be a fine river, and from the width and depth of its channel, well adapted for small yachts and boats, the more especially as the tides are very easy.

In standing to the southward from Aldborough, it is necessary to be careful to avoid a bank called the Napes, on the port hand, and another called the Ridge on the starboard hand. On both these shoals there are buoys.

A marvellous story is told, how in the days of bloody Queen Mary, the stony beaches on the coast hereabouts produced during a famine an abundant harvest of peas, by which many of the neighbouring poor were saved from being starved to death. To judge by the soil on which they grew they must have been dry eating, and rather troublesome to have in one's shoes during a walk to Rome, unless previously well boiled.

CHAPTER III.

"It flashes far the ruddy beam
O'er the wild Enripus, the rushing stream."—BULWER.

We passed the Shipwash Light at 5h. p.m. on Friday, 23rd of July. The wind was then S. and by W. blowing a stiff breeze and freshening with a threatening sky and falling glass. Reefed mainsail, shifted jibs and housed topmast. After passing Shipwash we tacked and stood to the southward. On coming on deck after tea a light was visible on our starboard beam, which my first hand insisted was the Kentish Knock, this I was satisfied from the distance we had made since passing the Shipwash it could not be, he was however, very positive, but a very brief inspection of the Admiralty Chart satisfied me that the Light in sight was the Sunk, at the mouth of the East Swin Channel. Another half hour's sailing brought us in sight of another single Light, on the starboard hand, some way to the southward of our position, which we had no difficulty in recognising as the Kentish Knock. At 9h. p.m. we sighted the double lights of the Galloper, nearly abreast of us on the port hand. And through the channel between these two cheering and most useful lights, we thrashed our way during the blustering night against a head wind, and a turbulent cross sea. So bad was the jerking during part of it, that my friend A— had to leave his berth in the state-room, and take refuge on the vacant sofa in the main cabin, which with the weather board up formed a couch, in whose narrow dimensions he lay more snugly "cabined, cribbed, confined" than on the more roomy and springy canvas of his usual resting place. At midnight we sighted the triple light at the north end of the Goodwin Sands, but by 2h. a.m. it fell dead calm.

At 8h. a.m. on the morning of the 24th we were lying becalmed off the middle of the Goodwin, with the strangely shaped buoys which mark the outskirts of these dangerous quicksands all in sight. Tradition founded on some old monkish legends, represent these sands as having been originally a fertile island, containing a rich and valuable estate, once belonging to the Great Earl Goodwin, who lived in the days of Edward the Confessor, and that as a punishment for his rebellion against his pious master, and other sins and enormities, they "sanke sodainly into the sea." Probably the very opposite of this theory is nearer the truth, and that these sands instead of once being dry were at one time covered with deep water, and that it was only after a sudden eruption of the sea into Flauders in the days of William Rufus, that they appeared. Although fraught with much danger to mariners, these sands are not without their use. Wanting them one of the most famous

anchorages in England would be valueless, and we should never again be able to sing

"All in the Downs our fleet lay moored."

At 10h. a.m. a light breeze from south-east with rain sprung up, and we kept off and on along the back of the Sands in hopes of being able to clear the South Sand Head Light-ship, but the wind was light and the tide against us, and we made but little way. We had the cheery companionship of a handsome Rotterdam cutter of some 40 tons full of square sterned pilots, looking out for richly laden Argosies from Batavia and other ports of the Dutch East Indies. This craft seemed resolved that no one should mistake her identity, for she had her name painted in letters six feet high across her mainsail. We gave these Mynheers credit for a piece of politeness they did not deserve. After we had been in company some hours, they hoisted the Dutch colours at their peak, which we not wishing to be outdone in civility, thought it necessary to reply to. After putting ourselves to some trouble to find an ensign, we hoisted it and then dipped it, expecting the pilot cutter to do the same, but these phlegmatic Dutchmen took no notice of us or our flag, keeping theirs flying in obvious anxiety to catch the eye of the skipper of a large square-rigged vessel steering up Channel.

About 2 p.m. we passed the white cliffs of the South Foreland, and when standing off the land got a distant glimpse of Dover, just as a fog bank was settling down on it. A number of coasters had come out of the Downs as the tide turned, in the hopes of working down Channel; but the afternoon got so thick we soon lost sight of them all. Now and then an old brig or schooner hove in sight, like a murky spectre stealing out of the fog, as we crossed each other on opposite tacks: the wind had now freshened, and by the time we were nearly up to Dungeness it was blowing fresh from S.W. and the sea rising. The fog cleared a little as we stood into the bay under the long sandy point, and enabled us to see several vessels at anchor. We turned to and shortened sail for a hard thrash down Channel, but by the time we had the second reef in the mainsail, the evening looked so dirty, that we resolved to let go, and stay where we were till daylight. Choosing a clear billet well in shore opposite some houses; but a good way inside of the lighthouse we let go in six fathoms. In quick succession after us came in all the vessels we had passed since leaving the South Foreland, and following our example anchored. The wind was now fast rising, and the roll of the sea coming round the point increasing. All night it continued to increase, and on Sunday morning when I went on deck, it was blowing the

heaviest gale I had ever seen while afloat: it was impossible to keep dry for a moment on deck from the clouds of spray which the wind drove over the little vessel as her bows descended into the white foaming billows, which, notwithstanding her short distance from the shore, struck her stem in quick succession. The heavy roll taking her side ways made her surge at her anchor, in such a manner that we were in momentary expectation of the chain parting. We did all we could to provide for such a catastrophe by having a second anchor all ready to let go, but as during the night upwards of eighty sail of vessels had come to under the Ness, we were surrounded on all sides, and must have got foul of the hawse of some one or other of our neighbours if we had either dragged or parted. Thanks to the goodness of our ground tackle we did neither. A sloop on our starboard quarter was not so fortunate, she parted her chain on Sunday afternoon just as the gale was breaking, and drove away down among the ruck of vessels till we lost sight of her.

It was a grand sight seeing the large Indian and Australian ships, passing up channel, running at a tremendous rate under close reefed topsails. One of them, when it had moderated a little about 7h. p.m. on Sunday evening, stood in and backed her main yard, making a signal for a pilot. A cutter under close reefed mainsail and the smallest of jibs, and a Deal lugger anchored near us went out to meet her, but the sea was still too heavy to board, so after some signalling it was arranged that the Deal boat should lead the big ship up to the Downs, and away went the little chap no ways afraid, keeping ahead of his big companion with great apparent ease. The halcyon days of the Deal pilots have departed, steam has well nigh finished them, and except to carry off an anchor now and then to a ship riding hard in the Downs, their occupation is nearly gone. It was stated at a meeting lately held at Deal, in order to devise some means for their relief, that they are now suffering great hardships from want of employment, and suffering too in secret, making no noise about their grievances. They were a grasping race in their day, and loved to make the most of a job, when they got the chance, yet one must regret the decadence of the craft, for they were bold and skilful seamen, and saved much valuable property and many useful lives. Falconer did them no more than justice in his Shipwreck, when he sang:—

“ Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin’d,
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode.”

We were anxious to have communicated with the shore during Sunday, but not a vessel of all the hundred sail that lay rocking under that bare sandy spit, dare launch a boat. Our anxious friends had therefore to remain some days longer in suspense as to our whereabouts.

On Sunday afternoon the glass which had fallen considerably below 29° during the gale, began to rise and the sky to clear, giving every prospect of a good day on the morrow. We afterwards learned that during the height of this gale on the Sunday morning, 12 vessels had foundered not very far from where we were, and we could not but feel thankful that we had not been caught in a more exposed position, had it burst upon us where we were the previous night, in the narrow Channel between the Galloper and the Kentish Knock, we must have run for it. To heave to, we had no room,—and shelter must have been sought in Yarmouth Roads. I have never yet had occasion to run a sharp heeled yacht before a heavy gale; it has always appeared to me the point on which they are likely to behave worst. An old friend, a naval officer of great yachting experience, tells me that he once scudded with a forty tonner in the Bay of Biscay, during a very heavy blow, and that he found his cutter did best under head sails alone, every thing aft being closely lashed down. In his opinion the ordinary idea that it is necessary to carry a press of canvas to keep the vessel a head of the following sea, is in the case of yachts, founded on a fallacy, and is more likely to do mischief than good. With plenty of sea room, heave to in time, it is always the safest course.

CHAPTER IV.

“Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seemed a sea wasp speeding thro’ the waves.”—*DRYDEN*.

The morning of Monday, the 26th July, saw us underway at 6 a.m., the wind still blowing fresh from the westward, and nearly right in our teeth. With the exception of a screw steamer not a craft showed any symptoms of quitting the shelter of Dungeness until things looked more promising. Anxious to get on, we boldly doubled the point, and were met by a very nasty sea, which induced certain weak stomachs on board to recommend a return to our old anchorage for the day. However we had the tide with us, and the breeze tho’ against us was fresh and steady, so the orders were “taut sheets,” and we commenced a tough battle for

foot of ground we could gain, which would bring us nearer the Isle of Wight, our present destination. Though Dungeness Bay is very open, it affords capital shelter so long as the wind is to the west of south. In the centre of the sandy spit forming the bay is the little town of Lydd, boasting a church with a handsome square tower; and immediately beyond begins the tract of low wet land known as Romaney Marshes. On passing the lighthouse we opened up Rye Bay on the west side of the Ness. Here in east winds similar protection may be had as on the other side in west. Rye at the mouth of the river Rother is a place of some little importance, having risen on the ruins of its neighbour Winchelsea, once a leading member of the Cinque Ports, and then notorious for its piracies, now a paltry village probably without a ship belonging to it. Thanks to the ingenuity of one of its clergymen about the beginning of the present century, who invented a peculiar dam for its improvement, the harbour of Rye is now a tolerably good one, and affords pretty fair shelter when once in. It has been more merciful to our Hanoverian monarchs than Mr. Thackeray, for both the 1st and 2nd Georges found a refuge here when caught out in bad weather on their way home from their continental dominions. Had Mr. Thackeray been harbour-master I doubt if the royal yachts would have got admission.

It took us the best part of six hours to thrash the cutter along the Sussex coast, against the heavy head sea to Hastings. This town once held the foremost place among the Cinque Ports, and was obliged to furnish twenty-one ships fully armed and equipped for war; and each manned by twenty-one able seamen. It is remarkable that of all the original Cinque Ports, viz.: Hastings, Sandwich, Romney, Hythe, and Dover, (Rye and Winchelsea were added afterwards,) the latter is the only one now possessed of a harbour: Hastings lost hers in the days of good Queen Bess, when the piers were destroyed during a violent tempest,—the ruins of them may still be seen at low water near the present fort. Many valuable privileges were granted by Edward the Confessor and others of our ancient monarchs to the Cinque Ports, from whose resources indeed most of our early navies were drawn. Their freemen were barons, and entitled to walk at the coronation; and eat with the sovereign after, a privilege the enjoyment of which, the Hastings fishermen, albeit most skilful boatmen as they are, would scarce think now-a-days of claiming. The uniform of the crews of the Cinque Ports ships is worthy the attention of yachtsmen: in the days of Bluff King Hal, it was ordered that every person who went into the Navy of the Ports,—“should have a cote of whyte cestyn, with a red crosse, and the arms of the Portis underneath, that is to say, the half lyon and the half shippe.”

At Cherbourg some of the smartest boats' crews we saw were dressed very much in this style, though the blazoning was more generally blue than red. White, so long as it is white, is the prettiest costume a yacht's crew can have.

Hastings and its prolongation St. Leonards, have a magnificent aspect from the sea, lofty and spacious houses front the beach, and doubtless the influx of a bathing and pleasure seeking population has quite made up for the loss of its harbour and faded honors as a Cinque Port.

For some time we had remarked a white sail working along the land astern of us and slowly gaining ground. At first we took her for a large yacht, but on her drawing nearer we made her out to be a handsome Revenue cruiser that had anchored near us under Dungeness. Her great size and weight gave her the heels of our little craft in the heavy head sea, but we were resolved, we would do our best to keep the lead, so giving a set up to our jib and peak purchases we put our best hand to the helm, and taking tack for tack along shore we kept the weather gage till we reached Eastbourne, where the wind freshening very considerably, enabled her at length to go ahead of us. She was a fine long showy cutter, and but for the green paint inside her bulwarks might have very well passed for a yacht, which cannot be averred of many of these vessels, they not being in general an ornament to Her Majesty's Navy.

The coast between Hastings and Eastbourne is low, and easily accessible, it is therefore no wonder that the alarmists, who in the days of the first Napoleon lived in perpetual terror of a French invasion, planted here in great profusion those melancholy mementoes of folly and extravagance—Martello towers. There is however, an excuse for the absurdity here, if anywhere, for the only successful French invasion ever made or likely to be made as long as Britain is mistress of the seas, was effected at Pevensey, about eight miles to the westward of Hastings, by William Duke of Normandy. Here besides the Martello towers, there are the much more picturesque ruins of an ancient castle; but whether it boasts the Conqueror as its founder, is now unknown. Pevensey is also remarkable as the birthplace of the father of all the mountebanks, Andrew Borde, or Andreas Perforatus, as he liked to style himself. He was physician to Henry the VIII., and used to frequent fairs and other places of public resort where he puffed his nostrums in such a quaint and amusing way that he was nicknamed Merry Andrew, and through him the name has descended by many a generation of quacks and buffoons to Dr. Dulcamara and our own times. Like many of his successors, poor Andrew, no longer merry, died in prison.

Eastbourne is a showy watering place, with some very splendid streets, like bits of Pimlico carried down by express train; placed under Beachy Head, it must be quite sheltered from the western blast. We found here two brigs and a small screw steamer at anchor; the latter was the queerest looking thing ever seen, it had a beak like a Roman trireme, a body of intense ugliness, and a smoke stack about the diameter of our galley funnel, but about six times the height, placed over the taffrail like a mizen mast: she looked as if she had been constructed for some sort of canal; but as there is nothing of the sort hereabouts it puzzled us much to know what she was doing on so open a coast: if the wind veered round a point or two to the south, her chance of leaving her bones on Eastbourne beach was pretty considerable. Probably the loss would not have been great either to her owners or the public at large.

Beachy Head with its seven chalky cliffs, the highest 575 feet above the level of the sea, is a magnificent promontory; the finest probably along the south coast of England, but by no means equal to Noss Head in Shetland, either in elevation or grandeur of form. On the west side of it there is shown a strange dwelling scooped out of the solid chalk, consisting of two apartments, with a window over the entrance, and to which there is an ascent by steps cut in the cliff: it rejoices in the name of "Parson Darby's Hole," after a minister of the parish, who in the beginning of last century retired to this queer habitation to escape the scolding of a drunken wife. The cold and damp proved more deadly even than "Curtain Lectures," for after two years residence he was found speechless by some fishermen, and on his removal to a more civilized dwelling died. Not the least remarkable part of the story is that, during his residence here, the worthy parson never left his den, but to preach on Sundays.

The tide was now running strong to the eastward, and off Beachy Head it raised a very heavy sea, the cutter pitching bowsprit under repeatedly. We thought of letting go our anchor beside the odd looking steamer in Holywell Bay under the protection of the Head, where the water was smooth; but as the Revenue cruiser held on her way rejoicing, standing well out to sea to shun the tide, we did the same; before leaving the protection of the Head, she hauled a reef down, a precaution we had already taken. We followed our warlike companion until we had got an offing of some six or eight miles, when we tacked and stood to the westward again: we fetched in with the land again near Newhaven, a rising port at the mouth of the river Ouse, accessible at full tide to vessels of considerable burden, and now the point of departure for the steam-packets for France by the Dieppe route. Here the wind un-

fortunately fell light, and we did not reach Brighton till after midnight. However, the splendid appearance of the long rows of blazing gaslights extending for several miles in straight lines along the shore, made up in no small degree, for being deprived of the sight of such elegant architectural anomalies as the Pavilion and its congeners. The night was a lovely one, illumined by a full moon, her brilliancy as she rose from her ocean bed, dispersing a thin drapery of haze which veiled her loveliness, I have in these Northern regions hardly ever seen equalled. A gentle breeze from the south now set our sails asleep, and enabled us to steal slowly along past Shoreham, but without seeing it. We then hauled off the land, steering a course to clear the Owers.

At 6 a.m., on the morning of Tuesday the 27th of July, we were in sight of the lightship, wind from the S.E., glass falling and threatening rain. At 10 a.m. off Culver Cliff at the east end of the Isle of Wight, set squaresail and gaff-topsail, and ran fast up the Solent. Met large screw three-decker without masts coming out to try her speed, she seemed to be an old sailing ship altered into a steamer, which are not found to be a satisfactory class of vessels. We kept away for Portsmouth to see the Squadron collected there to accompany Her Majesty to Cherbourg, and were all much delighted with our sail through these mighty floating castles. A mere minnow among these Tritons we found our competitor the Revenue cruiser at anchor, but with her mainsail still unstowed, and apparently not long in. As we drew up the Solent we met and passed many yachts cruising and at anchor: among others the handsome Ursuline, it was quite a treat seeing the shipshape way in which her fine crew set her large topsail, which they did just as we passed them. I never saw more beautiful sails either in cut or material on any vessel.

In Cowes Roads we found the Queen's yacht and a whole fleet of the "*Dûs Minores*" of the Royal Yacht Squadron at anchor. We passed them and steered right up the harbour coming to opposite Mr. Ratsey's Building Yard. The beautiful Marina was lying inside of us, and we thought if there was water enough for her, there would be so for us. When the tide ebbed we found out our mistake as we only ebbed a foot or eighteen inches aft, and as the ground was quite soft, we thought it unnecessary to shift our berth, as we lay very conveniently for a landing place.

In the afternoon it became very wet, and during the night it blew great guns from the N.E. The first bad weather the inhabitants said they had had for long. The gale we experienced on the Saturday and Sunday seemed to have been but little felt here. Indeed Cowes is so sheltered east, south, and west, that nothing but the blast of rude Boreas can touch it.

DUNOON AND KIRN REGATTA

This regatta—which was to come off on Friday, Sept. 17th, but was postponed owing to an accident occurring to the Commodore's yacht, Ben Nevis getting on the Gantock rocks—took place on the Saturday. The Ben Nevis having been got off shortly after 4h. p. m. on Friday, none the worse—was moored off the shore about half-way between Dunoon and Kirn. She was gaily decorated with colours, and on board were J. Lockett, Esq., Capt. R. W. Young, W. B. Foulds, Esq., A. G. Schaw, Esq., R. Knox, jun. Esq. The day was fine, and the turn out of yachts and sailing-boats, considering the lateness of the season was large. Amongst them was observed a sailing boat belonging to the Commodore, which was particularly remarked owing to its peculiarity of rig, and the ease and swiftness of its sailing.

Along the shores were numerous groups of spectators. The turn out of pulling-boats was very small, in some instances two boats being with difficulty persuaded to run. This, we are sure, was not in consequence of want of boats, but through the backwardness of their owners in bringing them out. The course for sailing boats was from the Commodore's yacht round the buoy off Kirn, thence to Patten's moorings, near Inellan, and back to the yacht; for lug-sail-boats and pulling-boats from the yacht round the buoy off Kirn Pier, thence round the buoy off Dunoon Pier and back to the yacht.

By Open Sailing-boats not exceeding 24 feet. Time race—four minutes allowed per hour per foot. First prize £2. second do. 15s. Open to boats of Cowal district.

The following started:—Arrow 18 feet, Ferguson, Kilmun, 1; Fly-by-Night, 16 feet, Train, Dunoon, 2. The Arrow made the distance in 2 hours 41 minutes 0 seconds. The Fly-by-Night in 2 hours and 43 minutes. The Fly-by-Night, although she took 1 minute and 30 seconds longer than the Arrow in running the course was allowed time 10 minutes and 45 seconds, thus gaining the race by 9 minutes and 5 seconds. The race was most exciting.

Gig race, with 4 Oars not exceeding 23 feet over all, pulled by residents of Dunoon and Kirn. First prize, £2; second do. 15s. Mayflower 23 feet Brown, Kirn, 1; Blue Bonnet 18 feet, Harkness, Dunoon, 2.

This was a very good race; Mayflower coming in first about twenty yards ahead of Blue Bonnet. The Star of Cowal was entered, but did not run, having broken her rudder before starting.

Lug Sail race, under 20 feet. Time race. One minute per foot. First prize, £1; second do. 10s. Open to boats of Dunoon and Kilmun pariah.

The following boats belonging to Dunoon, started at 2h. 30m. p.m.:—

Matilda, 17 feet, A. Cameron, 1; Hero, 16 feet, J. Sinclair, 2; Rover, 15 feet, W. Carswell, 3; Eliza Jane, 13 feet, R. Campbell, 4.

This was a good start, the boats keeping very close till turning the Kirn buoy, when they got scattered, and after fully one hour and a half beating about, the Matilda came in first, the others were far behind.

Boats with 4 Oars, not less than 18 feet. First prize, £1; second do. 7s. 6d. Entrance 1s. Open to boats of Cowal district.

The following Dunoon boats entered:—

Wave, J. Paton, 1; Blue Bonnet, Harkness, 2; Swallow, Turner, 3.

The Wave took the lead and kept it, coming in first by about 100 yards. Between Blue Bonnet and Swallow the contest was very keen, the former coming in about 20 yards ahead of the Swallow.

Boats with 4 Oars, not less than 20 feet. First prize, £1; second do. 7s. 6d. Entrance 1s. Open to boats of Cowal district. The contesting boats were Sir Colin, A. M'Ewan, Kirn; Attempt, Paton, Kirn.

This was a very pretty race, the boats being well matched. They kept close together, the Sir Colin winning only two boat-lengths ahead.

Sailing boats not more than 22 feet, any rig, sailed by residents of Dunoon or Kirn. First prize 30s.; second do. 12s. 6d. Entrance 2s.

For this the following started:—

Arrow, 18 feet, Furguson, 4h. 52m. 30s. Fly-by-Night, 16 feet, Train, 4h. 53m. 30s. Alice, 20 feet, J. Lockett, Esq., 4h. 55m. 30s.

The latter vessel was gunter rigged. It being the first introduction of that rig in this quarter.

In consequence of being becalmed the boats did not come in until after 7 o'clock, so were not timed. It was proposed that the race be resailed another day. Several other boat and punt races concluded the aquatic amusements.

The land sports consisted of foot racing, sack racing, wheelbarrow racing, and climbing the greased pole; after which there was a display of fireworks both on shore and on board the Commodore's yacht.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB DINNER.

THE annual dinner of this Club was held at the Freemason's Tavern, Gt. Queen Street, on Monday November 16th, which was as usual very well attended—the Commodore (R. Hewett, Esq.) in the chair, Vice-commodore (E. Knibbs, Esq.) in the vice chair. After the removal of the cloth, and the customary loyal toasts drunk, the Commodore said:—"I am going to give you a toast that will ensure bumpers. I am quite sure the mention of it will induce you to fill your glasses to the brim. We have drunk many toasts to others with becoming feeling, we are now about to drink one to ourselves, or to the Club to which we belong, to the association collectively of which we individually form parts. The toast is, therefore, one that comes home nearly and dearly to our own hearts, 'The Success of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club', and I wish you, with the spirit in which I truly give it, truly to do justice to it. For some few years—that is ever since its establishment, we have been fortunate enough to go on successfully, we have had very little trouble to meet our debts, and something to spare when we

had met them. We had also, what is better still, we had something more valuable, we had the good wishes and good feelings of all our members. Gradually we subsided into what would be called a well-to-do club, and settled down like shopkeepers who had established a good business. We seemed to say it is all right, this will do for us now, we will take no more trouble, or now we will take our ease. Now I know our position is unquestionably good, but I think we have not done right in settling down as we have done—we have become too easy about our position too soon. My opinion is, it is very certain, if we become lax we shall become small and dwindle away, and never wake up from our lethargy till we find the enemy at the door. It becomes us still to increase our numbers, for members still to attend the meetings, and to apply themselves to the continued advancement of the Club. We have enjoyed success, welfare, and prosperity, come and help us to maintain it." (Loud Cheers.)

Mr. Legg proposed the Commodore's health in nearly the following words: I have to bring before your notice a subject worthy of your consideration in many respects. The name of the gentleman is one that will be received with great favour. He is most truly the right man in the right place. He is a thorough seaman; he is always ready to enter his yachts both on the river and the sea, and does all he can to support the interests of yachting. Sometimes he wins, and always does his best to win. He does not mind facing a whole gale of wind in the North Seas in connexion with the fisheries. If he has not a boat of his own in the match, and is umpire of the day, he is as perfect at that as at everything else; his decisions are always dictated by equity and wisdom. He is a man whom we all love, and who is entitled to our best and kindest wishes. The more we know of him the better we like him; and long may he continue to be our Commodore, and we cannot do better than drink his health.

The Commodore returned thanks.

Mr. Burney remarked:—A good deal has been said about our excellent Commodore, and the same may be said with equal truth about our Vice. He is a thorough yachtsman, a good man, and we ought to be proud of him. Our naval superiority is owing to our yachts and yachtsmen, and therefore we ought to cherish those who aid in the good cause; our Vice-commodore like our Commodore, is among the first and foremost in promoting sport and whenever any duty falls upon him he discharges it with zeal, faithfulness and ability.

The Vice-commodore briefly returned thanks.

These were followed by "the health of P. Turner, Esq., Treasurer," who returned thanks in a neat speech; "Sadlier, Esq., Hon-Secretary" "The Cup-bearer and Sailing Committee" "The Stewards," "The Visitors," and "The Ladies" followed. Mr. Taylor's band of vocalists, who were engaged for the occasion, gave great satisfaction.

Editor's Locker.

WANTS OF A YACHTSMAN.

SIR.—“Bobstay” is a straight up and down manly fellow, and though “a thorough water dog,” he does not like some gentlemen who are sea sick as soon as their friends yacht is close hauled, profess to be “well posted up” in everything nautical, but asks for assistance through your columns.

“Kipping’s Elements of Sail-making” published by C. Wilson, Leadenhall Street, is a standard work on “cutting and roping canvas.” The art of making masts, yards, gaffs &c., by the same publisher, is though somewhat antiquated an exceedingly practical book.

“Peakes’s Rudimentary Treatise on Ship building,” is a capital work, and these with “Marett’s Yachts and Yacht Building,” “Lord R. Montague,” “Folkard’s Sailing Boat,” with “The Yachting Magazine” will form a very fair library for a Young Yachtsman.

Chapman’s Theory *may* be worked out without logarithms, but it would involve five times as many figures, as well as be more complex, but if “Bobstay” will engage the assistance of a Mathematical Teacher for a few hours, he will find that Logarithms are not much more difficult to understand than “Log-lines” and infinitely more easy than the “Log of a Tipsey Skipper.”

As to the best thing to put on a ship’s bottom to look like copper, I used to paint mine, which was of iron, up to the water line with a mixture of red and white lead, embrowned by a little lamp black. This is not only the cheapest but the most durable of pigments. I first saw it used by the Engineer of the Liverpool Docks many years ago, and I have since adopted it for carts, ploughs, gates, &c., whether of wood or iron.

For Iron vessels, however, a mixture of black lead and tallow, toned with a little red lead, though not nearly so durable as the above, approximates more to the smoothness of copper, and is decidedly better for match-sailing. To prevent mildew in cotton sails, I should suggest their being steeped in a weak solution of “Corrosive Sublimate” (Bichloride of Mercury.) I have never applied it to sails, but have found it effective for similar purposes.

I have used light calico instead of duck, but do not recommend it, as I have seen it split into rags, before it had been in use twelve months, by a very light capful of wind. If it is used the narrower the cloth is, the better the sail will stand, and the stronger it will be.

False seams are not really “shipshape” and I would avoid them as I would anything else that was *False* and *Sham*.

November 23rd.

Yours truly,

TOM TUG.

SIR.—Your correspondent in last number, who wishes information as to the size of masts, spars, &c., required for yachts, and also as to the best material for paying the bottoms of such as are not coppered, will find much information on these subjects in the volumes II. and III. of this Magazine, by referring to the Chapters of “Practical Notes on Yachts and Yachting”, contained herein.

Yours, J.

November 24th, 1858.

SIR.—Your correspondent "Bobstay" states he has been a subscriber to the Magazine from its launch, but I fear he does not overhaul its contents when he requires information, or he would have met with letters on Mildew in vol. II., and a preventative at page 386.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

JIB-BOOM.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF WINNING YACHTS.

THE past racing season was began as usual by the clubs on the Thames, and was far from being as satisfactory as yachtsmen generally desire—"calms and sunshine" were more prominent than a "stiff breeze and a wet sheet;" and we find that many an anticipated exciting scene was marred by the want of wind here as well as elsewhere. The cracks were out in strong force at the various regattas, but with a few exceptions their speed was not available.

It is our practice to note in our Summary every club and place where regattas are held, and we find that about 100 matches were sailed, commencing on the 8th of May, and concluding on the 2nd of October, occupying 50 days. (By-the-bye it must be understood that more than one regatta was held on the same day). The prizes amounted in cash to about £3,896, of which sum the Royal Clubs contributed £2,515. The principal winners were the Mosquito, Vigilant, Lulworth, and Ursuline: the four received upwards of £1,225 between them.

The following tables contain the name of winners, owners, places or stations, amounts won, &c.; and we are inclined to believe the information correct, but if any error is made we shall feel thankful for the correction.

(Yacht's names in *Italics* came in first but did not receive the prizes.)

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	Times Startd.	Times Won.	Value L s.	Builders.
<i>Alarm</i>	J. Weld	2	1	100	Inman
<i>Amazon</i>	J. H. Johnson	7	2	170	Harvey
<i>Arrow</i>	T. Chamberlayne	4	1	50	Inman
<i>Arrow</i>	B. Lewis	1	1	10	
<i>Atalanta</i>	H. Scovell	1	1	70	Marshall
<i>Banba</i>	W. J. Doherty	2	1	50	Marshall
<i>Bijou</i>	R. D. Kane.....	6	4	82 15	Wanhill
<i>Blue Belle</i>	J. Ridgway	2	1	5	third prize
<i>Blue-eyed-Maid</i> ...	T. Beaumont	1	1	4	second prize
<i>Champion</i>	R. D. Kane.....	2	1	31 10	Wanhill
<i>Charm</i>	J. Pole.....	1	1	20	
<i>Chimera</i>	W. Saunderson	1	1	15	Mansfield
<i>Cobra</i>	J. Egremont	1	1	16 16	
<i>Constance</i>	J. Turner Turner.....	1	1	100	White

Yachts' Names.	Owners	Times Startd	Times Won	Value L s	Owners
Coquette.....	— Roberts	1	1	5	second prize
Coquette.....	C. Rait	2	1	8	
Dove.....	T. D. Keogh	5	2	25	
Dream.....	M. Hayes	4	2	165	Brain
Eagre	Capt. Bacon	2	2	102	Hull
Elfin	A. Whitworth	2	1	5 5	
Ella.....	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.	5	2	100	Inman
Emily	R. Hewett	3	2	50	Hewett
Emmet	E. Gibson	2	1	50	Wanhill
Esk	R. Mangin	1	1	15	Harvey
Fairy	G. Thomas.....	2	2	25	Thomas
Fairy	W. H. Lewin.....	1	1	50	
Fairy Queen	J. Grant.....	4	4	85	Grant
Flirt.....	H. H. O'Bryen	6	3	65	Wheeler
Foam	M. V. Bull	1	2	16	
Georgina	Capt. Hay	2	1	12	
Glance	Major Longfield	6	3	115	Hatcher
Gnat	J. West	1	1	5	West
Gnome	A. Arcodeckne	1	1	10	third prize
Julia	P. Turner	4	3	60	Bain
Kitten.....	B. Leach	2	2	50	Harvey
Lily.....	J. Ure.....	1	1	8	
Little Mosquito.....	E. S. Bulmer	5	3	85	Hatcher
Lulworth	J. Weld	3	3	250	Inman
Meta	St. C. J. Byrne.....	5	4	35	Byrne
Minona	G. T. P. Jones	3	1	20	
Mosquito.....	T. Groves	7	5	375	Mare
Oithona	G. Harrison	2	1	60	Fife
Oriole	J. G. Hepburn	4	1	20	Inman
Pearl	Hon. A. Annesley.....	1	1	40	Wanhill
Phantom	S. Lane	4	3	175	Pearley
Quiver	T. Chamberlayne	1	1	15	
Razor Bill	H. Griffith	1	1	10	
Rifleman.....	E. Stammers	2	2	16 6	
Rover	H. Hughes	1	1	10	
Saucy Lass	C. Greaves.....	2	1	15	Greaves
Soud	Capt. Iremonger	3	2	42	Owen
Secret	H. J. Weston.....	1	1	31 10	Wanhill
Silver Star	J. Mann	3	2	40 10	Tovell
Snake	W. Wilkinson	3	1	15 15	Wilkinson
Souvenir.....	W. Hill	2	1	21	Hill
Spray	W. Searle	1	1	15	Searle
Surge	C. T. Couper	4	1	100	Fife
Syble.....	C. Furlong.....	1	1	5	
Ursuline.....	Lord Londesborough	1	1	250	Inman
Valentine	J. Fradgley	3	1	10	Wallis
Vampire	C. Wheeler.....	3	3	91	Wanhill
Vesper	G. A. Bevan	4	1	25 5	Rubie
Vesper	W. H. P. Weston.....	2	1	30	Ayles
Vidette	T. W. Hodgans	5	1	10	Fife
Vigilant	J. C. Atkins	8	4	284 10	Wanhill
Violet	J. C. Kirby.....	2	1	50	Aldous
Wanderer	G. T. Moss.....	1	1	10	second prize
Wee Pet	J. Ferguson	1	1	12	Ferguson
Zillah	E. Knibbs	1	1	20	second prize
Zuffa	A. Hargrave	2	1	15	Henesy

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Value L	Losing Yachts.
R. Y. SQUADRON	Aug.	2 Lulworth	cut	80	J. Weld, Esq.	100	Arrow, Extravaganza
		4 Alarm	sch	248	"	100	Shark, Claymore, Ella
		6 Ursuline	yl	112	Lord Londesboro' ..	250	Alarm, Zara, Shark, Claymore, Arrow, Julia, Minx, Columbine, Resolution, Aurora
R. CORK Y. C.	July 13	Glance	cut	35	Major Longfield	45	Extravaganza, Amazon, Vigilant, Amphitrite, Meteor, Dream disabled
	16	Oithona	cut	80	G. Harrison, Esq.	60	Mosquito, Wildfire disabled
		Ella	sch	105	Sir Gilbert East, Bt.	50	Urania, Le Réve
		Mosquito	cut	60	T. Groves, Esq.	105	Dream, Extravaganza, Amazon, Vigilant, Foam, Glance,
	Sept. 15	Dream	cut	25	M. Hayes, Esq.	45	Meteor, Julia
		"	"	"	"	120	Vigilant, Foam, Flirt, Glance, Meteor, Siren, Gauntlet, Zuffa,
R. HARWICH Y. C. ...	Sept. 15	Silver Star	cut	25	J. Mann, Esq.	30	Eva, Oriole
		Kitten	cut	13	B. Leach, Esq.	20	Salute
R. MERSEY Y. C.	June 22	Charm	cut	7½	J. Poole, Esq.	20	Meta, Victoria, Nelly
R. NORTHERN Y. C. ...	Aug. 26	Banba	cut	24	W. J. Doherty, Esq.	50	Zingara, Julia
R. SOUTHERN Y. C.	July 22	Lulworth	cut	80	J. Weld, Esq.	50	Violet, Rara Avis
		Quiver	cut	12	T. Chamberlyne Esq.	15	Don Juan, Fair Alice
R. VICTORIA Y. C. ...	Aug. 14	Arrow	cut	102	T. Chamberlyne Esq.	50	Amazon, Cymbe
	16	Lulworth	cut	80	J. Weld, Esq.	100	Arrow, Mosquito, Amazon, Surge, Cymbe, Vesper
		Constance	cut	255	J. T. Turner, Esq.	100	Ella, Georgiana, Rattlesnake

Regattas and Matches.	date	Winning Yachts.	R F Tons	Owners.	Yalu L	Leading Yachts, &c.
R. ST. GEORGE'S Y.C. July 21		Bijou	cut	10 R. D. Kane, Esq.		52 Banshee, Zuffa, Vidette, Electric, Flirt, Dove
		Flirt	cut	19½ H. H. O'Brien, Esq.		30 North Star, Kelpie, Banba, Fingal, Whim
		Surge	cut	50 C. T. Couper, Esq.		100 Mosquito, Oithona, Cymba, Amazon, Wildfire,
						1 Dream, Maraquita
R. THAMES Y. C.	22	Ella	sch	105 Sir Gilbert East, Bt.		50 Maraquita, Heroine, Querida, Emeraldal, Corsair
		Mosquito	cut	59 T. Groves, Esq.		Fantasy, Tana
		Atalanta	cut	27 H. Scovell, Esq.		70 Surge, Amazon, Cymba. Wildfire, Kelpie
		Flirt	cut	19½ H. H. O'Brien, Esq.		70 Per, Waterlily
R. THAMES Y. C.	May 22	Amazon	cut	46 J. H. Johnson, Esq.		20 Fingal, Bijou, Zuffa, Dove, Whim, Electric
		Ennet	cut	32 E. Gibson, Esq.		100 Cymba, Extravaganza, Avalon
	July 6	Pearl	cut	21 Hon. A. Annesley		50 Phantom
		Vampire	cut	20 C. Wheeler, Esq.		40 Silver Star, Dart, Oriole, Whisper, Zuleika
R. WELSH Y. C.		Emily	slp	8 R. Hewett, Esq.		40 Midge
		Julia	cut	8 P. Turner, Esq.		30 Julia, Violet
	Aug. 2	Minona	cut	15 G. T. P. Jones, Esq.		10 second prize
		Rover	sch	H. Hughes		20 Starling, Scud, Circe, Lapwing, Dwarf
R. WESTERN Y. C. ... (England)	Aug 25	Mosquito	cut	50 T. Groves, Esq.		10 Mary, Rover
		Vampire	cut	18 C. Wheeler, Esq.		50 Surge, Secret, Violet
	26	Mosquito	cut	50 T. Groves, Esq.		21 Souvenir, Ida
		Vampire	cut	18 C. Wheeler, Esq.		100 Wildfire, Surge
R. YORKSHIRE Y. C.	July 26	Eagre	cut	24 Capt. Bacon		30 Elfin, Annie
	27	"	"	"		60 Rapid, Lonisa, Alice Maud, Leda—time race
		Cobra	sch	10 J. Egremont, Esq.		42 Rapid, Louisa—time race
						gs 16 Brunetta, Dolphin, Bijou, Cygnat

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Value £	Losing Yachts.
R. LONDON Y. C.	June 7	Phantom	cut	27	S. Lane, Esq.	40	Zillah, Gnome
		Zillah	y	25	E. Knibbs, Esq.	20	second prize
		Gnome	cut	24	A. Ardeckne, Esq.	10	third prize
		Kitten	cut	13	R. Leach, Esq.	20	Wanderer
		Wanderer	cut	11	G. T. Moss, Esq.	30	second prize
PRINCE WALES Y. C.	July 20	Julia	cut	8	P. Turner, Esq.	10	Little Mosquito, Blue Belle, Atalanta
		Little Mosquito	cut	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.	8	second prize
		Blue Belle	cut	8	J. Ridgway, Esq.	6	third prize
		Emily	slp	8	R. Hewett, Esq.	20	Valentine, Julia
R. BOSTON Y. C.	May 8	Valentine	cut	7	J. Fradgley, Esq.	10	second prize
		Little Mosquito	cut	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.	70	Ch. cup, 2nd time—Valentine Rover, Hawk
		Julia	cut	8	P. Turner, Esq.		Emily, Valentine, Undine
		Fairy	cut	24	W. H. Lewin, Esq.	50	Waterwitch, Vixen
BIRKENHD. MODEL..	June 5	Meta	cut	7	St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.		Snake, Charm, Elfin
		Snake	cut	7	W. Wilkinson, Esq.	5	Snake, Charm, Mayflower
		Elfin	cut	3	A. Whitworth, Esq.	5	Charm, Meta, Spirit
			cut	3			Wasp, Mosquito
			cut	8	J. Grant, jun Esq.	15	Armada, Bella, Fairy, Maud
CLYDE MODEL	June 25	Fairy Queen	cut	6	J. Ferguson, Esq.	12	Excelsior, Pearl, Clutha, Leda
		Wee Pet	cut	3	J. Ure, Esq.	8	Coquette, Mayflower, Banshee
		Lily	cut	8	J. Grant, Esq.	15	Bella, Maud, Armada
		Fairy Queen	cut	6	Capt. Hay	12	Pet, Excelsior, Maria, Comet
	July 23	Georgina	cut	3	C. Rait, Esq.	8	Banshee, Mayflower—protest
		Coquette	cut	8	J. Grant, Esq.	5	Bella, Georgina, Excelsior
		Fairy Queen	cut			50	Ch. cup, 2nd time—Armada, Bella
			cut				

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Big Tons	Owners.	Value L	Losing Yachts.
BEAUMARIS.....	Aug. 31	Scud	cut	18 Capt. Iremonger ...	21	Minona, Circe, Petrel
		Razor Bill	cut	5 H. Griffith, Esq. ...	10	Coquette, Mary, Dwarf
		Coquette.....	cut	10 — Roberts, Esq. ...	5	second prize
CORNWALL	Sep. 15	Esq	cut	10 R. Mangin, Esq. ...	15	Foam, Dolphin
(Falmouth)		Foam	cut	M. V. Bull, Esq. ...	8	second prize
		Blue-eyed Maid ...	cut	T. Beaumont, Esq.	8	Blue-eyed Maid
					4	second prize
CRICCIETH	Aug. 24	Scud	cut	13 Capt. Iremonger ...	21	Minona
GREAT YARMOUTH	July 27	Violet	cut	40 J. C. Kirby, Esq. ...	50	Avalon, Silver Star
HOLYHEAD.....	Aug. 5	Bijou	cut	10 R. D. Kane, Esq. ...	gs 15	Ranger, Fairy
HOWTH.....	Aug. 25	Vigilant	cut	33 J. C. Atkins, Esq. ...	42	Champion, Kelpie
		Bijou	cut	10 R. D. Kane, Esq. ...	10	Dove, Vidette, Flirt, Electric, Virago
		26 Champion	cut	29 " "	gs 30	Kelpie, Bijou
		Dove	cut	12 T. D. Keogh, Esq.	10	Vidette, Electric, Flirt
IRISH MODEL	Sept. 15	Dove	cut	12 " "	15	Bijou, Virago
		Vidette	cut	8 T. W. Hodgans, Esq.	10	Electric
ISLE OF MAN	July 28	Meta	cut	8 St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.	15	Alma, Genii
KINSALE.....	July 16	Zuffa	cut	10 A. Hargrave, Esq. ...	15	Irish Yankle, Gem
		Sybble.....	cut	C. Furlong, Esq. ...	5	Coquette, Arrow

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Value L.	Lading Yachts.
LONDON MODEL ...	Oct. 2	Gnat	cut	5 J. West, Esq.	5	Blink Bonny, Eugenie
MALAHIDE.....	Aug. 3	Dijou	cut	10 R. D. Kane, Esq. ...	15	Dora, Vidette, Virago, Gazelle, Temeraire
MISTLEY.....	July 15	Rifleman.....	cut	7 E. Stammers, Esq.	10	Albatross, Veritas, Reindeer
MORECAMBE BAY...	Aug. 2	Meta	cut	8 St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.	20	Spirit, Hannah
PEMBROKE	June 28	Vigilant	cut	33 J. C. Atkins, Esq. ...	gs 50	Extravaganza, Glance—time race
		Vesper.....	cut	15 G. A. Bevan, Esq.	gs 25	Flirt, got aground
		Arrow.....	cut	10 R. Lewis, Esq.	10	Fairy, Imp
PLYMOUTH	July 27	Secret.....	cut	35 H. J. Waring, Esq.	gs 50	Fawn, Curlew
		Souvenir.....	cut	15 W. Hill, Esq.	22	Pixie
RANELAGH	May 29	Saucy Lass.....	cut	4 C. Greaves, Esq. ...	15	Little Mosquito, Zouave
		Little Mosquito...	cut	8 E. S. Bulmer, Esq.	5	second prize
		Spray	cut	5 W. Searle, Esq.	15	Blue Bell, Saucy Lass, White Spur, Wellington
SWANSEA	July 6	Fairy	cut	9 G. Thomas, Esq. ...	10	Arrow, Ariel
		Vigilant	cut	33 J. C. Atkins, Esq. ...	25	Amazon, Glance, Wildfire, Blue Belle, Leander
		Glance	cut	35 Major Longfield ...	30	second prize
		Fairy	cut	9 G. Thomas, Esq. ...	15	Ariel, Arrow
		Vigilant	cut	33 J. C. Atkins, Esq. ...	115	Glance, Vesper
TEIGNMOUTH	Sept 15	Chimera.....	cut	16 W. Sanderson, Esq.	15	Firefly, Midge

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Big	Tons	Owners.	Value	Loosing Yachts.
TENBY	June 30 July 1	Amazon	cut	46	J. H. Johnson, Esq.	70	Extravaganza, Wildfire got aground
		Glance	cut	35	Major Longfield	40	Vigilant, Flirt, Blue Belle
		Flirt	cut	19½	H. H. O'Brien, Esq.	15	Imp
TORBAY	Aug. 30	Phantom	cut	27	S. Lane, Esq.	30	Secret, Emmet, Violet
		Orion	cut	24	J. G. Hepburn, Esq.	20	Chimera, Midge
WALTON-ON-NAZE...	July 30	Silver Star	cut	25	J. Mann, Esq.	30	Kelly, Fanny, Greyhound
		Rifeman	cut	—	Chamberlain, Esq. gs	6	Veritas, Irresistible, Gem
WELLINGTON	June 1	Anglesey	sch	4	W. Reed, Esq.	—	Emily, Blue Belle, Wellington, Zouave, Cremorne
WEYMOUTH	Aug. 31	Phantom	cut	27	S. Lane, Esq.	100	Ella, Vesper, Wildfire
		Vesper	sch	33	W. H. P. Weston, Esq.	30	second prize

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